



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



47.1560.



1978

POEMS SONGS

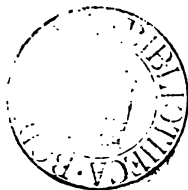
AND

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

BY

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE ARK," ETC.



EDINBURGH:

SUTHERLAND AND KNOX, PRINCES STREET,

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO.

MDCCCXLVII.

ENTERED IN STATIONERS HALL.

MURRAY AND GIBB, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

TO
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF
BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY,
THIS VOLUME,
IS, BY PERMISSION,
MOST GRATEFULLY
AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

POEMS.

	Page
The Cottagers of Glendale, in Five Parts, -	1-44
The Lay of Life, in Six Parts, - - -	45-100

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

A Moonlight Excursion to Arthur's Seat, -	101
The Dream, - - - - -	106
The Lament, - - - - -	107
The Guardian Angel's Sympathy and Warning, -	112
The Admonition, - - - - -	116
Lines to Miss Jane Campbell, - - - - -	119
The Father's Tuft of Trees, in Three Parts, -	124
Lines written on a Hawk, - - - - -	136
To Eliza, - - - - -	139
The Perverse Apology, - - - - -	141
Mary Aitchison, - - - - -	144

	Page
To Eliza, - - - - -	148
The Ruined Cottage, - - - - -	150
The Pilgrim's Remonstrance, - - - - -	160
The Folk o' the Clyde, - - - - -	164
Sir Robert Peel, - - - - -	168
The Loneliness of Change, - - - - -	171
The Branzholm Festival, - - - - -	174
The Minstrel's Evening Anthem, - - - - -	176
The Hill Harp, - - - - -	180

SONGS.

The Moss Grey Stone, - - - - -	185
The Wild Glen sae Green, - - - - -	186
The Gloaming Star, - - - - -	188
Scotia's Thistle, - - - - -	190
O'er Genius Departed, - - - - -	191
The Cottar's Hay Song, - - - - -	192
Oh ! I was Charmed, - - - - -	195
The Hymns of the Twilight, - - - - -	196
The Day o'er Greece is Dying, - - - - -	198
Mary-Burn-Dean, - - - - -	199
The Land o' Gallant Hearts, - - - - -	201
Ah ! Wae to the Wights, - - - - -	202
The Wooer's Walk, - - - - -	204
Now on the Nile, - - - - -	206
Separation, - - - - -	207

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
The Yellow Locks o' Charlie, - - -	209
The Chosen Home, - - -	210
Song of the True Hearted, - - -	211
The Grotto sae Green, - - -	214
A Border Song, - - -	216
Bonnie Tweedside, - - -	218
We'll Meet Yet Again, - - -	220
She Came to Our Home, - - -	222
Our Ain Native Land, - - -	223
The Feudal Elopement, - - -	224
Around My Lonely Dwelling, - - -	225
I Sigh Still for Him who is Dear, - - -	227
The Lonely Lover, - - -	228
The Field of Culloden, - - -	230
Lord Gregory, - - -	231
Faithless Love, - - -	234
Dauntless Love, - - -	235
The Moon Sweetly Smiled, - - -	236
The Bard of the Wild Mountain, - - -	238
The Grecian War Song, - - -	239
Anticipated Separation, - - -	240
The Maid of the Glen, - - -	242
Auld Allan o' Athol, - - -	245
The Faded Bower, - - -	247
Youthhood's Morning, - - -	248
Thou Art All So Tender, - - -	250
The Maiden's Lament, - - -	251
Love Unrevealed, - - -	252
Anxious Love, - - -	254
Love's Attraction, - - -	255
The Daughter of Morna, - - -	256
The Patriot's Grave, - - -	257
Deepest Love, - - -	259

	Page
The Solitary Star, - - - -	260
The Tale that is Sweetest to Hear, - -	261
Flora's Lament, - - - -	263
Our Ain Folk, - - - -	265
Oh Leave Not in Sadness, - - - -	267
When the Glen all is Still, - - - -	268
The Absent Lover, - - - -	269
I Had a Hame, - - - -	271
The Laird's Match in Wooing, - - - -	273
Scotland Yet, - - - -	275
The Lover's Lament, - - - -	277
Why Should I Think of Thee, - - - -	279
Lullaby, - - - -	280
Cauld Runs the River, - - - -	282
O, I will Meet my Mary, - - - -	284
Painful Parting, - - - -	286
The Aged Bard, - - - -	288
The Maid of Dunana, - - - -	289
More Dear art Thou to Me, - - - -	291
The Hawthorn Tree, - - - -	292
The Minstrel's Grave, - - - -	294
Oh ! Tell Me What Sound, - - - -	295
The Unfortunate Tryste, - - - -	296
Tell Me Not of Dangers, - - - -	298
I've Sung in the Hut and I've Sung in the Ha',	299
I Have Loved Thee Only, - - - -	301
While I Stray by the Stream, - - - -	302
The Fair One's Hope, - - - -	303
Our Own Land and Loved One, - - - -	304
The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow, - - - -	306
The Wee Auld Man, - - - -	307
My Footstep is Far, - - - -	310
The Kirning, - - - -	312

CONTENTS.

ix

	Page
Sae Lovely and Lightly She Tripped o'er the Lea,	317
The Leal and the Lovely, - - -	318
The Heath is not Faded You Brought, -	320
The Laddie That's Dearest, - - -	321
The Wild Green Links o' Liddisdale, - -	323
Oh! Speak Not—Speak Not of the Flowers, -	326
Love Decayed, - - - - -	326
Adown the Burn, - - - - -	328
The Bower of the Wild, - - - - -	330
Young and Lovely Mary, - - - - -	331
The Heart's Home, - - - - -	333
The Sky Lark, - - - - -	334
The Greenwood Sae Bonnie, - - - - -	335
The Fair One's Choice - - - - -	337
Love and Retirement, - - - - -	338
The Eye's Tidings, - - - - -	339
The Crook and Plaid, - - - - -	340
Though no Time Should E'er Restore Thee, -	343
Thou art a' sae Sweet and Bonnie, - - -	345
Those Hours I Spent with Thee, - - -	346
I Heard Them say this Vale was Green, -	347
How Pure is the Bosom, - - - - -	348
The Bride o' Corrie, - - - - -	350
'Tis Sad for the Lover to Sit in the Bower, -	353
The Voice of Winter, - - - - -	355
The Wee Bird, - - - - -	357
The True Yet shall Live with the True, -	359
The Bonnie Green shaw, - - - - -	360
To the Sky-Lark, - - - - -	361
The Hawthorn in the Glen, - - - - -	363
The Bridal Day's Memorial, - - - - -	366
Part not in Youth, - - - - -	368
When Spring Days Come, - - - - -	369

	Page
Friendship Preferred to Love, - - -	370
We Climed the High Mountain, - - -	371
The Glow-Worm, - - - -	372
The Knight's Return, - - - -	373
The Minstrel's Bower, - - - -	375
Afar o'er the Mountains, - - - -	377
O! Were I away in the Wild, - - -	378
Though Fair are the Maids in Edinburgh Town,	379
Thy Form 'Mid These—The Roses, - -	381
Farewell my Wild Hill Harp, - - -	383

P O E M S.

THE COTTAGERS OF GLENDALE.

Part I.

Our William* likes a queer auld tale,
Sae I will tell an auld ane,
Anent that pair who, in Glendale,
Lived in a house was maistly feal,
A cozie mair than could ane.

But it nae simile will fit,
Unless you chance to dash on
Some large wool-pack or tatta pit,
For as a house, it took some wit
To understand its fashion.

Like stanning kirk its lum seemed most,
But this, 'mang other matters,
Stooped sae, that sore ye trowed it crossed,
With looking after something lost
Deep down amang the gutters.

* See Note A.

The kipples stood upon the brae,
And far in o'er they scented,
And they were black as ony slae,—
Them, smoke (the cottage-painter aye)
From day to day had painted.

Its wa's had here and there a stane,
And threshes formed the theekin ;
And as it stood sae far alane,
'Twas seldom sought—for few or nane
Conceived it worth the seeking.

Yet humble tho' the hame might be,
There lived a pair right canty ;
For tho' the man was seldom free
O' rheumatism in his knee,
They somehow aye had plenty.

And sae they were content as they
That hae baith wine and wassail—
Contentment is itself great gain,
When thoughts o' guid maks it our ain,
As says the great Apostle.

And curious things will whiles come roun',
And oft when least expectet ;
For if the heart we let na' doon,
But hope in Him who reigns aboon,
We'll no be lang neglectet.

For He can bring the things to light
In deepest darkness lurking,
And gar the gloomiest sky grow bright,
Tho' we may fail to mark aright
His times and ways o' working.

There came a day o' wind and rain—
The very thought o't startles ;
For of a' days that ever blew,
The like o' it there had been few,
In th' memory of mortals.

A' night afore (as some wad speak),
Amang the glens sae gloomy,
The thunner-bolts played hide and seek ;
But wrath burst now frae heaven's cheek,
Wi' inroad deep and roomy.

The burns came roaring frae the glens,
As brown as baket apples ;
And winds and rains drave frae the cluds,
That even stout trees amang the wuds
Were snappet like pipe-stapples.

When day grew done, and night drew on,
Still batter after batter
Frae skies, right awful in their frown,
And swathe on swathe like hay came down
The undivided water.

But just in middle of the stour,
 Into the cottage sweepit
A stranger, and he stayed na sure
Till he stood fairly midst the floor,
 And deeply was he steepit.

“Now praised be Heaven!” this stranger said,
 “That here I’ve chanced to stumble;
Let boast wha like o’ splendid ha’s,
I’m glad that I’m in biggit wa’s,
 Although they be but humble.”

“Our wa’s atweel are waff enough,”
 Said the auld wife, “yet teugher
Than they look like, they serve our turn,
And aiblins may do yours,—the morn
 Ther’re some may weel be leugher?”

For wow! it is an awsome night,
 Torrent on torrent driven,
The winds wad seem the world to crush,
And rain sic, I think, ne’er did rush
 Frae off the capes o’ heaven.

But ye maun hae your stockings changed,
 Come in o’er near the fire,
’Tis but a wee bit gleid at best,
That scarce wad fill a mavis’ nest,
 And yet ’twill mak’ ye dryer.

And I've some chips baith bien and dry,
That I'll fetch in a minute,
And this bit coal that I laid bye
Since winter, and wi' these I'll try ;
To put some spirit in it.

And syne I'll gar the kettle boil,—
Our tea will be nae fine ane ;
But if ye're cauld and wat, in trouth,
Ye too may hae the chapman's drouth,
And that's na guid companion.

And if we have nae dainty cheer,
Your welcome's be a rich ane,
For ye shall get the best we hae—
The greatest can nae greater gie—
And hunger's famous kitchen.

And our guidman will brighten up,
When ance he's gotten near ane,
For weel, weel does he loe to crack
And hear the ferlies, but in fack
He's rather dull o' hearin ;'

For he gat cauld last Lammas tide,
When folk were busy spainin,
Wi' haeing out a' night to bide
Wi' lambs upon the wet hill-side,—
Auld folks are aye compleenin.

But if he cracks but little now,
 'Tis no that he's a baugh ane,
But when he speaks folk speak again,
And sae it gies him nought but pain,
 To think he hauds them scraughin'.

But sure ye've had a fearsome day,
 Rode ye, or rather swam ye ?
The rivers roar frae bank to brae,
And platchie are the moorlands aye—
 Where, in the world cam ye ?”

“ God knows,” the stranger said, “ for I
 Know little o' the matter ;
I lost my friends, the truth to tell,
And what is waur, I lost mysel'—
 At least, 'tis little better.”

“ Atweel 'tis hard,” the auld wife said,
 “ To lose oursels or others ;
Nought can be waur, unless to part
Wi' angry feelings in the heart,
 When folk should a' be brothers.”

The stranger lookit at his watch,
 That seemed like goud to glitter,
But wished na that the wife should see,
As she thought, for he turned ajee,
 As if not to permit her.

But open when his big coat was,
She thought, upon his brisket,
She saw a Heelan' dirk or star ;
But this too, he did soon debar—
She only got a glisk o't.

But right or wrang, thought she, I'll no
Ought question ane that's sae sent,
But mind my wark,—the kettle's off,
And sae I'll toast twa shives o' loaf,
And try to mak' things decent.

I'm sure it is a thing that we
Nae practice hae o' getting,
But keep a thing in hauld or house
A hundred years, 'twill come to use,
In time and place befitting.

And, doubtless, he is some ane's bairn,
And may hae met disaster ;
Maybe, he's been a merchant bred,
Or farmer, or some man weel clad,
Wha may hae lost his master.

Sae I'll do for him what I can ;
Poor man ! he's sair thro' ither,
And could may be the sma'est part—
A wounded and a heavy heart
Is waur than wind and weather.

Part II.

When that auld dame the tea produced,
There was nae single dainty,
But what there was, was wholesome food,
And sae the stranger said 'twas good
As if there had been twenty.

And heartily he plied the cheer,
And baith the wife and Johnie
Rejoiced to see't, and kindly spoke
To tell they had nae skill o' foulk
That stood on ceremony.

"We aye tak' tea," the auld man said,
"Sae we miss outhier meat less,
For though it speaks to dearth awae,
Yet where we hae nae milk, ye see,
We hae nae other weetness.

The rain serves only its ain ends,
And we hae rather gotten
O'er muckle o't—a day or two
Like this wad doubtless gar ane trow
The very skies were rotten.

And then sae driven—it does na drown,
But trowth it's like to fell us ;
That wicked loon wha rules the air,
When he gets licence does na spare
To blaw his biggest bellows.

I ken his tricks, and mind it weel,
When first my leg was hurtet—
When he wad lift and gar me spin
Slap-dash down o'er a rocky linn,
Till I lay fair athwart it.

My plaid he carried roun' a hill ;
As for—on that occasion—
My bonnet—he may hae it still—
It ne'er was seen, and never will
Within this hail creation.

And he has gotten scope the day,
If right I comprehend it,
And either here or far away
He'll twa or three a pliskie play
Afore it a' be ended."

The tea meanwhile was gotten bye,
And a' things done right dousely ;
The stranger feeling somewhat dry,
Began to cast about his eye,
And crack ev'n still mair crousely

“ Guidman,” said he, “ ye live remote,
And few I trow will look here,
And though it is nae right to hit
And hurt your feelings, where ye sit,
Sae cozie in the nook there,

Yet ye should get a better house,
Whate’er the cost or trouble ;
For this is nought but reek and rain
And sooty drops—in fact, ’tis plain,
The thing’s a perfect puddle.

And ye’ve ae virtue, than the which
There is na mony better,
For though the things seem something mean,
I see your wife would keep them clean,
If soot and dirt would let her.

And ye should hae a cow and yard,
And some bit active pownie,
Or guid stout cuddy at the least ;
The thing wad bear ye like a priest,
And cost but little money.

And I did see as I came down
How ye could make a park for’t,
And as ye hae a broken wing,
In trouth ’twould be convenient thing
For outhier kirk or market.

“ Atweel dear sir,” said the guidman,
“ The thing we need na hiddle ;
We ken the lands, baith hill and heugh,
Belang a’ to the guid Buccleuch,
But mair we maunna middle.

The farmers hae extensive farms,
And they’ve an unco gait o’t,
For though the farms be a’ sae cheap,
The grip they’ve got they closely keep,
Poor foulk can get nae bit o’t.

Yet fickled as we thus are here,
Our fate might been a waur ane,
For haulding on frae year to year,
We canna say the thing is dear,
Since we’ve ne’er paid a farthin.”

“ A farthin ! trowth guidman, the house
If it be worth preserving,
The landlord should a premium gie
That ye wad deign to keep it sae,
For this seems your deserving !”

“ Ay, sir, but when a herd is done
(And that’s when he quats herding)
It kythes, need little care how soon
He bide nae mair the turf aboon,
For he’s no worth regarding.

I might hae lasted mony a year,
Had I no grown a cripple ;
But since its sae, my auld wife here
And me, just quietly on steer
Aneath the auld black kipple.

For if we're neither rich nor strang,
We here can better hide it ;
Nane o' our days can now be lang,
And we will be, till hence we gang,
Aye mair or less provided.

Contented, therefore, we maun be,
E'en wi' the hut we sit in—
They say o' landlords east and west—
Our ain Duke Henry is the best
O' a' the Lairds o' Britain.

And yet they say he's curious ways,
And slyly comes amang them
Like auld King James—and they say more,
He's o'er indulgent to the poor—
Ye'd think that needna wrang them."

" Sae ane wad think," the stranger said,
" But be it less or greater,
A wee bit touch o' auld Rob Roy
To catch and keep, be't land or kye,
Seems unco sib to nature.

And this may no hae bettered been
By our ain Border lessons—
At best, we seldom like to see
Another get what we wad hae
As part o' our possessions."

But now the hour was wearing late—
The night was still no better
It roared like thunder in the lum,
And showers wad 'gainst the casement come,
Still wetter and still wetter.

" Guid help them that are out the night,"
(Said the auld man, in private),
" If set them on o' Minchmoor-head,
Wi' black sow by the tail to lead,
They wad na lang survive it.

Guidwife," continued he, " nae man
Can face this night o' danger,
And ye maun surely gang and try
To mak' a bed—see that its dry—
To lodge our weary stranger.

" In troth, guidman," quo' she, " in this
I hae na showed me lazy,
For ben the house I've made the bed
Wi' my best blankets—weel down spread—
And sheets white as a daisy ;

For nane hae pressed them since they lay,
When sunshine was in fashion,
Upon the gowans white as they—
Waes me! where are they a' to-day,
And a' creation plashin'.

But if it stands in humble hame
The bed,—I'll say this far in't,—
Is clean and feel as ony lair
King ever lay on—and that is mair
Than mony ane could warrant.

And Sir," quo' she, " when ye gang ben,
Just leave the candle burning,
And I'll come ben and get your clase
And hing them 'fore a hearty bleeze,
To dry them for the morning."

The stranger then went to his rest,
And they went to the reading ;*
They did not like to bid him stay
To hear them read and hear them pray,
Sae laithfu' was their breeding.

But if they liked to make nae fuss
'Bout this their way o' dealing,
As little could they deem it right
To gang to bed on sic a night,
Without to heaven appealing.

* This is the rural term for family worship.

They sang a psalm wi' voice subdued,
As if it had been treason ;
Then Johnie read a chapter loud
Anent auld Noah and the flood,
As suiting weel the season.

And when they knelt them down to pray,
Deep, deep was his devotion ;
He prayed for baith the low and high,
And all that were below the sky,
If on the land or ocean.

That God would bottle up the clouds,
Or to the far sky freeze them,
And keep the wind at his command,
Within the hollow of his hand,
If sae it just should please him.

“ And oh ! ” said he, “ guard thou our rest
From every sin and danger,
And send us what thou seest best,
And—also listen our request,
And bless our weary stranger.

Part III.

When morning came, the stranger rose :
But that auld carefu' body
Had been astir for hours afore,
To redd the house and sweep the floor,
And get the breakfast ready.

“ ’Tis no sae oft, “ meanwhile, thought she,
That we’ve a stranger wi’ us ;
And trowth it lightens life a wee
That we hae something still to gie
To sic as come to see us.”

Sae that the things might a be meet,
She did in nought begrudge her,
For she had baked a crumpie cake
And butter scones, for mense’s sake,
To entertain her lodger.

Ham-slices in a frying-pan
Hang on the bleezing ingle,
And she had brought the auld ewe-cheese,
While twa-three eggs, forbye a’ these,
Were boiling in the pingle.*

* Pingle—a small pan made of tin, with an iron handle.

She spread the table with a claith
O' saxteen-hunder' linin,
As sleek and white as driven snaw,
And said, lest it should seem too braw,
'Twas but o' her ain spinnin'.

"But I was young and tidie then,
And sang like other singers
When birrling at the wheel—but now
Sic things wad never do, I trow,
For my auld e'en and fingers.

"And ilka ane boude hae her jo,
While some had far o'er mony :
I might hae had a hantle, too ;
But she that's true can ane but lo'e—
I cared for nane but Johnie.

"And sair they strave to find us out,
For we were unco cunning,
And learned as muckle frae a look
As mony may do frae a book
When hearts are no a-wonning.

"And when the lave the lawns had left,
And dews the dells were dackin',
To meet fu' oft we made a shift ;
And trowth the sterns whiles quat the lift
Ere we could quat our crackin'.

For hearts ne'er weary when they're young,
And fu' o' faithfu' feeling,
And love's ain law is on the tongue,
There is nae end, if said or sung,
O' what they're then revealing.

Too soon the laverock clamb the clud,
Blythe frae its ain sweet-hearting,
To pour its sang o'er wild and wud,
And bid them part, who even could
Be blessed wi' ought but parting.

A gallant lad was Johnie then ;
A brisk and brawer could na
Guide lamb and yowe, by hill and glen—
The very wale and tap o' men—
Although I say't, wha should na.

But these blythe days are a gane bye,
And ilk ane kens the rest o't :
There 're hardships baith for low and high ;
And while we live below the sky,
It's but a fight, the best o't.

But that's a' true, now that I mind
To caution ane sae wareless ;
For, Sir, I've been wi' rich and poor,
Yet, haply, never to this hour
Did I see ane sae careless.

For just when I brought ben your clase,
Sae beaten with the weather,
And gae the trews a wee bit touch,
Out flew goud guineas frae ae pouch,
And half-crouns frae the other.

And, then, your bonnie braw goud watch,
And a' the trinkets worn wi't,
Was just left dangling in the spung,
And near had to the ground been flung,
As it had been a turnneept.

And waur than a', your pocket-buik
Fell frae the oxter pocket ;
And writs and bank notes mony a ane,
Wi' rain, down through, its braw red skin
Intirely were soakit."

" In sooth, guid dame, I didna care,
O'er blythe your bed to won in,
When sae out-worn—and yet ev'n there
I had not missed your guidman's prayer
For a' the goud o' Lunnen.*

And as for writs and guinea-notes,
Your place is here the loniest ;
And when I've roamed by glen and hill,
Altho' I found folk poor, yet still
I ever found them honest."

* London.

“Guid guide ye bairn!” the auld wife said,
“’Twas even that I hinted;
For sure your goud, wi’ John and me,
Had it been mair, by three times three,
Had a’ been safe uncoun’ted.

But should ye fa’ on some ill place,
And leave it sae neglectet—
The like has been, and sae may be—
I wadna muckle say but ye
May come to lose the feck o’t.

But ye’re o’er like our ain when they
Come hame to get their up-ings,*
They leave their siller in their claes,
As foulk upon the banks and braes
Could gather it in goupins.”

“Ye then hae children o’ your ain,”
The stranger said, “and mind ye
They aiblins may; and now and than,
Send something to the lame auld man—
I’ve kenned some do as kindly?”

“Ay, Sir, we’ve had five gallant bairns,
Four sons, and ae sweet lassie;
But she and twa o’ them are laid
Where nae mair aching tries the head,
Aneath the turf sae grassie.

* Up-ings—new cloths and other things of repair.

Our Mary liket weel to stray
Where clear the burn was rowin';
And trouth she was, though I say sae,
As fair as ought e'er made o' clay,
And blythe as ony gowan.

And happy, too, as ony lark
The clud might ever carry:
She shunn'd the ill and sought the good,
E'en mair than weel was understood;
And a' fouk liket Mary.

But she fell sick wi' some decay,
When she was but eleven;
And, as she pined frae day to day,
We grudged to see her gaun away,
Though she was gaun to heaven.

There's fears for them that's far awa',
And fykes for them are flitting;
But fears and cares, baith grit and sma',
We by and bye o'er-pit them a';
But death there's nae o'er-pitting.

And nature's bands are hard to break,
When thus they maun be broken;
And e'en the form we loved to see
We canna lang—cauld though it be,
Preserve it as a token.

But Mary had a gentle heart—
Heaven did as gently free her;
Yet lang afore she reached that part,
Dear sir, it wad hae made ye start
Had ye been here to see her.

Sae changed, and yet sae sweet and fair,
And growing meek and meeker;
Wi' her lang locks o' yellow hair
She wore a little angel's air,
Ere angels cam' to seek her.

And when she couldna stray out-by,
The wee wild flowers to gather;
She oft her household plays wad try,
To hide her illness frae our eye,
Lest she should grieve us farther.

But ilka thing we said or did
Aye pleased the sweet wee creature;
In troth ye wad hae thought she had
A something in her made her glad
Ayont the course o' nature.

For, tho' disease, beyont remeed,
Was in her frame indented;
Yet aye the mair as she grew ill,
She grew and grew the lovelier still,
And mair and mair contented.

But death's could hour cam' on at last,
As it to a' is comin';
And may it be, whene'er it fa's,
Nae waur to others than it was
To Mary—sweet wee woman!"

"A-men!" the stranger said, but he
Strangely the word divided:
The tear somehow stood in his e'e,
And thus he spoke, as it might be,
The only way to hide it.

Then hastily he said again,—
"But ye hae failed o' giving
Account how died your gallant sons,
Or how this weary warl' runs
Wi' them wha still are living?"

"Alak! dear sir," the auld wife said,
"If Mary did expire
By silent, sad, and soft degrees,
It was far otherwise wi' these,
Wha now are sleeping bye her.

For they went out ae stormy day—
'Twas in the snawy winter—
But lak-en-ee! it happened sae,
Their father's hame in life that they
Agane should never enter.

The snaws lay deep on moor and dale,
For a' the winds had lifted,
And round the coombs o' ilka hill,
Still heigher, and aye heigher still,
To awesome wreaths had drifted.

They hung like cluds upon the sky,
And white as angel-garments;
And living things mid nature waste
Seemed nought but dowieiness to taste,
And dream o' their interments.

For nature has an awfu' power
When snaws lay sic a lot on;
And things alike, baith near and far,
Sink dowff and sad, as if they were
Of God himsel' forgotten.

The hill was steep—the glen was deep;
And our twa sons thegither
Were stan'in' wi' their father's sheep,
When down the wreathe cam' wi' a sweep,
That nane could aid the ither.

And they were buried forty feet
Aneath that awesome hurl;
And caulder than the snaw itsel',
When they were gotten, where they fell
A warning to the warl'.

But we can trow they went to God ;
And as they went thegither,
It e'en wad be a blythesome road,
For it, I think, nane ever trode
Were fonder o' ilk other.

As for the twa wha still survive,
May nae sic hap befa' them !
The tane has to the Heelan's gane,
To herd the sheep o' ane M'Lean—
I think it's that they ca' him.

The other is a gard'ner bred,
And weel ta'en wi' his master,
And favoured muckle—weel he may,
For he was kind and faithfu' aye,
And nought gains favour faster.

But they hae generous hearts, and proud,
And wadna that we wantet,
For a' the hills that hae withstood
The overflowings o' the flood,
If only just they kent it.

Sure, that they hae for us sic care
Is thing that wisdom warrants ;
Yet whiles we think they gie far mair
Than they can just fu easy spare,
To aid their aged parents.

Yet there is ane can pay it a',
And may he aye watch o'er them :
I've often thought, in grit or sma',
It's nae ill sign o' men ava
To look to them that bore them."

"Indeed it is not, by my troth!"
The stranger said, and boldly;
For simple tho' the tale might be,
It filled him wi' such generous glee,
He could not say it coldly.

There's beauty in the wild green bower,
And beauty all the greater
That hand ne'er there trimmed twig or flower;
As simplest words have deepest power,
When they are true to nature.

Part IV.

The tempest now was maistly o'er,
Tho' dark, the sky still brooded;
And now and then there down wad pour
A heavy, tho' a passing shower,
And waters still were flooded.

The froth shone white in ilka syke,
Rowed roun' like little ruckies ;
The cattle cowered ahint ilk dyke,
And a' was worn and wasted like,
Except the duckie-luckies.*

For a' had borne a fearsome browst
O' raging wind and weather.
The stranger marvelled that the house
Had no fa'n in, wi' ae sad souse,
And smooored them a' thegither.

But lowly things will sometimes stand,
When lofty things will tumble ;
And his warm heart glowed wi' delight,
Tho' haply he'd ne'er spent a night
Within a hame sae humble.

“ And yet,” said he, “ I slept as weel
As in a palace-royal ;
’Twere guid that ilk unrestfu’ chiel,
Wad seek, mid storms, the moorland shiel,
And gie the thing a trial.

Idle, till they wi’ rest grow sair,
And toss like foulk that’s sea-sick ;
The toil and tempests wad do mair,
In finding them a couthy lair,
Than a’ their fumes and physic.”

* The ducks.

And now he spoke o' setting out ;
But as he minced sic matters
A braw brisk rider reached the door,
Who led a saddled steed, and sore
He cursed baith house and gutters.

He wore gold band aroun' his hat,
A black cockade upon it ;
And proud and lordly there he sat,
And spak' and swore, and spat—and spat,
As he'd rode race and won it.

“ Did'st see a gentleman last night
With ringlets somewhat hoary ?
His steed somehow had taken fright,
And parted from him on the height,
As I conceived the story.

And we have sought him east and west,
Wherever we have got land.
Trust me, if ought that man befall,
They'll drop the tear in bower and hall
Throughout the bounds of Scotland !

For he's Duke Henry of Buccleuch,
My master, too—by Cupid
Say if you've seen not—sure you can
This much—or, if you've seen the man,
Why look so down-right stupid ?”

“Now heaven forfend!” the auld wife said,
In horror undiminished,
“If he’s Duke Henry o’ Buccleuch,
How e’er it may turn out wi’ you,
I’m ane, at least, that’s finished.

For I hae raved and roared and spoke,
Wi’ idle tales unbounded,
And tho’ I never yet hae seen,
Sae kind a man atween the een—
I’m utterly confounded.

And yet the house that him has served,
Might well been spared your curses ;
And gutters that his Grace came thro’,
Less ca’d, might weel been crossed by you,
Especially on sic horses.

But I’ll gang in, and I will kneel,
As if it were to Heaven,
For I wad rather trust to him
Than you, who look sae proud and trim,
In hopes to be forgiven.”

Just here the Duke came to the door,
The groom his head uncovered,
And his parading a’ seemed o’er,
He neither spoke, nor spat, nor swore,
But looked like ane that’s davered.

His Grace gae the guidwife a purse,
Wi' some gowd pieces in it ;
The groom lap down—the stirrup took,
Nor banned the gutter then—the Duke
Was mounted in a minute.

“ Oh, sir ! oh, sir,” the auldwife cried,
“ This purse leave thou na wi' me,
For sure I hae offended sair ;
Tak' back the purse, I ask nae mair,
But just that ye'll forgie me !”

The Duke turned round his steed again,
Ere he a word would utter,
“ Guid dame,” quo' he, “ do keep the purse,
Else I'll come back and plague thee worse—
Think nothing o' the matter.

For ye hae given no offence—
Too ill I but repay thee—
If ye may act aye wi' sic mense,
I'll bet a plack—the consequence
Will ne'er to ill betray thee.

And cherish thou thy kind auld heart,
Nor mind ought o' the gutter,
We'll maybe find a way mair plain,
When our gay groom comes back again,
To make the entrence better.”

The wife still lingered at the door,
And plied her wits supremely,
To see the twa-some speed awa',
And how the groom should be sae braw,—
Duke Henry dressed sae hamely.

“Heigh me!” quo’ she, “now haud him up,
The man wad seem the master;
And tho’ these lands are a’ his ain,
Compared wi’ groom sa braw and vain,
He’d scarce seem worth a tester.*

She then sat down beside her hearth,
And there to work fast falling,
She tasked hersel’ wi’ muckle toil,
How she had acted all the while,
Before the groom came bawling.

She’d ca’d the Duke baith *bairn*, and *sir*,
And this thing and the other,
And trimmed him wi’ her hamely gnash
Anent his carelessness and cash,
As she had been his mother.

But finding things thus grew the worse,
And that she still got on ill,
Into her lap she cast the purse—
Said she, yon groom who brought the horse,
Maun surely be some gonial.

* Tester, an old coin, in value sixpence.

For it was him who pat me mad,
And as I think allenerly,
A gentleman, folk aye may ken ;
Yet e'en 'mang sic, tho' ane were ten,
They'd nane be like Duke Henry.

For he's sae easy pleased and free,—
Yet waesome things come o'er him,
Just as they wad do over me,—
I saw the tear twice in his e'e,
For a' a Duchess bore him.

'Tis wonder nane foulk praise him a',
Frae Banff unto the Border ;
The greater wonder is that they
Hae no far mair to think and say
'Bout ane that's sae unordinair.

E'en here in this auld rotten hut,
That daily bodes to fail us,
He seemed as happy wi' his lot,
And wi' the worthless cheer he got,
As he'd been in his palace.

But yon uncultivated cowl,
Had he lodged in sic fashion,
Had sure kicked up some pridefu' rout,
Mair rough than a' the storm without,
And left us in a passion.

He little trowed the Duke was here,
Else he had come mair quiet,
As grew he, when he did him see,
And turned up his big goggle e'e,
Like some half murdered pyet.*

But I hae heard that they for fash,
Oft beat their masters hollow,
And cast their cappers proudly up,
Where they may come to sleep or sup,—
The rude and filthy fallow !”

But autumn now had passed away,
And winter on was wearing,
And still the weary gutters lay
As deep, as they did in the day,
When the great man came swearing.

And oft the wife had tauld the tale,
How she had been entrappit
Wi' him, who in the rain did come,
And braw brisk bearing o' the groom,
And how his pride was crappit.

And how the Duke had praised her cheer,
And a' her mense and breeding ;
And heard her tell 'bout Mary dear,
And them awa, and them still here,
Wi' kindliness exceeding.

* Pyet, i. e. Magpie.

And how that he had gi'en her gowd,
That made her rich for ever ;
For it had made her auld heart proud,
As not in charity bestowed,
But just in perfect favour.

In truth, her tale was never done
To ony who would listen ;
And few, I ween, loved not to hear
O' him wha place came never near,
But left behind a blessin'.

And mony sought the auld bit hut
That 'fore made little word o't ;
And a' would say that something mair
Would sure be done for that auld pair
Than e'er had come a-board yet.

"Na—na," they'd say, "we now need care
For nouthier Lord nor Lady—
Since the best Duke o' Britain's isle
Had honoured them in sic a stile,
They'd got enough already.

"Ae blink o' guid Duke Henry's e'e,
Since he could thole their failings,
And sleep within a cot sae wee,
And crack sae kindly and sae free,
Was mair than ony mailins.

And it does aye the auld heart guid
To think, as does our Johnie,
That ane sae great, his hamely prayer
Wad list, and count it worth far mair
Than a' his lands and money.

•

Part V.

The winter had been driech and dour,
And still the weary gutters
Lay deep around the auld folk's door,
When rains wad rush, and winds wad roar,
And snaws rowe down the waters.

I'd bet, (if here a hame ye build)
Ten merks against a bodle,
If low ye gang to gain a bield,
Ye'll find that ye your fate hae sealed
Amid a down-right puddle.

But there are changes ever mair
In a' the things o' nature,
And that which lies sae far remote,
That it wad seem for aye forgot,
Comes sooner round or later.

The white cluds frae the sky flung o'er
The earth, their lights and shadows,
The bird grew blyther in its bower,
The plovers wailed upon the moor,
And wild ducks sought the meadows,

And winter eeliet frae our land,
As spring peeped o'er the mountains,
The sun grew bright on bank and brae,
And flowerets wild began to play
Their fringes round the fountains.

And when nae ane wad think a thought
Anent the fearfu' weather,
That drave Duke Henry to the cot,
To share wi' them the humble lot
Wha lived sae lane together ;

There came a host o' men and carts,
Wi' lime and sclate and timmer,
And hewn free-stanes in other some—
Briskly they came, as swallows come
To build their house in simmer.

And sure eneugh, in twa-three weeks,
They reared a winsome cottage,
Beside a bonnie burn and bield,
That it the lanely pair might shield
In comfort in their dotage.

The farmer grudged till like to choke,
Yet, it appears, he'd granted
This ance, at least, unto the Duke,
O' his ain lands, the wee bit nuik,
Which thus meanwhile he wanted.

Sae round it there was drawn a park,
To keep a cow and pownie ;
The Duke the pownie sent himsel',
A present, as his Grace bade tell,
To his kind-hearted cronie.

And sent were other things forbye,
Baith beds and chairs, and such as,
Full fifteen pounds—'twas yearly paid ;
But some who held they kenned it, said
That these were frae the Duchess.

And he the lad, as gard'ner bred,
Apprenticed to ane Benbrig,
To serve Duke Henry shortly gaed,
And, I think, by and bye, was made
Head gard'ner at Drumlanrig.

But Johnie was a crouse auld man,
As e'er was under heaven,
When brisk and braw he took the road,
A' prancing on the pownie proud,
His Grace himsel' had given.

And when he went his son to see,
The Duke would still maintain it,
That Johnie, that they quits might be,
Should with the Duchess take his tea,
As with his wife he'd ta'en it.

Then John abashed, as ye may guess,
Sat right far frae the table,
But nane the least would note his dress,
Or ought o' a' that strange distress,
Which made his hand unstable.

Himsel' sae kind and free, the Duke
Knew life in every station,
All pleasure in his pleasure took,
And on he bore, by hook or crook,
A generous conversation.

And on the whole, John got weel on,
As some that might seem douser,
And when a' things were o'er and well,
He 'gan, as erst his Grace himsel',
To crawl a wee thing crouser.

For there were some young ladies there,
A' fair, and guid as bonnie,
Who, as he told them some queer jokes
Anent the ways o' country folks,
Deigned to converse wi' Johnie.

For loveliness is ever free,
 When to true worth pertaining,
And feeling right, it worth can see
In others, humble tho' they be,
 With whom it is obtaining.

He tauld how lads and lasses wooed ;
 And how o' lads fu' many,
A' but to court a wee wee while,
Would travel mony a weary mile,
 In nights baith dark and rainy.

Hearts mony sae were woo'd and won,
 Who ne'er found cause to rue it—
Wad crack night after night awa',
By hoary thorn, or birken shaw,
 When nane but heaven knew it.

Weel rowed within the laddie's plaid,
 Till larks would o'er them waken,
Ne'er trowed they, that they lang had stayed,
When kindly, cheek to cheek, was laid,
 Amang the moorlan' breckan.

“ But nane o' lads in a' the land,
 Durst woo wi' you,” quo' Johnie,
“ For they wad never understand,
But angels had come to their hand,
 In creatures a' sae bonnie.”

Yet Johnie was a mensefu' man,
And strove to guide his clatter,
Tho' in forbearance not sae skilled,
But that he'd make them laugh, till filled
Their very een wi' water.

And shook their ringlets, erst sae trim,
Till like a buss o' heather,
They fluttered round their lily necks,
As if they had, by the effects,
Been torfelled wi' the weather.

But ilk ane wi' a lovely grace,
Gave him some present dainty,
Or to himsel', or to his wife,
And never man in a' this life,
Was secretly sae vauntie.

For Johnie was a wee thing slee,
When neebors sic things stated,
And he would say 'twas nae ill thing,
For ane wha had a broken wing,
To be sae weel related.

The Duke had him a visit paid,
Ev'n in right bruckle weather,
And he, now that he'd eased his limb,
Could better visit back wi' him,
And crack o'er things together.

And where afore he'd scarce a friend,
He now in troth had plenty,
Wha did na scorn to shake his hand,
And come and see his house and land,
And show themsels right tentie.

But a' things maun come to an end,
And sae maun this lang story ;
Tho' we fu' many things could tell,
Which afterwards that pair befell,
That might be deemed nae norie.

For we could tell how trim and neat,
This cottage aye was keepit,
And how to mind them o' their fate,
They still kept up the bed o' state,
On whilk Duke Henry sleepit.

And how upon a bonnie day,
When heaven and earth were cheery,
When lambs amang the gowans lay,
And larks sang o'er the moorlands gray,
As if they ne'er wad weary ;

A lovely lady sought this bower,
And lovely ladies wi' her ;
And how the auld guidwife wad feel
Her leathfu' heart begin to reel,
That she could scarcely see her.

And how they gar'd her make them tea,
Wi' mony a winsome queerie,
As it, she to some Duke had made,
Who had to her a visit paid,
When he was wet and weary.

And how she soon fand out their ploy,
(Even as the story said is,)
And tauld the tale a' o'er again,
Anent the Duke, to entertain
The Duchess and her ladies.

And how the new house lang she scorned,
She in the auld sae prided,
And could na feel hersel' a' right,
For mony a day and mony a night,
Her thoughts were sae divided.

"For I had aye the hope," quo' she,
When warmer thoughts had won her,
"When a' my auld days should be past,
That I wad seek the grave at last,
Crowned wi' at least ae honour.

It was enough that I had lived
In cot, tho' nane the brawest,
To entertain sae great a guest,
When sair wi' wind and weather pressed,
Or serve him in the sma'est.

But now I see that this is o'er,
And something me bewitches,
For if I loved the Duke before,
So much,—ev'n now as much, and more,
Methinks, I love the Duchess.

And yet what need it sae be said,
The guid hae something wi' them,
That gars folk think the ane addressed,
Is aye the bonniest and the best,
Where'er we chance to see them."

Sae may it be!—This tale is said,
If ony ca't an ill ane,
Let them bethink them it was meant,
Or if in writing or in print,
To pleasure our wee William.

For he loves what is kind and droll,
Or deftly said, divinely,
And e'en now, wi' his keelavine,
He'll draw for it a braw design,
And fit it out fu' finely.

Then hang the harp upon the tree,—
Lang has it hung forsaken!
And langer hence it yet may be,
Ere its worn chords again for me
May sic a strain awaken.

But I will pray that those who hae,
To giving may be apt aye,
That they may reap the giver's fee,
When those who get, shall grateful be,
And a' may thus be happy.

THE LAY OF LIFE.

Part I.

EARLY DAYS.

BEFORE to other strains we start,
A lay shall us engage,
That portions boldly shall impart
Of the heart's own pilgrimage.
The prelude, recklessly though sung,
May yet have power to show
If the strings with which the harp is strung
Have tones of joy or woe.

Nor let the lowly turn away,
Nor the haughty stay to sneer ;
There is a note amid the lay
For all that are living here.
And once it was (if now, or not),
A sweet and lightsome strain,
A lay that ne'er can be forgot,—
Yet never sung again.

It was not yet the maiden's sang,
As she strayed through the shaw,
When the birk-boughs hang sae green and lang,
And the blooms were on the haw ;
Nor yet the mavis in her bower,
Nor the blackbird on the tree,
Nor the wee wild bird that sings far o'er
The blinks o' the heaven's ee-bree.

It was where yet no cloud could come,
A moment to remain,
For the light which would the life illume,
Could shadows all restrain.
The cheek was dry ere the drop could fall,
And the song was ever sung,
For the song was in the heart itself,
When the heart was wholly young.

Then the minnows were a richer drove
Than the flocks upon the hill,
And valued more the garlands wove
Than a' the ploughman's skill.
Ev'n the battle wi' the wasps was more
Than wi' foemen on the sea,
And the hunter's horn possessed no lore,
Like the bugle o' the bee.

But if we outwardly would war,
There was no strife within,
For yet the foot had not gone far
On the pilgrimage of sin.
O ! then it was the careless way,
Mid ploys and pleasures rife,
For the step had not yet gone astray,
'Mid the snares of human life.

The hawk that built upon the rock,
And the lintie in the shaw,
Was mair than a' the stock and flock
That gowd and gear could draw.
And the nimble limb the clofts could climb,
To learn what sight affords,
If the eggs long pressed in the raven's nest
Had yet grown into birds.

And the arm was raw at the waterfa',
And tint the question book,
When there ta'en out was the gallant trout,
And the hand was a' the hook.
O ! then it was the deep repose,
Till the lightsome day should dawn,
For yet we dreamt not o' the woes,
On the pilgrimage o' man.

The rose was lovely on the tree,
And the gowan in the glen,
And the voice of time itself seemed free
Of the ill and will of men.
The aim itself was all before,
And the form went with the mind,
And cold reflection rose not o'er
Whate'er was left behind.

There seemed no solitude on earth,
And no shadows in the air,
For the foot with merry morn went forth,
And the heart itself was there.
Then was it sweet, or was it not?
Oh! it was a lovely strain,
A song that ne'er can be forgot,
Yet never sung again!

Part II.

EARLY LOVE.

Was it a song—a lovely song,
And was it loud or low?
Or woke it strong with notes from 'mong
The energies of woe?
It was a song, and a lovely song,
That the heart may not retain;
If it sing it once, it may never chance
To sing it o'er again.

It was not when the rays o' morn
Stole o'er the shadows gray,
And bliss and beauty forth were borne
On the light of living day;
But it was when the soft eve-tide
Brings the winds that scarcely blaw,
When the flowers their lovely bosoms hide,
And the dews begin to fa'.

When the flocks all high on the mountains lie,
The vales of earth above,
Near their tabernacle of the sky,
By the Wise One o'er them wove.
And the blythsome muffle butterflies
Are dancing on fu' light,
Like the wraiths o' fairies o'er the leas,
At the coming o' the night :—

I saw a maiden stealing on,
Where yon gray thorn appears,
Where it within the glen has grown
Through innumerable years.
It may have been when it was not seen,
And when in the world abroad,
There were none to see, but the five and three,
Who sailed the flood of God.

And it so gray, when it passed away,
As aye the spirit trows,
Would rise and shake, 'mid the breeze of day,
The mud from off its boughs.
Yet when the spring comes o'er the scene,
It is most deeply hoar
Among the breckans wild and green,
With blossoms covered o'er.

And it would seem such freshness still,
As worth to age can len',
The old gray hermit of the hill,
And the guardian of the glen ;
The maiden flew through the twilight dew,
Wi' a prone and a pawkie will,
And her eye was bright as the star's own light,
New risen o'er the hill.

And her heart its beat did still repeat,
For her heart itself was fain ;
And her bosom heaved like the cloudlet white,
When the spring comes back again.
For it was her first tryste of love,
And so was it of him
Who came that way to the hawthorn gray,
When the gloaming grew more dim.

And know thou this, there is no bliss
That after years shall ken,
That half shall prove like early love
By the hawthorn in the glen.
When hearts are met to the tryste they set ;
And the world and all its woe,
They can, as the sounding stream forget,
Let it murmur loud or no.

They know it well, though they cannot tell,
Nor yet can all conceal,
Together 'tis enough to dwell,
And bliss enough to *feel*;
The calm upon the world is deep,
For the night is soft and still,
No bleat comes from the distant sheep,
And no fox howls on the hill.

The spirit of eternal thought
Would scarce seem more sublime,
Than the solemn stillness that hath fraught
The solitudes of time.
Far, far are they from the world away,
And the world is far from them,
And they have no thought to their dying day,
That it ere their care will claim.

And what is then the lighted ha',
And the forms that beauty own,
And what the pomp, and power, and a'
The jewels o' the crown?
And what are a' the counsels deep,
That pomp and power concert,
To the counsels wove of early love,
When heart consults with heart?

O the diamond is not like the eye,
Nor the splendour like the cheek,
And should ye reason till ye die,
Like love ye will never speak.
The heaven's own dews new beauties fetch,
To that which heaven doth tinge,
And the lip is rich as the daisy which
Hath the red upon its fringe.

"Thou art my love exceeding fair,"
Says aye the heart within,
"Yea, thou art fair beyond compare,
And no further it can win.
The heather bell may be bright and well,
But it has no beauty now,
Like that pure cheek, and brow so meek,
'Neath the hawthorn's hoary bough."

And travel far by moon or star,
Ye will find nought ever fair,
As the drops that hang in these ringlets lang
Of the rich and the raven hair;
And by their jet I would woo her yet,
What boots or land or gold,
Leal love alone can the heart make quit
O' the cares o' a world so cold.

Then woo I would—I would woo her yet,
Though the stars fade frae the sky,
And the cloud wi' the coming sun be lit,
Ere the world he yet gets bye.
She should not know that the light below
Has marvellously increased,
I would shade the maid in my home-spun plaid,
I would fauld her to my breast!

And so he will, though o'er glen and hill
The day-ray far is borne,
And the wee bird gray has gone far away
On the pilgrimage of morn ;
From star and moon it the dawn kens soon,
As its earliest blink is given,
And it mounts to go where ye cannot know,
On the pilgrimage of heaven.

For it is above the sweet bird of love,
And the bird of love below,
Though too soon it starts for the young warm hearts
That meet where the hawthorns grow.
The maiden too deems it untrue
To sail so soon and high,
On its wayward wing, where the cloudlets hing
Round the casements of the sky.

And I wot not well if in heaven itsel'
She would not hearken down,
If it would say, when it came that way,
"Ye should not part sae soon!"
But it was made for the lover's friend,
And it proves ever true,
To bid them part ere the tryste be kenned,
By the trace of the morning dew.

So rural hearts are wooed and won,
For their love thy cunning keep,
And it hath no charm when all is done,
Unless when others sleep.
And if they thus shall woo and won,
Nor adverse fate beset,
They have two joys below the sun,
And will have another yet.

And wot ye, 'tis the Bard himsel',
That their guardian most may prove,
If he sings his lays all pure and well
In the cause of virtuous love.
For thus they'll woo despite of art,
And his laws oft but can reach
The bosom, teaching to the heart
What no other laws can teach.

But hearts all pure oft much endure
From themselves and others too,
O! ye'd weep to know, what the Bard could show
Of the woes of those that woo.
If of love, as yet, they know 'tis writ,
They may the knowledge wave,
That as death 'tis strong with things among,
As cruel as the grave.

Their hearts have felt that love can melt,
And yet may blissful be,
But they have not with the sorrows dealt
On the paths of jealousy.
Their hope is high, and sweet the sigh,
And bliss on the beauteous lips,
But we yet may see what shall them try,
'Mong the pride of rivalships.

And earth's own care grows sad and sair,
When the days of youth are past,
Though ye woo and won the pure and fair,
That ye loved from first to last.
Then was it sweet, or was it not?
Oh! it was a lovely strain!
Then sing it o'er, for ye never more,
May sing it o'er again.

Part III.

THE SOURCE OF SONG.

WHENCE springs the power of song ?—its root
Is set in every heart,
Or more or less, but its fond excess
Is the soul of the poet's art :
Nay seems the soul of his own soul,
And all that may there abide ;
And it is beyond the world's control,
And beyond his own beside.

When feeling stirs the new-born power,
And hope's own breathings fan,
The light of love deep resting o'er
The early life of man ;
He may not live till forth he give
The emotions him that move,
And weave them strong in the wreaths of song,
That win the more they're wove.

His genius free wakes delightedly,
All felt 'bove common mode,
Is poesy—what shapes the glee
Is the rarest gift of God.
Somewhat the feeling lives with most,
That the world mid its cold strife
May not grow swathed in utter frost,
On its pilgrimage of life.

And for that song with most will dwell,
The Bard may have at least,
When he sings it well by dome and dell,
An echo in every breast ;
For poetry is nature's power,
Within his soul enshrined,
And makes him find with progress sure,
What others few may find.

And yet so bright with all its light,
It far may lead astray,
Like the wondrous taper of the night,
On the moorlands wild and gray ;
But the error is not in itself,
But the lack of the power of will,
Yet sing he must, though devoid of self
He die a martyr still.

And though he scarcely may preserve
The world from frozen trim,
Amid the gods which it must serve,
’Twere worse unless for him.
In some the root is never stout,
And dryly is it nursed,
And aye the most they cast it out,
Who share it least at first.

And the gains of gold get ample hold,
Of these souls so dry of plan,
Oft working miseries manifold,
On the pilgrimage of man ;
And some do muse while others mock,
And hate it all as vain,
Because it spurns the galling yoke,
Of the paths of greed and gain.

And others nurse it stintedly,
That it bears no boughs at all,
In others bound it seems to be
Like the tree pinned to the wall ;
Yet ’tis a power of nature lost,
Who ever shall it lose,
Will bring a frost to their own cost,
Whatever else they choose.

As seas ice-chained since long of old,
They solid cold combine,
If ever yet they may have rolled
In the sublimity of brine.
The root of song doth to him belong,
Who sings of heaven's own will,
Nor may forbear for mortal care,
From his wild harp of the hill.

It is with him no sapling slim,
But free and unconfined,
It bears as broad as the realms of God,
That are travelled by the wind ;
For its boughs are long and likewise strong,
And have majestic sweep,
And flowers as fair as e'er they were,
Where Eve took her first sleep.

Love is the food of song below,
And the food of song above,
And it loves the best of all to go
On the pilgrimage of love ;
For fancy's flight by day or night,
Let it be e'er so strong,
And dazzling in its own wild light,
Is not the power of song.

But it can sweep the low and high,
And stride from age to age,
And the regions of unbounded sky
Bear the Bard's own equipage ;
And the land where the living never die,
And the lovely ne'er decay,
Where sun ne'er shone, nor moon came on,
Yet no shadow ever lay.

Where life itself is a dream of bliss,
That ages shall not break,
Nor ever change, save to arrange,
What deeper bliss shall make ;
And passing far 'yond moon and star,
To rove on the comet's race,
Where away it steers for a thousand years
On the pilgrimage of space.

Where no breeze might bring the angel's wing,
Since they first would watches keep,
And nought intrudes where the solitudes
Of eternity still sleep ;
Till its wild speed leaves the wind, indeed,
And the lightning itself behind,
Where ye can see there scarce can be
The thought of created mind.

Still on to boom through untrodden gloom,
That its own ray but hath showed,
Away—away unaccompanied aye,
By all—save the will of God ;
But wrong or right with fancy's flight,
Song's power doth not remain,
Though it should go where ye cannot know,
And bring the news again.

Man's sympathy will live not long
Where man has never been,
And less have birth those scenes among,
Where woman ne'er was seen.
Mind there may walk on a loftier track,
But we do know who love
The robin, rather than the hawk,
And the eagle soon may tove,

So high on his eternal way,
That dearer is the wren,
So merry and familiar aye,
In the bonnie greenwood glen ;
And if we feel where the planets wheel,
In the realms of unmeasured air,
It will not do till ye first must trow,
That human-kind are there ;

For ye bear them forth from the haunts of earth,
On the measures of the mind,
But few will hold the song of worth,
If ye leave the heart behind ;
And wild imagination's flight,
Let it be e'er so strong,
And dazzling in its own wild light,
Is not the power of song.

Song's garlands will not long be fair,
Wove from the soul apart,
And the Bard that would the laurel wear
Must wreath them round the heart.
Then was it high or was it low ?
It was a lofty strain,
But hear it once, and ye care not tho'
It be never heard again.

Part IV.

THE POWER OF SONG.

A YOUTH ('twas on a summer's day),
Sat on a mountain high,
The realms of time seemed his array,
And rapture in his eye ;
He had a harp, and he twanged it sharp,
Then a softer song he sung,
And aye would say as forth his lay
He on the breezes flung,

“ My years have been a changeful scene,
Of hope, and joy, and woe,
Like the shadows shed by the forest's screen,
When the stirring breezes blow ;
But through this range from me no change,
My hill-harp e'er could part,
Mid light or shade its strings seemed made
Of the fibres of my heart.

It sung my joy when it grew too high,
And in the change of years,
As useful oft it proved, to dry
Away the trace of tears.
It had an everlasting scheme,
All hearts and souls to move,
To change all coldness to esteem,
And esteem to warm true love.

I loved the dell where deep the dew,
Untrodden lay by man,
Around where wild the roses grew,
And the day-flowers decked the lawn;
And so the mountain wild and lone,
The moor, and moorland dale,
Where solitude set up her throne,
To list the plover's wail.

Where wood-dove's wing yet never flew,
And tamer flower ne'er smiled,
Than the heather bell, that shed so well,
Its beauty o'er the wild;
Where strife from life was far away,
As stir is from the dead,
Yet thought reigned powerful as the ray,
The noon-tide skies amid,

But bring not now the birken bough,
From off the green birk tree,
Nor flowers one whit whose bosoms yet,
Have ever borne the bee ;
But bring the leaf—the withered leaf,
Long trodden by the way,
And twine it with the ties of grief,
And the hawthorn's moss so gray.

The wreath shall to the Bard belong,
That he all hearts may move,
For pathos is the power of song,
And the food of song is love ;
And ye shall hear how the loved and dear,
May feel a deep dismay,
If ye may care the harp to bear,
To the hawthorn old and gray.

For pathos is the power of song,
When deep with hearts it deals,
To shade or show in its living flow,
All, all that nature feels ;
For it knows well what none can tell,
When trials sore betide,
What lordly ones strive still to quell,
And the lone and lovely hide.

When eyes must weep while others sleep,
With matchless pain oppressed,
That angels scarce their count can keep,
Of the sighs of the snow white breast ;
The heart misused—its love abused,
And shades of death seem borne,
O'er the powers of hope with a fearful scope,
And joys that ne'er return.

For love departs from worthless hearts,
Or still it may remain,
Nor yet can heal what others feel,
In the hours of pride and pain ;
Oh it is lone when the light is gone,
And hope is gone also,
And thought sits brooding deeply on
The woes of human woe.

And the darkness passes slow—all slow,
O'er the heart so deeply wronged,
And life itself no more would know
Ought that to life belonged ;
Oh ! what is then the raven hair,
And the matchlessness of eye ?
And the form, whose charms once seemed to dare
The angels of the sky ?

Swathed in the gloom of hope's decay,
Where the tortured thoughts still live,
Forgiving those that would so betray,
Yet cannot all forgive ;
The heart must melt o'er the sorrow felt,
Or the pangs of pain abide,
That sear the breast and the brain at least,
Through the power of wounded pride.

All this is that which the heart wins at,
And aye since time began,
Has such been found sore to abound
On the pilgrimage of man ;
Then was it high, or was it low ?
Oh ! 'twas a mournful strain,
And if it now be even so,
It may soon be so again.

Part V.

THE POWER OF PRIDE.

I'VE learned it was the maid I trowed,
Stole to the hawthorn gray,
And with the young Laird Raeburn wooed
Till the dawning of the day ;
Fair Ellen May of Homelawshaw,
The fairest maid and meek,
Of a' in cottage, court, or ha',
If the 'whole world thro' ye seek.

So purely modest all her air,
And her gentle form so meet,
The very grass-piles love to share
The pressure of her feet ;
And the breeze amang her locks to blaw,
So dark, yet rich of hue,
Round a brow whose beauty brings an awe,
Like the marble polished new.

Our guardian angel may be near,
Though it we cannot see,
And the kind, though absent, still are dear,
And so I ween is she ;
And she is lauded in the cot,
As weel as in the ha',
As they'll aye be who cheer the lot
Where weird and wailing fa'.

She hides her love from one and all,—
'Tis a modest maiden's trim,—
Unless it be, whate'er befall,
She has it owned to him ;
A feud had been their homes between,
But now seemed passed away,
Yet they felt it sweet in the dell to meet
By the hawthorn old and gray.

And often there they now have met,
When eve its curtain wove,
For each fond heart on heart is set,
And pure and deep its love ;
Yet love, it kythes, can change its cast,
Let the hearts be e'er so fain,
And when they met and parted last,
It was never to meet again.

To part is bitter toil at best,
Though tears should only fall,
But it makes us seriously unblest
When the heart is gone and all.
“My son why are ye restless now,
And sad frae day to day?
Wi’ a’ my skill I may not trow
The cause o’ this dismay.

Ye canna’ wake, and ye canna’ sleep,
And wonted ways are gane,
Ye neither roam the lawn nor steep,
And yet no rest is ta’en?”
“My lady mother I am sad,
As man may ever be,
And me again all gay and glad
Ye never mair will see.

If I had a treasure I could boast,
As the richest e’er possess,
And if I have it ever lost,
I ill may find me rest;
Full well ye wot fair Ellen May
Was the keeper of this heart,
And I weened to win her once and aye,
That we never more should part.

But the blast has blawn and the fate that's fa'n,
Far other course has ta'en,
For we parted, mother mine, ere dawn,
And we ne'er will meet again."
"My son this is a hasty pride,
And sae will empty prove,
There's nought but death can lang divide
The hearts that truly love.

But how found ye to quarrel ought,
Wi' the true of heart and hand,
The wise of mind and the pure of thought,
And the loveliest o' the land ?
To chide wi' lovely Ellen May,
How might ye once begin ?
Would kings not down their sceptres lay,
Ae smile frae her to win ?"

"And mother if she danced a' night,
Wi' the gallant gay Glenlee,
Nor e'er could brook me in her sight,
As I fu' weel could see ;
I might not brook to let it pass,
And what could e'er atone ?
She ever mair was where he was,
And wished not to be gone.

She said she danced but with that youth
To hide her love for me,
But truth sic' like, if it was truth,
I never yet could see.
And the soul rose proud as in wrath and feud,
When the thought came it upon,
Springing in madness unsubdued,
As the tyrant on his throne.

And so, too, rose her maiden pride,
That she was deemed untrue,
And mair she with me would not bide,
'Mong the starlight and the dew ;
And trembling pale, she did not fail,
Her pride still to maintain,
Till we proudly parted in the dale,
Ne'er more to meet again.

But the ploy is near when she'll appear,
And I will let her see,
That I can bear me all as dear,
Wi' the sister o' Glenlee ;
And sair she yet may rue the day,
And blythe be to return,
To meet me in the gloaming gray,
By Glen-Makorrie thorn."

“ Na—na my son, ye’ll sair do wrang,
If ye sic pranks wad play,
Fight not the pride that may belang
To the lovely Ellen May.
Ye thus may make some maiden’s bow,
And wayword wiles forego,
But sae fair Ellen May to do,
Ye never will, I know.

She is not like to prudish maids,
And if she’s lovelier far,
Sae has she mind will not be swayed
Wi’ sic unworthy war;
And ye may run yoursel’ a rig
That dearly ye may rue,
If ye begin wi’ sic intrigue
That maiden to subdue.

Then gang away to the hawthorn gray,
And own that ye are wrang,
Else ye may rue it till the day
Ye sleep the mools amang.
Puir witless things, ye little wot,
The power o’ love and pride,
When they the upper hand hae got,
And what they are to bide.”

Now it were strange had love revenge,
And yet 'tis so I fear,
That the heart its matters will arrange,
To wound those to it dear.
Pride does not quit its aim one whit,
Till it gain remeed withal,
And touch, if sore it may not hit,
The offenders ere it fall.

Them it may wish no lasting ill,
Yet would it have them feel,
That it is lord and ruler still
Ere it their woes will heal.
And they have pranced and they have danced
Till the dawning of the day,
But once young Raeburn ne'er her glanced,
On the lovely Ellen May.

And while all looks are aye on her,
That loveliness to see,
Which well might make the reason err,
No look for her has he ;
But turns away from Ellen May,
As if with studied care,
And more seems free than wont to be
With the loveliest ladies there.

But fair or grim no one to him,
So dear may seem to be,
To sit or dance, or speak or glance,
As the sister of Glenlee.
Yet tho' so sad was Ellen May,
To trow her slighted so,
By him she loved from day to day,
High pride was mixed with wo.

And though so sad was Ellen May,
No one her sadness saw,
For she bore her through with sair ado,
Aye the loveliest o' them a'.
O it is lone when a lovely one,
Must hidden efforts make,
To bear her forth in the mazy mirth,
While the heart is like to break.

While others sing she still must sigh,
Yet dare not sigh for all,
And would rather lie in a wild to die,
Than trip the lighted hall.
And on the morn as hameward borne,
That lovely maid was pale,
As the wan mist floating o'er the thorn
In Glen-Makorrie dale.

There is a pride that long will bide,
And take resolve full strong,
And I fear her heart is broke in part,
Or so will be ere long.
Then was it high, or was it low ?
Ah ! 'tis a mournful strain,
And if it now be even so,
It may soon be so again.

Part VI.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

FAIR Ellen May was on that day,
Wan as the radiance shed,
O'er the vale where sleep in cold decay,
The lone and lovely dead.
And now she lies all sad and low,
And scarce may bear to speak,
She wipes unseen the tear of wo,
And pale, pale is her cheek.

But we may brook the tear of woe,
And the tear of love beside,
But the power of pain, ah ! who shall know,
If it prove the tear of pride.
“ Now daughter why are ye sae wan,
And why lie ye sae low ?
I’ve sought it late and sought it soon,
Yet the truth ye will not show.

But ye are ill, and I’ll hae skill,
What e’er this ailment be,
It fears me aye ye hae danced away
Your heart to the young Glenlee.”
“ My mother dear thy care refrain,
Nor grieve that heart o’ thine,
For the mair that thou art free o’ pain,
The less will aye be mine.

Nor ask the prospects that I hae,
Or the hopes that I may lack,
And if the heart be ance away,
There’s nane can bring it back ;
Then get nae skill, nae skill for me,
Of this be likewise sure,
That if I soon may better be,
’Tis heaven alone can cure.

But ye will see me shed no tear,
Nor hear me aught repine,
If thy heart thou'lt cheer, my mother dear,
And quit that care o' thine."
" Alak ! how can I quit my ain,
The bonniest and the best,
That ever wi' her lips did drain,
The milk frae mother's breast ;

And now waes me ! thy lip is wan,
As the rose leaf faded new,
When it lies fa'n upon the lawn,
When the dawn comes o'er the dew.
And surely ye were blythe and fair,
As ony needed be,
Aye minding ane o' something mair,
Than aften here we see ;

But these black locks aroun' thy brow,
Possess an eery power,
As if a dark heath buss wad grow
Around a lilly flower.
It is na right when pale as light,
Are features ane and a',
Thy cheek is as thy bosom white,
And that is like the snaw ;

But some has wranged my daughter dear,
As I o'er weel can see,
What e'er has hap'd to change her cheer
At the dancing o' Glenlee :
But if thy brother's now away,
He soon too may return,
And the skather weel may rue the day
That ever he was born."

" Na ! mother dear I've wranged mysel',
As maidens aye will do,
If they have hearts that love too well,
When they gang forth to woo.
The raven built upon the thorn,
But birds o' prey remove
When they are forced to list and learn
The sighs and vows o' love.

I trowed it stood an omen guid,
When the mavis came instead,
And sat sae oft in the mossy cloft,
And showed nae signs o' dread.
But if ae evil may withdraw,
Another soon may start,
And it is the deadliest bird o' a'
That preys upon the heart ;

It takes away what will not stay,
Nor e'er comes back again,
And it is worse than death's own way,
Since it leaves behind the pain."
All hearts are sad for Ellen May,
And day is as the night,
For she seemed to charm the land from harm
When moving in its light.

And far abroad the news are gone,
That no one loveth well,
Her ailment can be kenned by none,
And she to none will tell.
"My trappings mother get wi' speed—
Though feuds be ill to fa',
I may not stay another day,
Frae the bonnie Homelawshaw.

Nor mother mine need it be hid,
Or bring it sin or shame,
I've dreamt that Ellen May is dead,
And I fear I'm sair to blame."
"Ay! did I say not sae my son,
Yet ye wad ne'er be tauld,
And ye will see the meed ye won,
When her warm heart is cauld;

I trowed it soon and trowed it late,
That feuds had a' been past,
'Tis hard the remnant o' the hate,
Should fa' on her at last.
And if ill to that maid be seen,
Frae your revenge sae vain,
Ye better had the slayer been,
O' a' that hae been slain ;

Alak ! it little fits her worth,
And as ill her form sae fair,
For seek the haill created earth,
Ye'll find nane like her there.
If she did own her love to thee,
Ye might hae kenned it true,
But few there be that can ken and see
What is a woman's due.

They said some wicked dame has seen
The beauteous and the bright,
And her has marred through spite and spleen,
In whom a' hearts delight.
But other tale I could hae said,—
Had let them better ken,—
I've seen ere now a fair flower fade,
In green Makorrie-glen ;

But the winds may sigh frae sky to sky,
And the flowers o' earth decay,
There's nane will ever live or die,
Lovelier than Ellen May.
And if your slight has fa'n to blight,
The wreath ye should hae worn,
It is too true that ye may rue,
The day that ye were born."

"Nay mother haste, for my soul is waste,
And the world is waste beside,
Woe-worth the knave gives to the grave,
Her should hae been his bride.
I chode her proudly for her pains,
In the bitterness o' heart,
But when the blight o' love remains,
It is a deadly smart ;

I wad rather bear the woe and care
Of the world all thro' and thro',
Till a thousand years rolled round their spheres,
Than what I'm bearing now.
Get me my steed—get him wi' speed,
He little may me thank,
'Tis in the breast that will na rest
Till the foam be on the flank."

Now all is fate, come it soon or late,
But if ourselves have nurst
The shades until they have grown great,
They are fearful when they burst.
O rest—still rest on thy mother's breast,
Thou little little child,
For the paths of time, if not full of crime,
Are weary oft and wild ;

Long not at all to be stout and tall,
But the infant draught still drain,
Right sweetly oft, for a couch so soft
Ye will never press again.
The mornings of all time among,
Why should the day e'er dawn,
When thou shalt long to be brave and strong,
To match with a mighty man ;

There is toil and broil for the stout of arm,
And pain enough for the pure,
To bind thee in thy abode so warm,
While the ties of life indure.
The lark hides from the hawk on high,
And the flower too early blown,
Folds up its eye asleep to lie,
Till the stormy winds be gone ;

And from the breast where thou dost rest,
Thou would'st not lift thine eyes,
If thou could'st know how lone and low
The loveliest of nature lies.
Ye'll pu' the gowan in the glen,
And the nut adown the shaw,
And of the nest of the bird will ken
That sings when the dew-drops fa' ;

But thy joys will cease and thy woes increase,
And the proud thy ruin plan,
And skathe thy name, mid thy hopes of fame,
On the pilgrimage of man.
Or the wild sea brine may thy curls untwine,
Where thy heart no pleasure finds,
For all the stores of the balmy shores,
That are fanned by the foreign winds ;

Or thou be cast like a slave at last
In the dust a slave hath digged,
Far, far from the land to which thy hand
And thy heart's own love are leagued.
Then rest, still rest on thy mother's breast,
And pray that heaven may there,
Thy form enchant in its native haunt,
And kame thy yellow hair ;

Drink, drink awhile, and look up and smile,
But let thy head remain
On the bosom oft, for a couch so soft
It will never press again !
The cloud is swift on the heaven's high drift,
When stormy tempests start,
But as swift the limb that the steed must lift,
When the storm is in the heart ;

He knows the way by brake and brae,
And as well young Raeburn's trim,
Nor is there found on created ground
A devil of a steed like him.
The wild deer ply but are soon gone by,
Right blythe 'tis so I trow,
When the steed is rode man ne'er bestrode
Save he who rides him now ;

And the height and howe into nothing grow,
Before his matchless shank,
But there is no rest within the breast,
Tho' the foam be on the flank.
" Now how are a' at the Homelawshaw,
For I come guid dame to see."
" Alak ! Raeburn, we are sair forlorn,
And nae better bode to be ;

There is a power in beauty's bower,
That only brings dismay,
When there lies low its loveliest flower,
And fading fast away.
The face is faint that ance was fair,
When the foot was unconfined,
And the raven hair delights nae mair
When it waves not on the wind ;

There is some wo she will not forego,
Nor can I learn it why,
And if disease we may not know,
We can nae cure apply.
But I fear the worm is in the heart,
That the leaves wad fade sae fast,
Yet she maun rise ere ye depart,
And the waurst may then be past ;—

Now Ellen may rise up to-day,
And better it may be,
The young Raeburn may not return,
Till ance he shall thee see.
He learned ye were unhale indeed,
And since he left his home,
He has plied his speed till his coal-black steed
Is like the snaw wi' foam."

“ If sae he’s done, he may have run
Mair warmly far than wise,
Hame he’ll ne’er gae if here he stay
Till Ellen May may rise.”
“ Fair Ellen May shall say not sae,
For I e’en will bring him here,
It weel may be sic youth as he,
A woman’s heart might cheer.”

Now the heart of love has many cares,
And many hopes and fears,
The heart of love has many prayers,
And many, many tears ;
And it will stray a weary way,
Till the loved themselves won near,
Though the blast be bold on the moonlit wold,
And the river cold and clear.

The frost and snow can usurp the glow
Of the life of limb and arm,
’Tis sad it e’er the spell comes near
That keeps the bosom warm ;
The heart of love has many fears,
And it hath many hopes,
And many, many bitter tears,
And many tender drops.

For if they win not to the eye,
Oft inwardly they flow,
Like the droppings of a shady sky,
And none know where they go ;
Deep as the dew and tender too,
All nature seems to be,
But art and part of the melting heart,
Of this marvellous sympathy.

The maiden aye hears by the way,
A bird that lives to frame,
A simple lay that doth ever say,
“ Ye shall be welcome hame,
They shall be welcome hame fair maid,
That should not be away,
And make all hearts aye mair dismayed
The langer that they stay.

Ye will be welcome hame fair maid,
Ye will be welcome hame,
When love shall sit 'mang the locks o' jet,
And goud upon the kame.”
And love is strong and liveth long,
Though few should be its years,
For even in sleep it still is throng
With many hopes and fears.

And it will travel fond and far,
If the loved one be not near,
That scarcely things which gainst it war,
Can make it homeward steer ;
It may return a little while,
To toil some cares among,
But waits that it may all beguile,
And it will not tarry long.

And so it travels back again,
Or be it night or day,
Through frost and snow, and wind and rain,
And wildernesses gray ;
The wan cold moon, and the stars aboon,
Are all familiar wi't,
Still wandering on till hose and shoon
Be frozen to its feet.

It hath a weary life o't love,
To wile, and toil, and roam,
An orphan from the bowers above,
It here has no true home ;
And so 'tis deadly on those hearts,
In which it once can gain
A refuge from man's cruel arts,
And the stormy wind and rain.

But time will die and the pain go bye,
And then it shall be free
To rove the grove where it is wove
O'er all eternity ;
It shall not weep to part at morn,
Nor sigh to meet at eve,
But spend the hours 'mong heaven's own bowers,
Where pride no web can weave.

“ Now Ellen May ! wae to the day,
What may this matter be,
That here ye rest as wan as clay,
While the bird sings on the tree ?
The birk is green adown the dell,
And the flower fair in the shaw,
I fear with thee it is not well,
Who was loveliest o' them a'.

But rise to-day fair Ellen May,
And if I be to blame,
I will repair thy ill and care,
Ere ever I gae hame.”
“ Alak ! fair sir, I fear they err,
Who bid the flower grow well,
When the autumn leaf is on the lawn,
And the frost is on the fell ;

The sky is kind to the sun and moon,
That keeps them far from earth,
Whereon the sorrows late and soon,
As the green grass piles spring forth.
The world is good for the wandering flood,
And the wild wood and the wind,
But good and free it will never be
For the heart of woman-kind ;

And if ye stay with Ellen May,
Till she wake frae her wae,
Or lithe or lame I fear that hame
Ye again will never gae.”
“ Then yea or nay I will even stay,
For time shall bring to me
No peace of heart till life depart,
If sae it is with thee ;

Would God I had been with the dead,
When I would live to chide,
And from the cheek drove back the red,
To the heart's own vital tide !”
“ Nay, fret not thou for what has come ;
My heart ere now could hear,
A voice that said, as from the tomb,
‘ This, this will cost thee dear ;’

'Twas whispered in the hawthorn bough,
Though the raven had withdrawn,
And methinks it is not silent now,
When this cheek as clay is wan.
But if it shall with thee be well,
My pain shall be removed,
Tho' I feel this heart is clinging still
To him it so hath loved ;

But 'tis wild woe instead of bliss,
And the heart longs to be free,
Oh God it is, thing fearful this,
For a simple maid like me !'
" Nay, Ellen May thy cheek again
Shall glow like dawning's ray,
When stormy winds their wrath refrain
And the shades have passed away !"

" Ah ! no, though pu' the wild rose now,
Beside the trysting thorn,
It never more will make the hue
To this wan cheek return.
Nor though ye bring the bell o' ling,
Will it ever give to me,
A grace and air so free and fair
As the sister o' Glenlee."

“ Now Ellen May may say not so,
To curse this heart of mine,
Whate’er was done in pride or woe,
That heart still, still was thine.
And if thy woe I may not heal,
When thus the truth is shown,
No tidings lips will e’er reveal,
Will ever heal mine own.”

“ Alas ! I feel—I feel it still,
Though this heart be all so worn,
That it, if were it heaven’s will,
Could still to love return.
It is so lone to be ever gone,
Where none shall care for me,
For all it was so sweet to love,
And live one hour with thee ;

For we forget if we have no joy,
We too shall have no woe,
And that, though far from the light we lie,
The flowers shall o’er us grow.
For the flower again will yet come back,
Though the bloom meanwhile be ta’en,
But the heart that pride and love have broke,
Will ne’er grow gay again.

Ye bring no heath-bell for my hair,
And no wild rose for my breast,
But ye will wrap the dead-lawn there,
With the cold clay o'er it pressed.
I loved as few, for I loved too true,
And mine is now the pain,
Though ye've abused and thus misused,
The heart that was thy ain ;

For thine it was and thine alone,
And love was a' it law,
Whether it was when morning shone,
Or the shady night would fa'.
And light it was in the hope of love,
And the bliss of love beside,
Mair than it e'er with maid might prove,
That day she was a bride ;

But it was hid within the heart,
That the world might never see,
Tho' truth so deep could have no part,
It would not own to thee.
Ah ! was it weel—thus, thus to deal,
Wi' the heart that lived alone,
For thee to hope, and for thee to feel,
Till hope itself was gone ?

For the blast is blawn, and the flower is fa'n,
And the dark night soon will be,
When none will say that fair Ellen May
Has gone to the trysting tree.
Her step will kythe not 'mang the dew,
Nor the breeze blaw 'mang her hair,
Nor the wild bird hear her lips renew
The tales o' true love there ;

The heart will lie where no breezes sigh,
And the day-light cannot charm,
In the grave's dark hold as its clay all cold
For all it was once so warm.
And if I lie where no breezes sigh,
I shall no more repine,
Though a tear now fall to think that all
The woe will then be thine ;

For where will ye in this world of pain,
Mid all that may be proved,
Find a heart that shall thee love again,
As Ellen May's has loved.
Yet go thy way and be thou blessed,
If this thou e'er may'st ken,
And forget the hand that thou hast pressed
By the hawthorn in the glen !”

Now Raeburn has strove in his maddened love,
And his deep and dread regret,
Her heart to higher hopes to move,
And to woo and won her yet.
'Tis like as one would strive afar,
The beauty still to stay,
And hold the halo of the star
When the star is passed away ;

For 'tis too late when the power of fate
Has laid the lovely low,
To trow to make its steps abate,
On the pilgrimage of woe.
Ne'er, ne'er again, though ye weep and strain,
Can ye the past renew,—
We feared her heart was broke in part,
And alas ! 'tis all too true.

Ye will never see on the lilly-lee,
The foot that was so light,
Nor trace its way to the hawthorn grey
At the coming of the night.
The old have wept and the young have wailed,
And dark is each array,
For joy from the hearts of men has failed,
For the lovely Ellen May ;

The breezes blaw and the dew-drops fa',
And the lovely wild flowers wave,
But the fairest flower the world e'er saw,
Is fading in the grave.
The eye that shone like the star is set,
And the raven locks are still,
With the form, the loveliest ever met
The light breeze o' the hill.

Then what think ye of the power of pride,
And what of the power of love,
Dividing hearts will not divide
Till the winding-sheets be wove?
What boots it now that young Raeburn thro'
The glen strays lone, and rues,
And finds no rest within his breast,
What path he e'er pursues?

Oh bring the leaf—the withered leaf,
Long trodden in decay,
And twine it with the ties of grief,
And the hawthorn's moss so gray.
For it shall to the bard belong,
That he all hearts may move,
Since pathos is the power of song,
And the food of song is love.

Proud man, unless through God's own power,
From wo will ne'er be free,
He mocks high heaven from hour to hour,
For a wayward wight was he ;
The harp shall flow and a charm bestow,
But there's sorrow in the strain,
For so has't gone, and will ever go,
While the world shall yet remain.

* * * *

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

VERSES

DESCRIPTIVE OF A MOONLIGHT EXCURSION TO ARTHUR SEAT.

The moon was rising calmly o'er the hill,
 And we the noisy city left behind,
 In love of nightly solitude—where still
 Celestial thoughts and feelings fill the mind—
 Oh! what is all the bustle of mankind—
 What all their trappings, pleasure, pomp, and
 power,
 To that sweet quietude the soul can find
 'Mid nature's loneliness, in wild or bower,
 At opening morn, or noon, or evening's peaceful
 hour !

Is there aught lovely in those narrow ways
 Which many mortals in confusion trace ?
 Is there a pleasure in the endless maze—
 A sound, a lesson in the form or face

Of those who love such giddy groupes to grace—
 That musing mind should ever long to read ;
 Or which, when read, could satiate the race
 Of worm-like woes which from this life proceed,
 And on the lonely heart with ceaseless gnawings
 feed ?

If such there be—seek not these scenes afar,
 Ye whose best longings bustle can fulfil,
 Sally not forth wild nature's bliss to mar,
 Let solitude be solitary still ;
 Reserv'd for those to whom, of earthly ill,
 Forgetfulness by her is kindly taught ;
 Reserv'd for those, whose beings own a will
 To range still onward in their world of thought,
 Through scenes the more belov'd, the more by man
 unsought.

We climb'd the mountain, and the moon, the
 sky ;
 The din of men died on the airs of night ;
 Clouds there were none, save such as often lie
 Asleep on heaven, thinly spread, and white
 As lawn, o'er maiden's bosom heaving light,
 In simple loveliness ;—while many a star,
 With beams of glory, beautifully bright,
 Came curling onward in its little car,
 And seem'd to woo our thoughts to blissful worlds
 afar.

We climb'd the mountain—bounding over cliffs
 And time-worn precipices—with the toil
 Our souls seemed dignified—wild nature's gifts
 Are these ; which avarice can never spoil,
 Else were they spoil'd—for man, of soul most vile
 Could burn creation, were its ashes gold ;
 Nor think of nature's loveliness the while,
 Of trees, or flow'rs, planted by her of old,
 Nor rocks, nor rills, nor aught that mortal eyes behold.

The works of art to me can yield no charm,
 Till time and tempests their assistance lend ;
 What were the palace that ne'er stood the storm,
 The tower's high pinnacles—the polish'd *pend*! *
 Let warring elements these masses rend,
 And Time bestrew of moss his mantle hoar,
 And nature forth her creeping families send,
 Of little woodbines wild, to warp them o'er,
 Binding together that which art but bound before ;

And then, the eye which hates the barrenness
 Of human grandeur, shall unwearied roam,
 Counting the beauties—then the soul confess
 Sensations that would claim it as its home ;
 And the fond soul still lavish on the dome
 Its own eternity of mystic thought—
 These attributes of being, far which come,
 In strong associations, wildly wrought,
 Of all remembrance time or fancy ever brought.

* *Pend*, i. e. arch.

We turn'd aside to trace the aged walls,
 Rising in grayness 'neath the loftier steep,
 On which moonlight is long before it falls :
 The nightly shadows round them were asleep,
 And all was solitude and silence deep ;
 Enchanted loneliness ! which still would seem
 Such wildering influence o'er the soul to keep,
 That fled of life is every other scheme,
 Save that it evermore might here enjoy the dream.

Our very beings seem'd in calmness bound,
 As if even nature would exert a power,
 That none who came should break the stillness round
 These massy rocks and melancholy tower :
 Ages would here seem shorter than an hour,
 Spent mid the noisy mortal-crowded ways.
 Oh ! nature is no tyrant—we endure
 What blessed load she to the heart conveys,
 Nor of the weight complain—save in congenial lays.

To those who love her she can charms impart,
 Purer than aught that comes to life below,
 Rooted are in the feelings of the heart,
 The loveliest blossoms of the mind that blow ;
 The waters these, through solitude that flow,
 Nursing the little garden of the soul ;
 Whose happy scenery no change shall know,
 But bloom in beauty, while far ages roll,
 And ages yet shall bring no tempest nor control.

And man shall yet be glorious and free,
 Even with the earliest moment he may spend,
 Within the circle of eternity—
 But where shall I my longings thus extend ?
 Nature, with thee, oh ! let my being blend,
 Even with thy elements and grandeur wild,
 Mingling in love, that cannot dream of end—
 Love to an immortality beguil'd,
 Of all thy glorious charms by mortals undefil'd.

And thus I love thee, Nature, yet can claim
 No spot of earth on which thy seeds are sown !—
 Yes these are scatter'd—where my father's name
 Marks of mortality the mournful stone :
 And this is mine—this little scene alone
 Of which, those who have most would most be
 free ;
 But this full heart shall the possession own,
 Pouring thereon its tear-drops—though it be
 Hopeless to weep for those who cannot weep for me—

* * * *

THE DREAM.

I WOULD not wish to sleep again,
Till death has brought life's latest gloaming,
If I could think, that to my brain
Such dreams as came last night were coming ;

For all the pain that comes to life,
Throughout the years that mortals number,
May equal not one hour of strife,
Waged with the fancies of our slumber.

A wond'rous form arose in view,
That long my lone couch linger'd over ;
And told me of—ah ! were it true !
It told me of a faithless lover.

With listening to the words it spake,
My being's inmost sense seem'd shaken ;
I struggled much, that I might wake,
But, ah ! I had no power to waken.

Chain'd, as if in a weighty chain,
My powers all adverse to complying ;
It seem'd the slavery and pain
Of one who cannot die, when dying.

It pass'd—it slowly pass'd away,
My slumber's painful spell was broken ;
Would God, too ! that from thought did stay
The memory of what was spoken !

THE LAMENT.

In the sadness and pomp of funeral array,
To the grave of my father they bore her away,
And laid her in death's silent chambers to rest,
With the cold clay and church-yard turf over her
breast,
And bade me to weep not for her who had gone
Away to a land where no sorrows were known ;
To weep not for her who through regions sublime,
Had travelled away from the troubles of time,
To live in the bliss of the highest abode,
With the angels of light and the Son of her God.

Yet how may it be ? can the bosom forget
The form though so cold and the eye now though set ?
Can the thought that away with the spirit will hie,
And accompany it on to the bowers of the sky,
There lured and delighted, for ever remain,
Nor return to the earth and its sadness again ?

Alas ! there are shadows of darkness around,
With which while below we are deeply inbound ;
There is sorrow in all that we listen and see,
And pain in the heart till the spirit be free,
And our thoughts, woe-o'er-clouded, still rest on the
grave,
Where slumber the forms that we longed so to save.

She guarded my steps when existence was young,
Her lips o'er my cradle the lullaby sung,
Her kindness was o'er me—her arms still caressed,
And my head found a home on a mother's own
breast :

And when every eye-lid in slumber was closed,
When the shade of creation o'er nature reposed,
How oft would her bosom deep tenderness prove,
And yearn in its hope o'er the child of her love,
And breathe for my welfare to heaven a prayer,
When I knew not of danger, nor dreamt of her
care.

How then shall the power of remembrance decay,
From the form that is cold in its chamber of clay ?
How, how shall the heart, in its sadness of mood,
Forget o'er the loss of a mother to brood ?
And when shall the radiance be shed from the sky,
That finds not a tear-drop, for her, in mine eye ?
Is the home, where her accents of love wont to flow,
Not a scene for the shadows of sadness and woe ?

Is the charm that was shed by her presence around,
Not fall'n from our life never more to be found ?
Do we feel not the gloom, and still live to deplore
The loved who is fled, and no years can restore ?

Oh ! there was a time when our bosoms were gay,
As the sky-lark that welcomes the breezes of May ;
When the heart heaved no sigh, and the eye shed
no drop

But was mingled with joy or enlivened by hope.
But the clouds of misfortune rose darkly the while,
And lorded their gloom o'er the light of our smile ;
And the tempest burst forth, all too fierce to be
braved

By the feeble of form, that we fain would have
saved.

It came—it hath passed, and away with it borne
The friend of our life who can never return.

When the song of the bird, and the beauties of spring,
Delight to the land of our fathers shall bring—
When the dew-drops of morn that no foot-steps may
press,

Lie lonely and long in the forest's recess—
When the mist of the mountain is melted away
By the breath of the sky and the light of the day,
And the bloom of the primrose, and flower of the
thorn,

The land of the living return to adorn ;

All hearts shall be gay, and in pleasure combine,
But sadness, and sorrow depart not from mine,
Since the dwelling is dark, and the chamber is cold
Of her, whom the living no more shall behold.

When our friends, who have long been away o'er
the main,

And have heard not the tale of our trial and pain,
Shall return, and shall hope in our dwelling to find
The friend, who was here when they left us behind;
Oh! how, mid the sorrow that lives round the heart,
Shall these lips, to them e'er have the power to im-
part

The tidings, that she whom they ask for, is fled
From the home of the living to dwell with the dead?

Yet, yet mid this cold world of death and of ill,
A comfort remains in all suffering still,
For sympathy lives o'er the forms that decay,
And our hope with the dying can pass not away;
And when all the waste of our suffering proves vain,
Our spirits can gather a pleasure from pain—
A self-treasured feeling—the offspring of grief,
Which yields something more to the soul than relief.
The grass, that grows green, on the turf of the tomb,
Relieves the dark thought from the depths of its
gloom,

And the floweret that opens its white bosom there,
Can a tale of the spirit departed declare;

And a feeling of joy, like the power of a dream,
Arising to life o'er the bosom would seem,
When we think on the charms which the grave turf
 have clad,
And how nature thus stoops to hold faith with the
 dead.

Oh still, when the sun in the west sinks away,
And the winds from the woodland their breathings
 convey ;
When the song of the blackbird, aloft on the bough,
Is bidding to day's soft departure adieu,
And the whispers of nature, with voice of the stream,
Awake, and the star comes abroad with its beam,
I will seek the lone scene, where the relics are laid,
Of her whose bright memory remains undecayed ;
Nor mortals shall mark there, the tears that shall
 flow
To pleasure the heart, as they soften its wo,
Or know of the peace that can visit the breast
From the thoughts of the beauty of those that are
 blest.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL'S SYMPATHY AND
WARNING.

AN EXTRACT FROM "LANAZINE," AN UNPUBLISHED POETIC
TALE.]

RECITATIVE.

Set in her bower she weened that she could hear
Awoke, a wild sweet melancholy lay,
Though whence it came might never ought appear,
So near it seemed, and yet so far away.

It might not be the murmur of the linn,
Nor of the wind, for every wind was still,
And never man, nor maid, this world within,
Sung song so sweet, and one that so could thrill.

She guessed nor wist (although her eye had been
Ne'er lifted from the lawn) till she could see
A lovely form move onward, all serene,
And strove to touch, yet scarce could touch the
lee,

Her raiment whiter seemed than winter snow,
Her locks, if might be, darker than her own,
And loveliness would haloes round her throw
Like rainbow rays, o'er rose and lilly thrown.

Paused she before the bower, and Lanazine
Felt prone to rise at once, and welcome her,
But influence strange seemed round her to combine,
And still, the while, she found not how to stir.

“ I come lonely Lady” (she said with a sigh,
As if speed forefoughten, and thus was relieved),
“ I come, from a land where the living ne'er die,
Where the dead never lay, and the shades never lie,
And the heart aye is blessed with the bounty
received,
And though I have lived when no time had gone bye,
This sigh is the first that I ever have heaved.

But they said it would come, when I touched on the
lee,
Where humanity mingles its breath with the day ;
For the King of our land hath been here too, and He
Would send me, because that my feelings agree
More nearly to thine, than all under his sway,
And the thought that is simple, yet powerful and free,
And the locks too, like thine, which shall never
be grey.

But ye know not as yet, that I never had sleep,
Nor rested, save lowly to bend on the knee,
Yet weary ne'er grew, in the watches we keep,
For these are themselves the deep bliss that we reap,
And our King has ordained that ye keep them
with me,
When the waters, with thee, shall no longer be deep,
And the days of all years us companions shall
see.

Our King ever lives—and lives all things to know ;
And heard were thy sighs and thy sufferings seen ;—
I looked at his will, and I waited to go,
But it told me not yet, and it changed but to show
The sympathy aye that shall live us between,
And but for this bliss, which he stored to bestow,
This form that ye see, ne'er created had been.

But dear to our King are the injured, and lo !
When their worth can no longer their evils de-
feat,
He sends their companions to teach and to show—
For they all have companions that never knew wo,
Prepared, and who with them, yet kindly shall
meet,
When the daughters of music shall here be brought
low,
Nor mourners themselves shall be found in the
street.

But though ye can know not, how wo cannot come
To the land where our King has no strife in his
reign,
We know, how in yours, will the wanderers roam
O'er the isles of dismay and the oceans of foam,
And the wicked pursue, and the powerful give
pain,
And the tyrant, that oft may be found in each home,
Will hide what our King but has power to explain.

O Lady ! the caves of the ocean are cold ;
But the graves of the land may be cold just as
they,
When the clay presses close where the sheet has been
rolled,
And fate flung its chain o'er the heart of the bold,
To bid it lie still through the years of decay ;
But ye yet shall have joy ere the shadows get hold,
For the steps shall return that have wandered
away.

Then Lady, I come, with a warning to thee,
To wed not that day when the bridal is due,
For I come thus to show what ye never could see,
And alone ye shall wed him, that's dearer than he,
Who was sent but to save when the proud would
pursue ;
For the selfish shall falter—the faithful go free,
And the generous rejoice, like our King, o'er the true.

Then Lady, farewell ! for the hymns aye are sung,
 When the sun of your land seems to sink in re-
 pose,
And far, far from this, are the high halls, where
 hung
Are the harps of our land, and though measures
 have rung,
 I wish me, at least, to assist at the close :—
Then wed not another, than he, who, when young,
 Had no braid for thy brow but the bloom of the
 rose.

THE ADMONITION.

I STOOD by yon churchyard, that lonely is lying,
 Beneath the deep greenwood of Teviot's wild
 strand,
And methought that a voice, in the winds that were
 sighing,
 These accents conveyed to the sons of our land :
“ Beware ! oh beware ! of the feelings unholy,
 That sink ere they reach to the heavens sublime,
Beware ! oh beware, of the fault and the folly
 Of resting your trust on the treasures of time.

If bound to this scene, as still onward you measure
The pathway of life to your home in the grave,
The soul, in its gettings, will gain not a treasure,
That ages unending will circle to save ;
For time but reveals what decays in revealing,
Or vanishes ever when touched by the test,
And the darkness of thought, and the sadness of
feeling,
Will thus oft come down on the wisest and best.

'Tis part of the curse, on this dark world still lying,
To poison the future, as it did the past,
A warning of nature—a foretaste of dying,
That crisis which comes to all living at last.
Your days had been few when those idols so simple,
That much could delight you, delighted no more ;
And the joys of life's morning, so airy and ample,
Were lost 'mid the gloom that your pilgrimage wore.

Hope danced round the spirit that fain would have
caught them,
But soon too they sank 'mid the flow of its tears ;
They could not be carried far into the autumn,
Much less could extend to your winter of years :
And so, you have seen, how the wayward would
quarrel
With life's sad afflictions, or dread them apart ;
And the sons of ambition oft win the green laurel,
To wreath it alone round the withering heart.

And riches, for which the dark passion grew stronger,
As the heart sought its rest on the care gathered
hoards,
Would fly, or but burden a soul that no longer
Had a relish for ought that creation affords.
For still, 'mid all fame, and all fortune, and feeling,
Decay hath its traffic with man's mortal form,
And o'er it, resistless, the influence stealing,
Must leave it, at last, but a wreck to the worm.

Your friends have departed, and left you behind
them ;
Or, you are departing, to leave them behind ;
And no morn e'er shall dawn when again you shall
find them,
If alone to this scene all your hopes be confined.
Beware then ! beware of the power of the longing
That weds the vain heart to a cold world be-
low,
Beware ! oh beware ! of the dreams that are throng-
ing,
A scene that nought lasting can ever bestow !

But turn to yon heavens with vision observient,
As led by the day-spring, that beams from on
high ;
Nor, value aught here, but as it proves subser-
vient
In guiding the soul to its home in the sky ;

Lay up the pure treasures that live in the spirit,
 And free as itself from the taint of decay ;—
 Those treasures which still the fond soul shall in-
 herit,
 When the heavens and earth shall have melted
 away.

And thus when the glow of a love never-ending,
 Shall live nor remember one feeling of strife,
 And every affection to him ever tending,
 Who Himself is the Way, and the Truth and the
 Life,
 Ye shall meet in the regions immortal before ye,
 The great, and the good, and the kind, and the
 true ;
 To share in the life, and the bliss, and the glory,
 That ages eternal but roll to renew.

LINES

WRITTEN NOVEMBER 23, 1844, TO MISS JANE CAMPBELL,
 (NOW, IN 1847, MRS DUNLOP), ON THE AUTHOR'S RECOVERY
 FROM A LONG AND SEVERE INDISPOSITION.

If feeling bids me wake the strain,
 It shall be simple all, as free ;
 Ill it behoves disguise should reign,
 When, Lady, I would sing to thee.

I've seen thee not, nor may declare
What fancy's ray has imaged forth,
But it has pictured thee as fair,
As e'er was one who walked the earth.

Nor boots it aught for face and form,
If brows be brent, or eyes be bright,
For what can add to that a charm,
Which is itself the loveliest light ?

Thine own pure heart is thine array,
And be thy step by glen or grove,
Thine is a flower-wove dewy way,
The path of kindness and of love.

And it is lovely to pursue
The trace, that evermore we find,
Pointing, if o'er the dust or dew,
To where the heart can show it kind.

Even could we thoughts and feelings see,
Though still thy step at home might stay,
On paths of generosity,
Methinks, we still would thine survey.

Cold winter comes abroad, to throw
The wasting tempest from his wing ;
But love can fairer light bestow,
Than all the beauty of the spring.

Green leaf and flower it re-exalts,
 To wreathe anew the withered bower,
 And into genial freshness melts
 The drops of fortune's frozen shower.

For 'tis not ought that we may find,
 In what the hand of wealth can give;
 But all the bliss it brings the mind,
 To think that yet the lovely live.

Oh! ye that sorrow never shared,—
 Nay, thou thyself that hast a heart
 The dross of life has ne'er ensnared,
 Free all, and beauteous as thou art,

Cast thou the diamond from thy brow,
 If e'er it dare that heart to touch,
 For it will die, even as the dew,
 The morning sun loves overmuch!

And twine the wild rose in thy locks—
 It is the diamond of the dell;
 And nature's self, ne'er nature mocks,
 To teach us how the angels fell.

And thus we know why we should hail
 The ringlets be they dark or long;
 And why she, for the orphan's wail
 Will weep, who will not weep for song?

'Tis worth's own power by *will* led forth
Unto the truth of true appeals ;—
Hearkens the heart where wo has birth,
And then, the hand hies on and heals.

Life's miseries full oft appal
The hearts that heaven has not supplied
With that which it shall ne'er recal,
And shrinking, turn away, when tried.

For some will weep at thoughts of wo,
When fortune smiles, and hopes are high,
That will not go their balm to throw,
Where lone the wrecks of fortune lie.

But thou shall be as spring-tide dew
To memory ; and the beauties blend,
Which shine far through the morn, thou who
A stranger, art the stranger's friend.

And if to generous hearts allied,—
May so the generous ever be !
I'd fear not being oft denied,
If pleaded were my cause by thee.

But if we smile the world all through,
We'll know not yet its worthier men ;
When sorrows press, and friends are few,
Oh ! Lady, we shall learn it then.

Then twine the wild rose on thy brow ;
Methinks 'twould well beseem thy part,
Even though the bloom in heaven grew,
Free all, and virtuous as thou art.

And thee though I have never seen,
Nor yet, below, may ever see,
Well may'st thou trow amid this scene,
I love to sing to one like thee.

And 'mong the shades of things forgot,
When, after years have passed away,
If heaven shall save the power of thought,
Thou shalt not share in their decay.

No—no reward have I to thee,
But heaven will higher meed make thine,
And God remember thee, for me,
Because thou hast remembered mine !*

* This Lady had communicated unmerited favours from herself
and friends, to the author and his family.

THE FATHER'S TUFT OF TREES

FROM A SERIES OF POEMS, ENTITLED "RECORDS OF THE
SHEPHERD'S HOME."

PART I.

THE dead are honoured in their death,
Whose lives were well approved,
And though the living brook the skathe
That now they are removed ;
By woe and time a spell seems wove,
That woos and wins the mind,
Indefinite, yet deep, to love
All that we know they would approve,
And all they've left behind.

And never—never in all years,
If this indeed be true,
Might it be more than now appears
In heart, and soul, and view ;
For fate has fraught, and woe has wrought,
And time hath ta'en away,
And yet there have been treasures brought
Till left are feelings too, and thought,
No words can e'er convey.

And though it be no rapturous bliss,
As may some hearts employ,
There's joy I wiss (albeit it is
A melancholy joy)
To climb as now the mountain's brow,
My sire so oft would climb
Ere death his limbs in dust had bound,
And mine had paced so wide a round
Upon the scene of time.


Since changes crowd all life, the soul
Cannot be always glad,
And neither yet reigns their controul
To make it ever sad ;
The sun is in the summer sky,
Though oft rise clouds the while,
And though the lambs no longer lie
Upon the lawn, there still forbye
A thousand wild-flowers smile.

Even now while over nature's breast,
The breezes bear along,
Their voice seems to these trees addressed,
Till sighs become a song.
And planted by a sire's own hand,
Who slumbers in the grave,
It more may of the heart demand,
Than could all forests of the land,
To see them proudly wave.

How lofty since it but might be,
The stateliest and most stout
Could reach not more than to the knee,
Or match their simplest shoot ;
But lo ! if life still nature kind,
To forests wide may waft,
Far as the world can bear the wind,
She leaves not here, unnursed, behind
The shepherd's trivial tuft.

Rears she a throne on Lebanon,
To which the eagle steers,
Where cedars vast have braved the blast
Of twice two thousand years ;
She too has wove the wren a bower
Beside the tinny rill,
Whose oziers came but with the flower
Nor less hath here imparted power,
To plants upon the hill.

For she hath lifted up their forms,
And spread their boughs abroad,
To wrestle with the mountain storms,
And brush the bow of God ;
Or when the thunder's path conveys
The lightening round their head,
Stand green amid the flickering rays,
Memorials of departed days,
And of the honoured dead.



If here conveyed through freak of will,
Such whim oft man will seize
To take more toil and ply more skill
Than tufts a hill with trees ;
But it respects a farther term,
Than that the trees we rear,
Shall long enough have stood the storm
To have the breadth and strength to form
Our coffin and our bier.

The heart's own fountains they are deep,
Howe'er the streams may wind,
And here we learn upon the steep
A tale of all mankind ;
Yet urge no blame 'gainst nature's aim,
If so the heart be trained,
But mark if *innocence* contend,
To reach the far prevailing end,
Which *crime* too oft has gained.

Red cruelty has sailed, till sunk
Have thousands in the wave,
And rode, till earth the blood has drunk
Of millions of the brave ;
The pyramid has rose amid
The sultry sun and soil,
Nor princes paused, though fountains dried,
And worn ones, cracked and crusted, died
Beneath tyrannic toil.

And if and all to save a name,
'Twas worthier than mere dust,
As war that makes not spoil its aim.
Proves less a loathsome lust ;
The conqu'ror of the world who wept
That earth confined his scope,
Was loftier than the vile who swept
Where but destruction's besom heapt
Up treasures as their hope.

THE FATHER'S TUFT OF TREES.

PART II.

THEN seems it well that he the plaid
Who wore upon the hill,
Crossed not, but courted nature's aid,
To join him to fulfil
That longing, which, if not for fame,
Can yet stir up the heart,
To strive to fix with time a claim,
As if a substitute for them,
That must from time depart ?

For life beguiles itself to trow,
 Memorials that we rear,
Will feel somehow as we do now,
 When we shall not be here ;
And less we'd care to cheat the grave,
 If feelings that we own,
(And which the heart so loves to have)
We from that solitude could save,
 Where they can not be known.

We'd leave them with the lifeless stone,
 Or with the living tree,
Or ought that time hath shaped or shown,
 If that they might but be ;
Nor is it nature's voice that cries
 From tombs, but deep desires
Couched in our heart before it dies,
That in these ashes (yet to rise),
 Still live their wonted fires.*

Thus though our hope be in the sky,
 Ere yet we reach the worms,
There seems a strange hid hope forbye,
 Our feeling for us forms,
Though heaven take much we fear 'twill take
 Not all that we would save,
(Nor trust it with us till we wake),
It seems so long ere God shall break
 The bands that bind the grave.

* See Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

We see the deeply dearest gone,
Who cannot own the part,
And still the desolation lone,
Comes back upon the heart ;
The living too may share it now,
But they likewise must sleep,
And siccere course we would pursue,
And give our two-fold treasures to,
A two-fold power to keep.

Then if we'd doubly thus survive,
It seemed a beauteous will,
To place one hope where it should thrive
With trees upon the hill ;
There's beauty in the waving boughs,
And glory in the day,
And bliss in heaven's own living hues,
Which with a matchless charm embues
Such scenes—from man away.

We love all nature and the growth
Where plants spontaneous spring,
But more, when she will shew not loth,
To cherish those we bring ;
And with us heart and hand unite,
To furnish for the wild,
A contrast, where her dew at night,
She down will shed with deep delight,
And make her mornings mild.

THE FATHER'S TUFT OF TREES.

PART III.

Then seemed it well he thus should work,
Who wore the crook and plaid,
To plant memorials, and to mark
The progress that they made ;
When eve and morn brought his return
Around the mountain's brow,
To rest him on this rocky belt,
Indulging feelings, such as felt
By him who speaks them now.

When winter, mounted on the blast,
Rode forth wild roving rude,
And roaring rough and laying waste
By shiel and solitude,
His breath of storm might sore deform
The little mountain plan,
Yet never aught of nature's war
Hath broken earthly peace so far
As man hath done with man.

My sire would hear no widow's wail,
Nor ruthless armour ring,
Though sweet would be the spring-tide tale,
When birds began to sing,
And build aloft on secret cloft,
And deep embowering bough,
With crafty glee, their couches soft,
While lifting up their voices oft
Their new dominion through.

And when he saw they'd found it out,
And ta'en possession soon,
Without dispute and free of doubt,
And gloried in the boon,
Would not each breeze bring sweeter breath,
Nor his own heart resist
To joy, that man, if willing, hath
The power still in this world beneath
To make ev'n birds more blest ?

O ! then what were the conqueror's throne,
Ascended new, and red
With blood his steps have borne thereon
From trampling o'er the dead,
Where fathers die, and orphans cry,
And madness mothers seize,—
Than all the pomp of power's success,
Who would not rather here possess
A father's tuft of trees ?

Then blow, still blow, ye breezes sweet,
And as ye breathe along,
Kiss ilka leaflet that ye meet,
And soothe the soul of song ;
That song would seem of joy the while,
Nor need I change it now,
Though if in all these scenes that smile,
There's much that may to joy beguile,
There's much might sadden too.

But I will let no thought prevail,
And let no feeling tell
That brings a shadow o'er the vale
Which I have loved so well ;
'Tis sweet to take the hue we meet,
When dearest to the will,
And with congenial feelings greet,
If be it on the mountain seat,
Or down beside the rill.

How briskly they who haply may
Have ploughed far ocean's foam,
Return in trig and trim array,
To native vale and home ;
How wondrous wealthy since they went,
And courteous in their cast,
With gems and trinkets gay that glent,
Alike to young and old to hint,
The mighty gains amassed !

But ah! how oft the blighting power,
Life's traffic can convey,
Will leave them weary for the hour
Again to pass away ;
Bound to the world no scene is dear
Where'er they rest or roam,
But prompted ever on to steer,
To sear the soul and gather gear
Abroad—and ne'er at home.

Oh God! bear me to Sorbie glen.
And let me there remain,
The heartless ways and works of men,
Shall see me ne'er again.
Lay me upon the green, green grass,
And let me look and view
The hawks and ravens as they pass,
And how fantastic clouds amass
Themselves 'mid heaven's high blue.

No gold nor gifts at all have I,
But feeling still is free,
And there the bard's own treasures lie—
Enough are they for me ;
And when low laid with him to sleep,
By whom these trees have sprung,
I too may their memorial reap,
While they alike tell on the steep
Of him who set and sung.

If vain these hopes and wishes all,
 Remeed is yet behind,
Since I have called at nature's hall,
 And I have found her kind.
Life's treasure best,—is to be blessed,
 And one blessed hour and day
May still be by the soul possessed,
And soothe or charm through all the rest
 Of life's untravelled way.

The sun is journeying down the sky,
 Yet glorious is the glow,
Where lower—yet tower yon clouds on high,
 And white as winter snow.
A power sublime—the power of time,
 Is resting deep and calm,
Upon the vale and on the hill,
No stir, save breezes straying still
 Abroad to gather balm.

But thou sweet bower of mountain wood,
 And paradise of mind,
Canst wake the power and bring the mood
 That dies but when defined ;
And blow the breezes east or west,
 Green may'st thou ever be,
And blissful be they on thy breast,
And blythe thy birds within their nest—
 Farewell sweet scene to thee !

LINES

WRITTEN ON A HAWK THAT WAS SHOT WHEN RISING FROM
PREYING ON A DOVE IN A WOODLAND DELL.*

A SAD law it is in this dark world of strife,
That all creatures living still live upon life ;
From the eagle that soars o'er the bow of the sky,
To the wren in the brae where the brook murmurs
by ;
From man stalking proud 'mid the light of the day,
To the mould-warp and worm crawling dark in the
clay.

Whence the cliffs of Glenwhargan in glory arise,
Like the hoar towering clouds on the cold wintery
skies,
Didst thou come over mountain and moorland afar,
On the game of green Teviot to wage thy keen war,
And meet with thy fate, with thy prey where it fell,
On the banks of the brook in this lone woodland
dell ?

Or didst thou this bold and last journey begin
From the Craigs of old Posso, or Red Robert's linn,
Or lofty Lochskeen where the hill foxes roam,
Where the winds ever sigh, and the waves ever foam,

* Written at the request of Mr Alexander Robertson of Commonsides Cottage.

Or far from the north where eternal and wan
Rest the mists on the mountains untrodden by man?

A wing never yet might be swifter than thine,
And haply, erratic, thou'st crossed o'er the line,
Hast soared o'er mount Pisgah, and rested awhile
On the wild cliffs of Geesh by the source of the
Nile,
Nor felt the simöön of the desert so snell,
As the blast thou hast met in this green woodland
dell.

The bard had rejoiced to have been where thou'st
been,
To have seen all the scenery thy wild eye has seen,
The forest afar, and the lake lone and deep,
The cairn of the hill, and the stream of the steep,
Where the bold buck would borrow the whirlwind's
force,
To carry him free o'er the cataract's course.

The plover would cower in the moorland dismayed,
And the sky-lark doop down where the grey martyr
prayed;
The heath-cock descend, like a dart, from the hill,
Or derved in the brake, at thy coming lie still,
And till thou hadst passed on thy wing-winnowed
path,
Commune with his heart 'bout the angel of death.

But might has its measure, and mischief its match,
And those who are cunning, the cunning will catch.
The cruel will come where the kind but should be,
And freedom's abuse makes us cease to be free ;
Ambition must fall when its bounds are gone bye,
And the glen aye is deep where the mountain is
high.

But cordial or cruel, the maxim is sad,
That fortune alike bilks the good and the bad ;
There's little, 'tis said, 'tween the low and sublime,
And fate has its crisis, as life has its time ;
The fox runs no farther than foot will him bear,
And the loftiest oft lie in the lowliest's lair.

Brave Bruce clomb, unskathed, Abyssinia's dread
kipps,
Yet died from the fall of a stair of six steps ;
Like a mite, 'mid the main, the proud Chief dreed his
weird,
Who strode upon thrones and took Popes by the
beard ;
And thou who had'st power with the eagles to dwell,
Hast died like the dove in this lone woodland dell.

TO ELIZA.

OH! say not thou as some have said,
That friendship all is selfish aim,
Fading where hopes and riches fade,
And love is nothing but a name.
Ere friendship into love had grown,
And all this heart no more was mine,
My all I could have made thine own,
Nor wished reward from thee or thine.

My heart for thee a friendship knew,
Where nought of selfishness could be,
And when it to affection grew,
Still it was love alone for thee ;
For when I saw a form so fair,
And features fine, with something fraught
That seemed contentment mixed with care,
And joy with innocence and thought ;

My trembling soul each sigh between
Could feel the wish still warmly wake,
That even this world had better been,
Not for mine own, but for thy sake ;

And when no hope with me might dwell,
That thou to love would'st condescend,
Still it was sweet to wish thee well,
And bliss enough to be thy friend.

But years of silent time have now,
With joys and sorrows passed away,
Since love and love's most tender vow
Bore o'er our hearts a mutual sway ;
And should this form be wan and cold,
Couched in the chamber of the tomb,
Before that time, by hope foretold,
To realize our bliss shall come ;

Still say not thou as some have said,
That love and friendship are a lie,
Or that their power can ever fade
Unless the human mind can die,
My love for thee is centred there,
And whether fettered here or free,
This soul can never wander where
It may not long, as now, for thee.

THE PERVERSE APOLOGY.


So long I've let this album lie,
Scarce for my life dare I return it,
Yet, if it longer meets mine eye,
The blushes of my cheek will burn it.

And there has come a gentle claim,
So free, so kind, and unaccusing,
That doubly deep the power of shame,
Is face, and heart, and soul suffusing.

If it had been a mandate dread,
Less had it touched in that attire,
Nor heaped on this devoted head
These fearful coals of living fire.

Then how shall I a mode devise,
To overcome this crying evil?
Methinks I'll strive to show me wise,
And state what seems as true as civil :

For goodness shall it thus apply,
And reap reward e'en here while living
Since goodness has its greatest joy,
And chiefest glory in forgiving.



Why then the bard shall win a shield,
Nor drop his reed in trembling terror,
But goodness yield befitting field,
Since he seems ever most in error.

And sure the day will never come,
When beauty to her bar will summon
The bard, to bid his voice be dumb,
Else, who will justice do to woman ?

Who praise that sweet but wicked elf,
Who led astray in the beginning,
Then took man's heart unto herself,
To keep him afterwards from sinning.

And who will tell the bliss she brings,
Though she right sore the heart be wringing,
And how divinely sweet she sings,
Or who will make her songs for singing ?

Yes, she shall save the bard henceforth,
In her high sphere, nor overleap it,
Since she has power o'er all the earth,
And both the will and wit to keep it.

And though this book has long been lost,
Yet Lady deem it nought uncommon,
Shall man not keep, whate'er it cost,
Whate'er he can obtain from woman ?

And sooth he'll be a gainer small,
Unless he thus contrives to back him,
And get her goods and gear and all,
And share them with her *hackim plackim*.

She steals his mind, and sleep, and thought,
And all his heart, ne'er to restore it,
And yet when all the thief-deed's wrought,
There's none I trow dare blame her for it.

To George himself, I'll this refer,
Nor long I ween his wit will waver,
He'll say—howe'er the poets err,
This fact, at least, is in their favour.

But Lady think not heart like mine,
'Mid all this sad and long delaying,
Might breathe no prayer for thee and thine,
When haply others were not praying.

And here I'll plead that once for aye,
Thou wilt forgive this misdemeanor,
And pardon too this perverse lay,
And so at last I'll be the gainer.

I know thou hast no frown severe,
Yet do not thou thy smile refuse me,
For I can aught in nature bear,
Except thy thought—if it accuse me.

And when I come—as come I will,—
I'll join once more when thus forgiven,
Those ever generous hearts which still,
Make earth the most resemble heaven.]

MARY AITCHISON.

Though she's mamma's wee Mary now,
Wi' the taits o' gowden hair,
That scarce can shade the lofty brow,
Sae young, sae fine, and fair ;
Like sun-beams on the snaw-white clud,
These locks and brow will be,
E're fifteen springs bring back the bud,
To grace our greenwood tree.

And when the light hill breezes wake,
Where will they love to blaw,
But on and 'mang these locks sae lang,
And the bosom like the snaw ;
And in the calm and dewy hours,
Like a guardian spirit she
Shall roam the bowers and press the flowers,
On the links o' Linhope-lee.

I love mamma's wee Mary now,
But wha will love her then ?
And wha will dare her heart to woo,
Amang sae mony men ?
And wha will kame her yellow hair,
'Mang the love blinks o' her e'e,
And guide and guard the pure and fair,
On the links o' Linhope-lee ?

O ! Mary's form and heart sae warm,
Shall cheer baith cot and ha',
And love live round her like a charm,
Frae the hearts o' ane and a'.
And Innocence will kame her hair,
And Virtue lit her e'e,
And Heaven itsel' will guard the fair,
On the links o' Linhope-lee !

For she shall have her mother's heart,
Blent with her father's mind,
And own that truly generous part,
In few, few that we find :
And Mary's smile shall hope renew,
And the cheek frae tears mak' free,
As sunshine dries the drops o' dew,
On the links o' Linhope-lee.

Then when the plover seeks the wild,
And the larks sing o'er the steep,
And the breezes of the morning mild,
Bring the bleating o' the sheep :
O ! let us pu' for Mary now,
The wild flowers that shall be
Meet garland for her bonnie brow,
On the links o' Linhope-lee.

We'll hae nae flowers frae out the bowers,
That the hand o' man can frame,
That canna brook our mountain showers,
Unless we trim and tame :
But we will pu' the bell sae blue,
And the gowan opening free,
Wi' the red red tinge aroun' its fringe,
On the links o' Linhope-lee.

They sing o' beauty's lights and shades,
Mong the grottos gay and grand,
But the fairest flowers, as well as maids,
Bloom in our Border-land.
And yet amid their beauties a',
Alane the eye shall see,
The fairest flower the world e'er saw,
On the links o' Linhope-lee.

O! I wad stray in a weary way,
Through trackless wastes and wild,
Where the dews ne'er left the sky o' day,
And the floweret never smiled;
To see all fair ones of our land,
As pure and fair as she,
When she in all her bloom shall stand,
On the links o' Linhope-lee.

My locks are growing thin and gray,
And fortune little cheers,
Aye since the dreams wad sae decay,
O' the days o' other years;
Yet what might mair the bard demand,
Than in full bloom to see,
The loveliest one o' a' our land,
On the links o' Linhope-lee?

Then may the powers of heaven above,
Guard Mary now and aye,
Till virtue's charms be round her wove,
Bright as her eye's own ray!
And we shall in our souls be blessed,
To think that there shall be,
Alike the bonniest and the best,
On the links o' Linhope-lee.

LINES TO ELIZA.

As when the flowers are faded all,
That grateful perfume round them threw,
Accustomed dew-drops only fall,
To wet the garden where they grew ;
So wonted thoughts come o'er my soul,
And feelings to this heart convey,
But thou, whose presence blessed the whole,
With all thy charms art far away.

And though thine image meets my view,
It wakes, but can no wish fulfil ;
Though to me, as my shadow true,
It finds me sad and lonely still.
When with thee, accents of my tongue,
Could never all my love define,
Yet all was blessing, said or sung,
The echo was returned from thine.

Or if it might no sound restore,
Thy silence still could answer well,
And haply even told me more,
Then aught of language e'er could tell,

Emotions pure as they were free,
 Betrayed the love thy breast within,
 And then, if mine was aught to thee,
 Oh ! how they tended such to win.

Yes, I was blessed that thou could'st love,
 More truly than thou could'st reveal,
 Since words in life too often prove,
 But substitutes for hearts that feel.
 Yet why should I return to this—
 'Tis meet that mortals should forego,
 The telling tales of by-gone bliss,
 Which only deepen present wo.

Few joys have dawned on all the years,
 Which I have borne existence thro' ;
 Yet then, if sorrow brought no tears,
 'Twere useless that it brought them now.
 A love must still remain for life,
 Till every hope and joy be o'er,
 But since this world is only strife,
 My love for thee than life is more.

And since the past can ne'er return,
 To wish for many days to be,
 Were only wishing more to mourn,
 Unless it were to live with thee.

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

THE weary sun has sought the western wave,
Whose toilthrough day has dark and troubled been,
Mid clouds too black for boldest beams to brave,
And borne by boistrous breezes to the scene.

Grim as the Ethiopian hordes, when change
Lures them to flit, turmoiling would they roam,
Nor yet, diminish more in all the range,
Than ocean may, by flinging forth its foam.

But now are lulled the winds to sullen rest,
As peace returns, when passions pass away,
And though dark shadows still the world invest,
Hues suit the night, which but deform the day.

The plover's wail will now be on the wild,
Lone-lifted mid the torn and tufted heath;
And sighs but wake, where late the tempest toiled,
Without the showers that quietude bequeath.

But nature owns no feelings of revenge,
Though roughest inroads alter and annoy,
Her melancholy smiles woo back the change,
And her own meekness, brings returning joy.

The light that lingers on the lonely lawn,
Strives not the coming shadows to control,
More than would he, this scene has hither drawn,
Repress the thoughts arising o'er the soul.

There is an hour, when we would court the crowd,
And one, when we would linger all alone,
To dwell o'er scenes, where feelings are renewed,
Claimed by no bosom other than our own.

Too meek to hurt—too tender to o'erpower,
Yet deep combining, strong enough to sway,
The heart would not assert its freedom o'er,
The willing spell, the stir would drive away.

Yet, 'tis not only when we hap to tread
The grassy mansions, where the lifeless lie,
The pensive soul, unconsciously, is led
To own its sorrow, when it would not sigh :

May it not be, when pondering by the scene,
Strown by these silent indications o'er,
Which tell, where cheerful human life has been,
And lived and sheltered, and now lives no more ?

Here by the fountain, and its hermit tree,
Worn by the wings of time, and hoary grown,
The cottage rose, whose ruins mark the lee,
And which contentment could proclaim its own.

Yet, not in deep insipid dull repose,
Sleep human feelings in the wild abode ;
If man feels less what here to man he owes,
He feels but more what still he owes to God.

And here as much might conscious peace remain,
And yet as much of anxious hope abound,
As in the dome, where wealth sets up its reign,
And grandeur flings its gaiety around.

For here remained those ringlets, once that shone
Bright as the sun-beams, on the sportive child,
Till they were hoary as the vapour grown,
That morning wakes from slumber on the wild.

But though industry at home may plode,
And aged forms be to their place confined,
Man's loftier nature may be far abroad,
Led by those ties which circle heart and mind.

His feelings lived with those that forth would fare,
And hope, when highest thus, for them was high;
And morn, and eve, the deep parental prayer,
Saw, for their weal, recorded in the sky.

When wealth and power must with their offspring part,
And youth, auspicious, has to manhood grown,
Much have they to fill up within the heart,
The lonelier place it otherwise would own.

If not the charms which power and wealth produce,
They to dear friends, and busy life can cling ;
While those sent forth, for honour and for use,
Will soon, and sure, full compensation bring :

But here, the eternal solitudes of time,
Rest round the lonely cottage of the glen ;
Where rarely come, for kindness or for crime,
Ought that can tidings tell of living men.

And left to nature, and as nature lone,
Forgets the mother's heart the babe she bore ?
Or father's, to his dwelling drawing on,
The guileless lips that hailed him to its door ?

When roars the tempest from the uplands waste,
And storm and darkness wrap the night's noon-tide,
Where shall the strength of mortal man be placed,
Who lives, as if, none other lived beside ?

Yet hath his wanderers on the world afar,
The gifts of nature, and the much beloved,
Cast forth on scenes of fortune's peace or war,
Nor, dear the less, that they are thus removed.

Endearments deep, by memory cherished long,
Will dwell with those far absent, and will yearn,
If, haply now the wide sea waves among,
Or other scenes, that better bode return.

But hope and feeling may not here refrain,
Till they shall on the power of Him repose,
Who can the life 'mid every scene sustain,
Or home convey it, if it here shall close.

And those have sported o'er this lonely lee,
Who bore them boldly on the wild sea wave,
The tinny arms have clasped this hoary tree,
That bore, 'mid death, the bucklers of the
brave.

The ties of nature kythe not on life's paths,
But if we might them meet, or them survey,
Dense would they dwell around in many wreaths,
As stretched from hearts behind, and those
away.

But those that came far solitudes from 'mong,
If, not so many, as it might not be,
Would come more constant, and be found more
strong
Than those sprung forth, where home on home we
see :

For awful are the powers of solitude,
And lorded o'er our nature, till oppressed,
They fix it down, for evermore to brood,
On those, with whom, fond feeling once found
rest.

The tear and wear of busy life's turmoil,
That grinds to whet not, but usurps to sear,
Or gratify, by other stir the while,
Through God, nor man, found ever access here.

'Tis intercourse alone with heaven and earth,
Imprimitive nativity, and new,
With whate'er earth may hold, or heaven send forth,
If freeze the fountain, or if fall the dew.

Thus grows affection, 'mong the few that live
To hold their hermitage, immensely lone,
With all that heart to heart has power to give,
True in its import, as intense of tone.

Nor yet alone can feeling wholly rest
With kindred life, more near, or far removed,
But seeks expedients, grateful to the breast,
Till, all exhibited becomes beloved.

The rock, and stream, and wild, and dell, and tree,
And brae, whereon the mimic home was built,
Ere hands that reared it grappled with the sea,
Or on the field the blood of foeman spilt;

In minature, repeated of was there,
Whate'er was said or acted by the old;
The mother's maxims, and the father's prayer,
The soft direction, and the mandate bold.

The days of childhood never can return,
Yet, neither wholly can they e'er depart ;
They garlands twined, and these are garlands worn,
Bound by affection round the very heart.

The mightiest forests spring from trivial sprouts,
Till, wide their locks, green to the welkin wave ;
And tempests cannot tear them from their roots,
Strong as the brave, in battle with the brave.

So, hence the love that rested on a bower,
Ere yet the feelings farther might expand ;
Becomes the proud, and patriotic power,
That binds the heart, for ever, to its land.

The trafficker stands forth to guard his store,
Stemming invasion's tide, that would intrude,
But, the lone cottage nearest is the core,
Of him, so reared—the son of solitude.

And though afforded but the humble meal,
The peat-set ingle, and the lowly couch,
It in his soul hath stirred undying zeal,
To beard the proudest foe that would it touch.

Knit to the soil, where lone by glen and clift,
The thistle of his land delights to wave,
His heart has drunk its motto, and its tuft
Is of the treasures he has sworn to save.

The glen-girt cot is more than lordliest dome,
That decks the surface of the level soil,
Where breath from native mountains cannot come,
Nor voice of torrents with the tempests toil.

But it is gone—its inmates too are gone—
And lone its residue and ruins lie,
More saddening than the grave itself, where none
Grudge those should sleep, none could forbid to die.

That which might have been saved, awakes regret,
When desolation dwells where hearths have glowed,
And mold-warps to their rayless toils have set
To rear their mounds, where men have knelt to God.

Where beauty breathed, and youth at early morn,
Light as the hope that ne'er obstruction knew,
Concerted toils, that might ere eve's return,
Its boundless buoyancy to rest subdue.

The loftiest star has not the intensest ray,
Nor brings the dreadest path the deadliest skathe;
The wild adventurer may hold on his way,
While fate o'ertakes the lingerer beneath.

The manly bosoms, in this cottage reared,
Went forth to mingle with the world afar,
Toiled with the tempest, where the helm was steered,
Or, faced the fearful on the fields of war.

But, there was one—the loved of all the rest—
The flower of nature, in its sweetest bloom,
Who, though not mingling where such dies were cast,
Found far than those who did, an earlier doom.


Homes will be far away, and regions waste,
If that where beauty holds its loveliest sway
Shall not, by young and ardent steps, be traced,
When love's own star awakes to light the way.

But love hath pride, and pride hath deadly power,
When it—or be the causes vast or vain—
Shall stir resolve, in its own fatal hour,
That hearts shall part, and never meet again.

Then will they sigh in woe, and weary thought,
And waste amid the haughtiness of love,
Nor deign to own, when pride has vainly wrought,
The lovelier feelings that could wo remove.

Even so it was—and so too oft hath been—
Though love lived on, the wound might not be healed,
The blight remained that pride had brought between,
And hearts must wither if they scorn to yield.

And if those who went forth, and onward passed
To those dread scenes, where fate's red web is wove,
And fell, amid the powers of war, at last,
She died a victim to the power of love.



But not till brighter grew that eye and brow,
And meeker all that ever modest frame,
That she was spirit all, the thought would trow,
Ere yet a spirit she indeed became.

Within the flower lay coiled the canker worm,
And though, it lovelier seemed from day to day,
Alas! the paler cheek and frailer form,
Were shrined but in the beauty of decay.

Far came the mourners, and they mourned in truth,
That nature's fairest flower so soon should fade,
The tear-drop fell upon the bier of youth,
And earth's cold turf was o'er the lovely laid.

But ah! that heart which loved, and longed to save,
Had now no more a hope that it could own,
And soon the sire's grey hairs lay in the grave,
With her, whose fate, in sorrow brought them down.

What boots it then to sing of scenes of war,
Where vengeance hastens what arrives ere long?
Fate follows life, if be it near or far,
To sap the feeble, and o'erpower the strong.

Nor mourn these ruins that bestrew the lee,
And add one unit to the mighty sum,
If homes are few, the less of woe will be,
Since where we are, weird watches but to come.

THE PILGRIM'S REMONSTRANCE.

“ WHERE shall at last our ashes lie,
When death shall from this scene expel us ?
And in what season shall we die ?
Oh ! tell us, hoary pilgrim tell us ?

Shall we depart when day is new,
Or when the sun is high in heaven,
Or when the eve's deep drops of dew,
Are to the earth's green bosom given ?

Or when the winds are piping chill,
Throughout that airy hall hung o'er us,
And winter's night is on the hill,
Dark—dark as death itself before us.

And where shall fate appoint our grave ?
Will nature's charms be there in order,
And wild flowers bloom and willows wave
In beauty by the brooklet's border ?

Shall on the steep our cairn arise,
Where wild the wind its warfare wages,
With cliffs that kiss the cloudy skies,
Be-tasseled with the moss of ages ?

Or shall our home be in the deep,
Tossed by the troubled tides, unshrouded,
Or where the dead in stillest sleep,
Are densely in the churchyard crowded?

Tell us—where shall our ashes lie,
When death shall from this scene expell us?
And in what season we shall die?
Oh! tell us—hoary pilgrim tell us!”

“Ah! youthful ones, is this the lore,
That ye from nature have been drinking,
And speak it thus so lightly o’er,
While still the heart is never thinking?

Unstable as the hues of day,
When dawn steals o’er the moorland vapour,
Your life itself seems but a ray,
That twinkles from the dead-light taper.

How light and vain your views would seem,
How circumscribed and accidental,
That thus your youthful spirits teem,
With thoughts so idly sentimental.

Have ye not weighed the soul of man,
And sought by heaven’s own light to measure,
That way by which alone it can,
Possess an undecaying treasure?

Ask me not where your dust shall lie,
It were a knowledge vain to know it,
Nor in what season ye shall die,
A few, few years themselves will show it.

Though winter breathe no blighting breath,
Its gentler influence may disown ye,
And colder is the hand of death,
Then all that else may come upon ye.

And though the summer sheds its dew,
Its freshness ye may not inherit,
Its light will not prolong your view,
Its calmness will not calm your spirit.

Then rather ask where ye shall stand,
And where your soul shall find a lodgment,
When He who judges, shall command,
The quick and dead to come to judgment.

The grave is deep wherever dug,
And damp the clay that round it lieth,
And there the worm the heart shall hug,
Though not the worm that never dieth.

This lives to haunt another home,
Which all, too many may inherit,
When mercy's ray no more can come,
To cast relief around the spirit.

Then ask not where your dust shall lie,
It were a knowledge vain to know it,
That dust shall rest below the sky,
Where else can fate or friends bestow it ?

And shall the monumental stone,
Or flowers yet fairer in their beauty,
For loss of life's own end atone,
And endless years of love and duty ?

Though willows o'er your sleep may wave,
And mourners fond your mem'ry cherish,
What boots it thus what time can save,
If your immortal part must perish ?

Lo ! though your couch were made in earth,
Deep down 'mid its remotest centre,
Where living thing had never birth,
And nature's light can never enter.

Know ye, that prison-house though strong,
Than that dread voice shall not be stronger,
That shall o'er this creation come,
To tell that time shall be no longer.

When he by whom the heavens were made,
Yet had the stable crib to lie on,
Shall come in all the robes arrayed,
Of the Eternal King of Zion.

The hand that claimed no earthly power,
Shall have all power unto it given,
The head the crown of thorns that wore,
Shall wear the diadem of heaven.

And he whom few attended here,
To put his foes for aye beneath him,
Shall in the clouds of heaven appear,
And all his holy angels with him.

And ye shall wake, when others wake,
To share the doom awarded for ye,
When he, who died for mankind's sake,
Shall sit upon his throne of glory."

THE FOLK O' THE CLYDE.

Where'er o'er the nations the breezes may blaw,
I loe our ain land aye the best o' them a',
Auld gray-bearded Scotland, wi' its canty hames,
Its bonnie young lassies, and faithfu' auld dames,
And e'en our wee callants I'd far rather ken
For ought that I've seen yet, than other folk's men;
But if I might choose where on earth to reside,
I would live 'mang the folk on the banks o' the Clyde.

As true are their hearts as they warmly can feel,
And their minds are enriched wi' ilk thing we loe weel,
Frae the kind couthy dame, wi' her cot and kail-yard,
To the charmer, and farmer, the lady, and laird,
Nay e'en to the knight that would won on you muir,
The heart still is rich though the hand should be puir,
And ye'll find not at all in the world sae wide,
Sic bosoms as beat on the banks o' the Clyde.

The lads o' the Tarth and the swains o' the Tweed,
To swee aye that way in their hearts have agreed,
Regretting the stream to the west still should stray,
Since the charm of auld Michael the warlock gave
way,*

They will gather from hill and from glen and green
shaw,

And the braw lads o' Biggar will welcome them a',
And they'll find in the hours when the generous
preside,

The worth o' the true on the banks o' the Clyde.

Auld Reekie has hearts that there better are nane,
And beauty walks there in a light o' her ain,
Ye'll find not as yet in the regions of life,
Hearts kinder than those in the kingdom o' Fife ;

* Tradition says, that when the celebrated Sir Michael Scott, intended turning the river of the Clyde into that of the Tweed, by leading it directly through the Strath of Bogha, the charm employed was interrupted and failed, in consequence of the terror or stupidity of his servant.

And ye'd swim the deep Tay rather far than not see
The blythe blinks o' beauty in bonnie Dundee,
Yet if I for ever on earth should abide,
I wad live 'mang the lads on the banks o' the
Clyde.

Still tinged wi' the gay gallant spirit of old,
The lads of our border are generous and bold,
Frae Linhope to Liddle—frae Liddle to Tyne,
Save dour Wull De Mean's ilka bosom beats fine,
Exalted and friendly even worth that astounds,
Is rife in the precincts ca'd Berwick's own bounds,
But bilking the brave on our braw Border side,
The heart steals away to the banks o' the Clyde.

O there is not a vale in the wide world in which,
The hearts are so kind, and the scenery so rich,
Wi' its woodlands so green, and its homes and its
domes,
Where the wind wanders free, and the water-fall
foams,
Where the wild wood is grand, if the moorland be
gray,
And its bosom lies veiled in the beauty of day,
As bold as a bridegroom and blythe as a bride,
And there is not a vale like the vale o' the Clyde.

Yet trow never ye, that this heart will regard,
So dearly the rest as the wild Upper-ward,

Methinks 'tis the worth that the waters bear down,
That makes a' sae guid in yon glorious auld town,*
And there ye will meet, tho' the face ye ne'er
kenned,

The hearts that are warm, and are warm to the end,
That yearn for your welfare, nor yearn yet alone,
But generous as day, make your cause all their
own,

And in Scotland itsel' yet, I'd ne'er ta'en sic pride,
Unless for the hearts on the banks o' the Clyde.

The world frae Tintock gang ye and survey,
It is no fault o' his, if sight fails by the way,
But of all the scenes that may beam on the eye,
Ye'll see these the loveliest close round him that lie,
For where is the beauty will ever excel
The bowers in the bosom of wild Coulter fell,
Where Davie sings sweetest of a' at eve tide,
O' the wild glen sae green, to the lads o' the Clyde ?

And there are the maidens sae modest, yet free,
And sweet as the breath o' the new blawn haw-tree,
As fair as the wild-flower, and blythe as the day,
And untainted as dew in the morning of May,
Wi' blinks in the e'e that will ne'er let alane,
Till they warm a' the heart tho' the heart were like
stane,

And if there, ere now, I had won not a bride,
I wad woo night and day at the lassies o' Clyde.

* Glasgow.

Ye hails o' the hill, and the haire, and the shaw,
 I'll lang for your welfare while breath I shall draw,
 And when sleeps the bairn that ye want so to hail,
 O' bring an sweet daisy frae Clyde's lovely vale,
 And plant the fair flower on the turf o' his tomb,
 For methinks it will sweeten the sleep o' his gloom,
 And may health, peace, and plenty, for ever betide,
 The warm generous hearts on the banks o' the Clyde.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

The following lines were written January 17, 1836. They refer to the occasion of the eminent statesman, whose name is prefixed, being installed Lord Rector of the College of Glasgow, and the speech that he made at the grand entertainment given to him by the inhabitants of that City. They were first published in the Edinburgh Evening Post.

THE glorious and the good
 Has visited our land,
 And where its patriots oft have stood,
 And where they yet shall stand,
 Has lifted up his voice of power,
 To tell what man should be,
 And shed a halo o'er the hour,
 Whose exile none shall see,
 While the heath waves Scotland's mountains o'er,
 And Scottish hearts are free.

For if there's one among
The generous, wise, and brave,
Whose wisdom and whose worth are strong,
Our nations three to save,
'Tis he, in youth, who trode our shore,
Where nature's power expands
Itself the earth and ocean o'er,
And Staffa's temple stands
Magnificently high and hoar,
Reared by no human hands.

The waves may round it chaffe,
Far foaming from the sea,
But stand shall it unmoved and safe,
As stand, I ween, will he,
Should 'mid the turmoil of our time,
The blind by error led,
Rush on ingloriously to crime,
And ruin seek to shed
O'er these memorials sublime,
For which our fathers bled.

The knight of Ellerslee,*
Shall have a glorious fame,
While the mountain land that he kept free,
Shall bear its wonted name ;
And thus too, shall not he be famed,
Who in the evil day

* Sir William Wallace.

Can turn with truth's own tongue, untamed,
And face the fell array,
While hearts of sordidness, ashamed,
Before him melt away.

True to himself and God,
To others he can ne'er
Prove frail or false in aught that's owed,
And he shall live to rear
A bulwark bright and unsubdued
To guard the noble throne,
That still the gracious and the good
Shall love to call their own,
Standing through ages, as it stood
Through years and ages gone.

Our hearts shall be full cold
The dark green turf below,
Ere we, by selfish minds controlled,
Shall the noble cause forego ;
For yet even those shall bless the hour,
Who stigmatize our zeal,
When all their views are dark no more,
And harkening to Peel,
They adore at last the generous power,
That wrought but for their weal.

Then joy be to the hearts,
And honoured be their lore,
Who, nobly marking his deserts,
Gave him one laurel more ;
'Tis pledge of wisdom and of worth,
That shall a hope convey,
From their own souls embodied forth,
That shall not lose its ray
When Time's last foot-step from the earth
Shall lift itself away.

THE LONELINESS OF CHANGE.

OUR path may be o'er regions wild,
For ages trode by none or few,
Where flower save heath-flower never smiled,
And bird save eagle never flew.

Where prone o'er ledge and lofty linn,
The waters of their weight complain,
Awakening everlasting din,
Round solitude's eternal reign.

And where round cliffs that kiss the sky,
Sad winds and chill moan o'er the clime,
As if eternity's own sigh,
Came o'er the solitudes of time.

Yet where is loneliness so lone,
As in the scenes where bliss before
From those beloved of soul was known,
And where it can be known no more.

I sought the halls that wont to glow,
With light from beauty's brightest eye,
Like fields which sorrow may not know,
'Neath stars that fade not from their sky.

But all was cheerless, damp and cold,
The smile of beauty passed away,
And dreary shadows threw their fold
O'er all that cheered in former day.

The rose, whose breeze was beauty's breath,
Whose hue from beauty's cheek seemed won,
To slumber 'mid a dream of death,
In withered, wanness was begun.

And that sweet bower, whose oziars wild,
Were by the snow white fingers wove,
Around in intricacy coiled,
And traceless as a tale of love ;

Had spread abroad neglected boughs,
Till waved they wildly unconfined,
And lonely wept among the dew,
Or sadly sighed unto the wind.

Ah ! there no blissful echo rose,
Where her enchanting numbers fell,
But nature, as o'erwhelmed in woes,
Lay silent round the woodland dell.

And still the eye would turn with care,
To view that dim forsaken tower,
Which stood amid the moaning air,
Like hoary cloud in wintry hour.

Deserted all ! no lady bright,
Nor yeoman brave nor Baron bold,
To cheer the ray of minstrel's sight,
Or listen to his tale when told.

The harp was as a dreamy sleep,
Whose happiest murmurs, from their sway,
Have left no trace but bids us weep,
Because they thus have passed away.

THE BRANXHOLM FESTIVAL.

This grand entertainment was given to his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, by his tenantry and others in the celebrated ancestral halls, in congratulation of his Grace's return to Scotland, after sojourning for a season on the Continent. The following verses, referring to that memorable occasion, were hastily written at the time, and published in the Kelso Mail.

O'ER the towers of old Branhhome the banners are
flying,

As free as they flew in the breezes of yore,
And the Borderers bold from their wild mountains
hieing,

To welcome their Chief from a far foreign shore.
Oh ! sad was our land in the hour that he left it,
And sad, and more sad, in his absence it grew,
And we sighed for the bark o'er the waters that wafted
The guardian of Scotland and Chief of Buccleugh.

But now is the day that we hail his returning,
On the lawn where our forefathers gathered with
glee,

When the Bright border beacon conveyed its wide
warning,

And foemen invaded the land of the free ;
And loftily set 'mid the light of each spirit,
The charm of endearment our joy shall renew,
A joy that our souls may not cease to inherit,
While the heath-bell waves red on the wilds of
Buccleugh.

Then bring from the glen, and the garden, and
grotto,

Such garlands as nature has power yet to give,
We'll wreathe them in glory around the proud motto,
Of him whom it blesses "TO LIVE AND LET LIVE."
O well may we hail such a pledge of his father,
And well may we welcome his mother's dear
son,

For the mind of the one and the heart of the other,
Is seen unalloyed in each deed he has done.

The gallant blue bonnets shall come from the Border,
The lads of Mid Lothian shall send their array,
And far from the west shall the clans be in order,
To taste of our cheer, and rejoice in the day ;
And thus too the bard on the green banks of Teviot,
Though humble, with heart yet that's not the less
true,
Shall weave his wild lay—in his bower he shall
weave it,
To hail the return of the Chief of Buccleugh.

I heard a wee bird 'mong the boughs of the wild
wood,
And aye it sang sweetly as still it sang free,
Your Chief has been loved since the dawn of his
childhood,
By all that could know what the generous should
be,

For though every heart should be sad in its feeling,
His coming can lift up the spirits anew,
'Mid the light of the palace, or shade of the shieling,
And well may ye welcome the Chief of Buccleugh.

Yes still, still so long as by fell and by fountain,
The cairn rises gray o'er the patriot's grave,
And the thistle waves wild in the winds of the
mountain,
And wakens its wail o'er the beds of the brave,
So long shall we love the proud land of our fathers,
So long we and ours shall be true to the true,
Then blessed be the day in its dawning which
gathers
The lads that rejoice in the House of Buccleugh.

THE MINSTREL'S EVENING ANTHEM.

SOFTLY now the light of day,
From the breast of earth is stealing,
As the soul from him away,
That no painful pang is feeling,
Peaceful death his pale array,
O'er the silent relic sealing.

Down on glen, wild-wood, and hill,
Damp the dews of eve are dripping,
And save where the rapid rill,
Through the dell unseen is sweeping,
Heaven and earth alike are still,
All in moveless silence sleeping.

Brighter than the burnished gold,
Where the heather bell is blooming,
Late the sun-beams tinged the wold,
Luring sight, yet sight consuming,
Where the shadows now are rolled,
Round the footsteps of the gloaming.

Soon o'er yonder mountain gray,
Shall the moon beams be unfurled,
Yonder comes the yellow ray,
Wont her calm approach to herald,
From her wanderings far away,
In the realms beyond the world.

Beings of untainted birth,
Viewless down her beams that tremble,
Shall anon descend to earth,
And in this lone scene assemble,
Whence all lovely sallying forth,
O'er wide nature's bosom gambol.

Some unseen in dwelling lone,
Cheer the frail, by man deserted,
Some shall still the maiden's moan,
From her lover ocean-parted,
Others soothe the little one,
Couched beside the tender hearted :

They celestial breath shall breathe,
Casting influence o'er my lyre,
And enchantment wild bequeath,
Fancy's inmost soul to fire,
While I thus the sky beneath
All the loveliness admire.

Who could deem that pain and thrall,
Had these peaceful scenes prevaded,
By creation's airy hall,
Thus so far and fondly shaded,
Or that heart-strayed tears should fall,
O'er the cheek of beauty faded.

Oh that man for wealth and power,
Evermore would cease his madness,
Nor the sweets of life devour,
Dooming all to shade and sadness,
That might else from hour to hour,
Bask and breathe in beams of gladness.

Think not of the days gone by,
Rest, oh ! rest not on to-morrow,
Else from nought below the sky,
Joy thy aching heart may borrow,
Every breath will prove a sigh,
Every tear a tear of sorrow.

Deem that man shall yet be free,
From the ills his life prevading,
Deem that yet his soul shall see,
All that time is darkly shading.
Bright in immortality,
Bloom unfaded, and unfading.

Lo ! the moon resumes her reign,
River deep, and streamlet shallow,
Wild-wood green, and steep, and plain,
Slumber in her radiance yellow,
While the gloaming star, her train,
Sheds far o'er the hill its halo.

Glorious is the scene and calm,
Solemn beauty marks each feature,
Th' bending heavens of Great I AM
(Fair of hue, and high of stature),
Deeply filled would seem with balm,
Breathing from the soul of nature.

Now it is the hour of love,
Sorrow from the bosom driven,
Moment when the soul can prove,
That on earth bestowed by heaven,
Moment of the bliss above,
To the sense of mortals given.

•

THE HILL-HARP.

THE harp so loved awakes no more,
Its chords are mute, its charms are gone,
The mind may joy not in its lore,
Whose hope and happiness are flown :
For though it soothed in other days,
It cannot reach a woe so deep,
As that which o'er the bosom strays
To nurse the pangs that never sleep.

The wind blows cold o'er glen and hill,
And nature all is worn and wan,
But nature's bosom bears no ill
Like that which haunts the heart of man ;
What though the torrents tash the steep,
And frosts her flaunting flowers deform,
And bid her lift her voice and weep
'Mid thunder strife or winter storm ?

The life remains that genial spring,
Can still to wonted state restore,
And cause her wide her glories fling
O'er all that lay so waste before ;
The wild bee hums around the flower,
That blooms so brightly on the brae,
The bird sings from the budding bower,
And cheers the wanderer on his way.

And far upon the moorland gray,
The plover seeks its summer home,
And sunshine fills the scene of day,
As far as foot or eye can roam ;
And thus are nature's charms replaced,
As if they had been ever new,
Her garlands blooming on her breast,
Her ringlets beaded with the dew.

But when amid life's weary track,
Draws on the darkness of decay,
Oh ! what to man shall e'er bring back
The joys that time hath ta'en away ?
And if the young must oft deplore
The ills that curb their early glee,
Oh ! what again shall joy restore
To my loved mountain harp and me ?

Peace to the lost and to the loved,
How vainly would the heart reveal
Those joys that now are far removed,
And which the bard can only feel !
How in the shepherd's lowly cot,
When there the free and friendly came
To list those strains, still unforgot,
They marvelled how a youth could frame.

I too have paced the lofty ha',
Where beauty dimmed the tapers bright,
And woke anew the lays which draw
Around the spirit pure delight ;
But sweeter still, when far away,
The harp would wake by glen and hill,
And on the light hill breeze convey
The notes that now are ever still.

No king when he the meed had won,
The deepliest dear unto his heart,
Or when by him the deeds were done
Could joy to all his realms impart ;
Such warm and bliss fraught feelings had
As those that would this bosom thrill,
When in departed days, so glad,
I woke my wild harp of the hill.

If by the rock, or by the rill,
Or where the plover flew so free,
My harp could every hope fulfil
That rendered life a bliss to me ;
And ne'er while time upon its way,
O'ershades the eve and opes the dawn,
Shall it in aught a charm convey
Yet half so dear to mortal man.

Far, far remote from human strife,
Anticipation warm would glow,
And paint around the powers of life,
The bliss which time should yet bestow :
But it is vain—the spell is broke,
And hope may cheer the fair and free,
But what again shall e'er bring back
Joy to my mountain harp and me ?

SONGS.

THE MOSS GREY STONE.

WHEN I tended my flocks in other days,
Far, far in the wild glen, and far from the ways,
To the gay and the giddy ones known,
Full oft would I sit, and would sing my lays,
By the lonely moss grey stone.

The glen was deep, for the mountains were high,
And the clouds oft would roam (when the breezes
would die
'Mong the braes where the gowans had grown),
As travelling along from sky to sky,
While I sat by the moss grey stone.

But the brake was near, and the hoar hawthorn,
And though the dark heath by the hills was worn,
Such beauty was never yet known,
As bloomed in the links of the mountain burn,
All near to the moss grey stone.

My lays were of love as the fond may trow,
But I then had the hopes which I have not now,
The loved of this heart too is gone,
Oh! the faithful would weep, did they hear the vow
That was breathed by the moss grey stone.

The violet was there, and the primrose pale,
And the breakan that wakened a changeful wail,
As sung to the breeze passing on,
And the star-light shone down on the dew wet dale,
And the silent moss grey stone.

It all proved a dream, and ah! never more
Can the heart the loved and the lost one restore,
But for her dear sake alone,
I could wish it laid, when its beating is o'er,
By the lonely moss grey stone.

THE WILD GLEN SAE GREEN.

AIR—"The Posy," or "Roslin Castle."

WHEN my flocks upon the heathy hill are lying a' at
rest,
And the gloamin' spreads its mantle grey o'er the
world's dewy breast,

I'll take my plaid and hasten through yon woody
dell unseen,
And meet my bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.

I'll meet her by the trysting tree, that's stannin' a
alane,
Where I hae carved her name upon yon little moss
grey stane,
There I will fauld her to my breast, and be mair
blessed I ween,
Than a' that are aneath the sky in the wild glen sae
green.

Her head reclined upon this heart, in simple bliss
I'll share
The pure—pure kiss o' tender love, that owns nae
earthly care,
And spirits hovering o'er us, shall bless the heart-
felt scene,
While I woo my bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae
green.

My fauldin' plaid shall shield her frae the gloamin's
chilly gale ;
The star o' eve shall mark our joy, but shall not tell
our tale—
Our simple tale o' tender love, that tauld sae oft has
been,
To my bonnie—bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.

It may be sweet at morning hour, or at the noon o' day,
To meet wi' those that we loe weel, in grove or garden gay ;
But the sweetest bliss o' mortal life, is at the hour
o' e'en,
Wi' a bonnie—bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae
green.

O ! I could wander earth a' o'er, nor care for aught
o' bliss,
If I might share at my return, a joy sae pure as this,
And I could spurn a' earthly wealth—a palace and
a queen—
For my bonnie—bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae
green ! *

THE GLOAMING STAR.

Formerly published, as set to a Border Air, in the late R.
A. SMITH'S Select Melodies.

FAR in the deep blue sky, bending above me,
Now blissful to mine eye, lonesome and lovely,
Thou, forth in radiance bright, silent art coming,
Shedding o'er earth thy light, star of the gloaming.

* This song has formerly been published, as set to an original
air, as beautiful in itself as it is appositely adapted to the words,
by PETER M'LEOD, Esq.

Thou art a lovely one, daughter of even,
Pure as the dews upon the pathways of heaven ;
Beauty around thy brow, reigns to illumine
Thy step through the realms of blue, star of the
gloaming.

Whose feet could trace that path, stretched far be-
fore thee ?

Who don that radiant wreath, now woven o'er
thee?

Myriads of spirits may with thee be roaming,
From bowers of blissful day, star of the gloaming.

Thou, with thy lovely eye, greeting earth lonely,
Soon shalt below thee spy, true lovers only,
Meeting, thence on to stray, through the bowers
blooming,
Pure as thine own pure ray, star of the gloaming.

Thou shalt delighted see how sweetly tender
Their interviews shall be, thus while they wander,
Joying in world like this, hearts unassuming,
Yet live to share life's bliss, star of the gloaming,

Then when thy race is run—when day light stream-
ing,
Heralding the morning sun, o'er earth is beaming,
Thou still in beauty borne, through ether booming,
Shalt to thy home return, star of the gloaming.

Far in a land by light, never forsaken,
Where hymns of pure delight, ceaseless awaken,
Shall the soft couch be spread 'mong flowers per-
fuming,
Where thou shall rest thy head, star of the gloaming.

SCOTIA'S THISTLE.

Formerly published, as set to an original and beautiful
Air, by PETER M'LEOD, Esq.

Scotia's thistle guards the grave,
Where repose her dauntless brave,
Never yet the foot of slave
Has trode the wilds of Scotia:
Free from tyrant's dark controul—
Free as waves of ocean roll—
Free as thoughts of minstrel's soul,
Still roam the sons of Scotia.

Scotia's hills of hoary hue,
Heaven wraps in wreathes of blue,
Watering with its dearest dew,
The heathy locks of Scotia.
Down each green-wood skirted vale,
Guardian spirits, lingering, hail,
Many a minstrel's melting tale,
As told of ancient Scotia.

When the shades of eve invest
Nature's dew-bespangled breast,
How supremely man is blest,
 In the glens of Scotia!
There no dark alarms convey
Aught to chace life's charms away—
There they live—and live foraye—
 Round the homes of Scotia.

Wake my hill harp ! wildly wake !
Sound by lee and lonely lake,
Never shall this heart forsake
 The bonnie wilds of Scotia :
Others o'er the ocean's foam
Far to other lands may roam,
But for ever be my home,
 Beneath the sky of Scotia !*

O'ER GENIUS DEPARTED.

O'ER genius departed the laurels shall bloom,
And music and poesy thither repair,
Fond homage to pay to the garlanded tomb,
While love to the shrine a new offering shall bear ;

* This song was originally written to the Air—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

There—there the memorials of art may grow old,
But nature shall smile o'er their latest decay,
And the tale which the bright page of story has told,
From the lips of the living shall pass not away.

O'er genius departed, shall live the sweet hum
Of voices, which steal over nature from far,
When the waterfall's sounds from the solitude come,
'Neath the blush of the morn, or the ray of the
star ;

There oft the true-hearted, while wandering along,
Shall pause in their moods of emotion sublime,
To muse on the spell-fraught enchantments of song,
That chase from the bosom the sorrows of time.*

THE COTTAR'S HAY SONG.

AIR—"The Yellow Locks o' Charlie," composed by PETER
M'LEOD, Esq.

THE sun blinks bonnie o'er the fen,
And larks their sangs awaken,
The hay lies tedded in the glen,
Mixed wi' the moorland breakan ;

* These lines cannot well be explained, otherwise than by consulting the Venette of R. A. SMITH'S Select Melodies, in which delightful publication they have been set to an appropriate Air.

Then mind bairns, what the wise wad say,
Ere wisdom was declining,
That guid it is to mak' the hay
Aye while the sun is shining :

And let the heart eg on the hand,
For a' gangs wally wi' them,
Wha thus live in their native land,
Wi' them that's dearest to them.

The peats are hame and in the stack,
And these shall no be lacking,
When a' creep near the ingle-nuik,
And neebers come for cracking ;
Then sun the hay, and won the hay,
The thought may weel constrain ye,
That routh o' rest, aye answers best,
When days are dark and rainy.
And let the heart, &c.

Our hame stands humble in the howe,
But there the cakes are baking,
And Crummie feeds ayont the knowe,
While we her hay are raking ;
And weel she stows our pantry's cheeks,
When nought else there can enter,
As she will do, when green as leeks,
She crumps it up in winter.
Then let the heart, &c.

The wabsters weary at their looms,
Maun still at them be thruming,
And shilpet maids in ilka town,
The threads and thimbles thumbing ;
But wha wad no far rather see,
The ringlets like the raven,
Amang the hills o' Scotland free,
Wild in the breezes wavin' ?
Then let the heart, &c.

We hear o' lands where summer shines,
And winter near comes o'er them,
That eat their fruits, and drink their wines,
And labour little for them ;
But they wha toil, can likewise rest,
And weel befa' employment,
That gies to life itself a zest,
And heightens a' enjoyment.
Then let the heart, &c.

Foul fa' the couf wha has eneugh,
Though still to this just stentet,
Can drive his shuttle or his pleugh,
Yet winna live contentet ;
And may his hunger ne'er be stayed,
Nor ony to deplore it,
Wha weel might won what wad allay't,
Yet winna labour for it !
Then let the heart, &c.

Although that other isles be grand,
I still hae ne'er a doubt o't,
Wha canna live in their ain land,
Will no live weel when out o't ;
A willing mind makes willing hands.
And this will ne'er be missing,
He wha to duty stanchly stands,
Will share in duty's blessing :

Then let the heart eg on the hand,
For a' gangs wally wi' them,
Wha thus live in their native land,
Wi' them that's dearest to them !

OH I WAS CHARMED.

AIR—"Tishalaw Lines."

Oh ! I was charmed from earthly woe,
To see that eye so brightly glowing,
To mark upon that neck of snow
The shadows that thy locks were throwing :
And it was more than earthly bliss,
To list that soul serenely sighing,
And hear those lovely lips confess
The love they would have seemed denying.

But now dark woes steal o'er my heart,
Its peace and pleasure disconcerting :
Ah ! why are those e'er doomed to part,
Who could be blessed with ought but parting ?
How listless is this lonely eye,
Its looks no more by thine attended ?
How heavy heaves the sorrowing sigh,
That thus no more with thine is blended ?

But yet, of time, may pass away,
That wilderness which lies before me,
And yet arrive the blissful day,
That shall unto mine arms restore thee ;
O ! then my soul, from by-past pain,
A higher zest of bliss shall borrow,
And thou shalt evermore remain,
My treasure of departed sorrow !

THE HYMNS OF THE TWILIGHT.

AIR—"The Lone Vale."

THE hymns of the twilight that float o'er our valley,
When nature, soft breathing, the wave scarcely stirs,
Conveying their numbers, if sadly or gaily,
Convey not a strain that is sweeter than her's ;

It steals o'er the being, each sympathy moving,
Till all would seem melted, that music can melt,
And the soul lies enchained in the spell that has
woven
A wreath of enchantment o'er all that is felt.

This land of wild mountains, of woods, and of waters,
Can boast not of being the land of her birth ;
But one seeming fairer, of all its fair daughters,
Ne'er moved 'mong the flowers of the vallies of
earth ;
A wreath of the tartan waved gracefully o'er her,
And she sung the sweet songs of our own native
isle,
Till alone could each fond heart, deep pausing before
her,
Reply with a tear, or approve with a smile.

In her home may the anthems of song still be swell-
ing,
Still yielding the minstrel his brightest renown,
And peace fill each heart that inhabits the dwelling,
As pure as the virtue that lives in her own !
And when to be blessed with the lad who has won
her,
The bards of our land shall together repair,
They'll weave a bright garland of glory, to crown
her,
The queen of the guileless, and flower of the fair.

THE DAY O'ER GREECE IS DYING.

Written for a Greek Air, and formerly published in R. A.
SMITH'S Select Melodies.

THE day o'er Greece is dying.
 With calm smile,
And soft the winds are sighing,
 Round each isle ;
But eve nor morning,
Sees him returning,
Who brought for mourning,
 Joy the while.

He fell, and lone is sleeping
 With the slain,
To win me from my weeping,
 Ne'er again :
Sighing sad o'er him,
Greece may deplore him,
But to restore him—
 Ah ! how vain !

The dews hang on the myrtle,
 Deep and clear,
And the wailings of the turtle,
 Waken near ;

She her lost lover,
Still may recover,
But mine, ah never !
More comes here.

Thus wandering in the valley,
Sad and lone,
The evening echoes tell me
That he's gone ;
Peace to my sorrow,
Where shall I borrow,
Since with life's morrow,
Hope is flown ?

MARY-BURN-DEAN.*

AIR—"The Cock Laird."

THE garden and grotto, are lovely and sweet,
Where the rose-buds are bright, and the kind-hearted
meet,
But though these be lovely, and blissful—no scene
Was e'er so enchanting as Mary-Burn-Dean.

Away, far away, from the noise of mankind,
There's a voice in the stream, and a hymn in the
wind,

* The name of a beautiful dell in Berwickshire.

That speaks of true love, and true friendship,—
serene,
And luring, and lovely, is Mary-Burn-Dean.

I've been on the mountains at morn, when deep
rolled
The mist in the vales, and the sun shone like
gold,
Kiels glen* I have traced, and the Cartland† I've
seen,
But lovely they seemed not, as Mary-Burn-Dean.

Would that I'd a cottage adown in the dell,
With those who are dear to my heart still to
dwell,
There sing the wild strains of my hill-harp, I
ween,
Full blessed were I ever in Mary-Burn-Dean.

How blessed, as all lonely, I often would stray,
To listen the blackbird's adieu to the day,¹
When fell the calm dew of the gloaming, and
green
Waved the mantle of summer o'er Mary-Burn-
Dean.

* A scene in Fifeshire.

† Cartland Craigs near Lanark.

THE LAND OF GALLANT HEARTS.

Set to an appropriate air, by PETER McLEOD, Esq., and
first published in his volume of Original Melodies.

OUR's is the land of gallant hearts,
The land of lovely forms,
The Island of the mountain harp,
The torrents, and the storms ;
The land that blooms with freeman's tread,
And withers with the slave's,
Where far and deep the greenwoods spread,
And wild the thistle waves.

Ere ever Ossian's lofty voice
Had told of Fingal's fame,
Ere ever from their native clime,
The Roman eagles came ;
Our land had given heroes birth,
That durst the boldest brave,
And taught above tyrannic dust,
The thistle tufts to wave.

What need we say how Wallace fought,
And how his foemen fell ?
Or, how on glorious Bannockburn
The work went wild and well ?

Our's is the land of gallant hearts,
The land of honoured graves.
Whose wreath of fame shall ne'er depart,
While yet the thistle waves.

AH ! WAE TO THE WIGHTS.

AH ! wae to the wights who consorted together,
And planted the pine on the hearth o' my father,
Where the friendly would meet, and the faithful
remain ;
But now where, alas ! they again cannot gather,
For the roof is not left, and the wa's hae been taen,
And the kind cannot come to the cottage again.

Sae weel it agreed wi' the scene a' together,
It seemed as the child, and fair nature the mither ;
And the reek went away in sae bonnie a train,
Ye had scarce grudged to dee, had it come ye to
smother ;
The rays grew to rainbows that shone through
the pane,
And there'll ne'er be on earth sic a cottage again.

My father his flocks on the mountains would gather,
Sae did I the gowans, to herd like my father,

My faulds on the lawn too, I rear'd up wi' stane,
And the white was the lamb, and the yellow the
 mother,
 Though young, I for herding, had yielded to
 nane,
Ere the kind came nae mair to the cottage again.

Thus blythe were we baith on the holm and the
 heather,
But alas! now sae deep is the sleep o' my father,
 That he cannot awake o' this wreck to com-
 plain ;
And my joys and my heart have forsaken ilk ither ;
 The blackbird is sad and the robin sits lane,
Since the kind cannot come to the cottage again.

A' nature would fade in the winter's cauld weather,
But, bien aye and blythe, was the hame o' my father,
 That the poor would na pass, nor the lordly dis-
 dain,
But here now the leaves o' the forest will wither,
 And freeze, where the fire would warm the hearth-
 stane,
And the kind cannot come to the cottage again.

Though early I left it, I loved it the rather,
Because it was reared for the hame o' my father :—
 Yet as weel it may be, that it should na re-
 main,

Since those are departed, sae dear to each other,
And those that survive them might but have had
 pain,
When they found them nae mair in the cottage
 again.

Their day maun gang down wha the sun cannatether,
And earth has a hame, baith for son, and for father,
 Whose wa's stand the test, though they be not o'
 stane,
And the lords o' the land dare unroof it not either ;
 The pine, and the poplar, are planted by nane,
Sae I'll try not to sigh for the cottage again.

THE WOOER'S WALK.

AIR—"The Highland Watch's Farewell to Ireland," or
 "Haughs o' Cromdale."

THE setting sun has tinged wi' gowd
The fauldings o' yon westren cloud,
And nature a' will soon be rowed
 In gloaming's shady grandeur ;
Then while the wild flowers fa' asleep,
Among the shades that o'er them creep,
Along this glen sae wild and deep,
 O lassie let us wander !

O'er yonder mountain lone and grey,
The star o' love, to light our way,
Shall rise, and through the night convey
 Its soft and silent splendour ;
And thou, who pure and lovely art,
Beyond what lips can e'er impart,
Shall lure my hope, and charm my heart,
 Wi' love refined and tender.

'Tis sweet—'tis sweet the flocks to view
On uplands, when the day is new,
And 'mang the sun-shine, and the dew,
 There heedlessly to dander ;
But deeper thoughts my mind can move,
And deeper bliss this bosom prove,
Thus in the star-eyed hour of love,
 With thee—with thee to wander.

Then bind these locks of raven hair,
That shade that brow sae fine and fair,
And onward straying, let us share
 The joy which love can render ;
For while a hope can find me here,
The heart to move—the mind to cheer,
From thee, who art so deeply dear,
 This heart can never wander.

NOW ON THE NILE.

Now on the Nile, our oars again we ply,
Far 'mid the smile of water and of sky ;
Row—row then fast and freely,
Far o'er the deep so wide ;
Chanting our chorus gaily,
Still onward let us glide ;
Row—row then, o'er the waters,
Full light the hearts may roam,
That Arabia's dark eyed daughters,
Aye are blessed to welcome home.

Still roving thus, our fathers wont to sing
Strains which to us, as bright a joy can bring ;
Row—row then, care encumbers
No feeling of the brave,
Chanting their native numbers
Thus o'er their native wave ;
Row—row then, from the waters
All sparkling with the foam,
Lovely are the Arab daughters
That shall us welcome home.

When night shall come, along the desert far,
Our native home, shall hail us with its star ;

Row—row then, all unceasing,
Still let our efforts be,
Onward the pathway tracing,
Loved of the famed and free ;
Row—row then, o'er the waters,
Full light the hearts may roam,
That Arabia's dark eyed daughters,
Aye are blessed to welcome home.*

SEPARATION.

AIR—"The Quaker's Wife."

AWAY from thee, oh ! ne'er was I glad,
Though fortune smiled kind to cheer me ;
Away from thee, how weary and sad !
When nought but her frown comes near me ;
Away from thee, by the ocean's lone shore,
What woes on my heart thus are preying !
How altered from all that I knew before,
When arm in arm we were straying.

* R. A. SMITH, in his *Select Melodies*, terms the air to which the above words were written "The Boat Melody of the Nile," and adds the following note :—"This Melody was communicated to me by a gentleman who noted it on the spot, when in Egypt. Its similarity to our Scottish Highland Airs, affords another proof that the primitive scale of music, or what may be defined, the scale of nature, is the same in all parts of the world."

I see the star rising fair and bright
O'er the brow of the dark-heaving billow,
But I think of thine eye that conveyed its light
Round thy wild bower woven with willow ;
I think on thy smile—and thy heart-winning sigh,
That rose from a breast true and loving,
But alas ! were it not for the joys gone bye,
Ne'er such woes had this heart been proving.

Roll on thou waste ocean of waves sublime,
Though thus by the storm disconcerted ;
Oh ! ne'er was thy bosom so troubled as mine,
Afar from my true love thus parted ;
Away full many thy wild waves have borne,
That joyed when their friends were nearer ;
But the bosoms asunder thou ne'er hast torn,
Than ours to each other were dearer.

Roll on thy dark tide—by the rocks of thy shore,
I'll find a lone cave for my resting,
Though it were but to mingle, till life here be o'er,
My wail with thy voice everlasting.
I'll sigh for the fair one so dear to my heart,
And the hours that so happy have seen us,
Till life and till death, whose meet emblems thou art,
Roll their billows no longer between us.

THE YELLOW LOCKS O' CHARLIE.

Set to Music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq., and published in
his Original National Melodies.

THE gathering clans 'mong Scotia's glens,
Wi' martial steps are bounding,
And loud and lang the wilds amang,
The war pipe's strains are sounding ;
The sky and stream reflect the gleam
Of broadswords glancing rarely,
To guard till death the hills of heath,
Against the foes o' Charlie.

Then let on high the banners fly,
And hearts and hands rise prouder,
And wake amain the warlike strain,
Still louder, and still louder ;
For we hae sworn ere dawn the morn,
O'er Appin's mountains early,
Auld Scotland's crown shall nod aboon
The yellow locks o' Charlie.

While banners wave aboon the brave,
Our foemen vainly gather,
And swear to claim, by deeds o' fame,
Our hills and glens o' heather ;

For seas shall swell to wild and fell,
And crown green Appin fairly,
Ere hearts so steeled to foemen yield,
The rights o' royal Charlie.

Then wake mair loud the pibroch proud,
And let the mountains hoary,
Re-echo round the warlike sound,
That speaks of Highland glory.
For strains sublime through future time,
Shall tell the tale unsparely,
How Scotland's crown was placed aboon
The yellow locks o' Charlie.*

THE CHOSEN HOME.

AIR—"Castle Hind."

BE mine the home where warm hearts are glowing,
With all that love and truth can unfold,
Where soul-lit eyes, in bright looks are throwing,
Their light o'er each tale the lips have told;
Where still, though called, will the lover linger
To live, and list for one other day,
The chord that wakes to the snow-white finger,
And voice, that steals all the soul away.

* This song was originally written to the air of the "Highland Watch."

Be mine the home, where the rays of heaven
Play fair and free o'er the lawn and stream ;
Where hailed from the bower is the star of even,
By eyes all bright as its purest beam :
Where joy sits throned with its smile to scatter
The clouds which care o'er the heart would bind
And formal scenes throw no chain to fetter
The glowing act of the generous mind.

Be mine the home where pure hearts beat warmly,
Though skies be dark, and winds blow cold,
The home, where minstrel lips shall charm me,
With tales of the deeds of the days of old ;
Where hope shall reign, and no wish be single,
But sway all hearts while it lives among
The sons and daughters, that join to mingle,
The light of love with the soul of song.

SONG OF THE TRUE HEARTED.

The AIR by the AUTHOR.

THOUGH summer's gay mantle be spread o'er the
mountain,
And blooms on the green bower, and birds on the
tree ;

And wild flowerets blaw by the fell and the fountain,
Wide spreading their breasts to the breeze and the
bee ;
Still the heart, sad and sair,
Sighing in weary care,
Reaps not a charm from the scenes that we view,
If those so dearly loved
Change, and at last have proved,
Faithless in feelings that aye should be true.

If o'er the ocean the leal have departed,
Lang, lang may we weary, and deeply may mourn ;
But if they're still faithful—still true and warm-
hearted,
How matchless the love that shall hail their return !
But if they cold have grown,
Though nae wild winds have blown,
Wafting them far o'er the waters sae blue ;
Then shall the bosom know,
Life brings no pain below,
Deep as for hearts that nae langer are true.

How sad is the scene when the dew-drops lie frozen
Cauld, cauld on the lawn where the flowers wont
to bloom ;
Yet ah ! if be lost the true love of the chosen,
Ev'n darker is life, than the winter's ain gloom :
Then can we never see,
When again o'er the lee,

We, 'mid the gloaming, our way shall renew,
On to the hawthorn grey,
Where we could be foraye,
Blessed in the love of the hearts while yet true.

Could fate may prove faithless, and hardships astound
us,
Deep sorrows o'ershadow, or dangers appal;
But if still the true, and the kind be around us,
Even then shall we know what is dearest of all:
But when in life again,
Shall love renew its reign,
If ought 'neath the sky has had power to subdue?
When shall the moment come,
Hope shall the heart relume,
Torn from the bosoms we trusted as true?

O! give me yon cottage, so lowly and lonesome,
That stands in yon glen on the banks o' the burn,
If there still shall come the true-hearted and win-
some,
To give from the heart, what the heart shall re-
turn:
Nae pomp, nor palace then
E'er shall one wish obtain,
Pleasure allure not, nor sadness pursue,
But in the mountain glen,
Love shall for ever len'
Life's dearest treasures to them that are true.

THE GROTTO SAE GREEN.

To the Air of the preceding Song.

'Tis sweet when the summer has flung o'er the
mountains

Her mantle, bedecked with the daises and dews,
To wander alane, where the flowers fringe the foun-
tains,

And joy in the bliss that all nature embues ;

But sweeter it is, I trow,

Down where the burnies rowe,

When through the woodlands we steal all unseen,

And in the dewy glen

Meet her, of whom we ken,

Set 'neath the boughs of her grotto sae green.

The day has gane down, yet the hour is not eerie,

And time flees too fast o'er the loved and the leal,

And morn will return lang before they be weary,

Whose hearts have the hopes that nae lips can
reveal ;

Then is the rarest flower,

Of a' that fairest bower,

Fair not as she, who has woven the screen :

Nae star in a' the sky

Matches her lovely eye,

Luring the heart in her grotto sae green.

Oh! sad sinks the mind when could fortune comes
o'er it,

And wrecks a' the joys that around us wad be ;
And then, when to peace it returns to restore us,

How blythely we part wi' the waes we wad dree

But when the heart is young,

And love's law on the tongue,

Mair blessed—far mair blessed is our treasure, I
ween,

When in the brierie glen,

We meet our Mary then,

Loving, and loved in her grotto sae green.

There's hope for the mind though warm thoughts
have departed—

And joy for the heart, though the heart has been
wrung,

here's comfort and peace for the kind and true-
hearted,

Though they, in their kindness, have ceased to be
young :

But ne'er in life again,

'Mid a' its strife again,

ime brings us back such warm bliss as has been,

When Mary down the glen,

We met frae human ken,

Loved of our soul in her grotto sae green.*

* This and the following song are extracted from an unpublished poetic Romance, entitled "The Border Bride."

A BORDER SONG.

THOUGH spring should flee lightly, and summer
come soon,

We weary awae for the braid autumn moon,
For as she blinks bonnie o'er meadow and glen,
She sees her ainsel' in the steel o' our men,

And to the auld tune

O' a Michaelmas moon,

In cappers, right canty, our steeds we bestride,
And bowne to the Foray on our Border-side

'Tis sweet when the blackbird sings in the green
shaw,

To cheer his proud mate in her new biggit ha',
And sweet, when the summer o'er moorland and lee,
Has spread a' its blooms to the breeze and the bee ;

But a' things aboon

The braid autumn moon,

Can heeze up our spirits, in power and in pride,
When bowne to the Foray on our Border-side.

Our maids at the mirrors their lang tresses trim,
And their e'en gie us light, though the sterns should
be dim,

But there's nought on the earth, and there's nought
in the sky,
The lack o' a braid autumn moon can supply ;
But later or soon
Comes back our ain moon,
And then, weel we ken wha the chargers will ride,
And bowne to the Foray on our Border-side.

Right proud is our king o' his sceptre and crown,
Begirt wi' the gowd and the diamonds aroun',
But feeling as proud, in the bosom will reel,
When don'd is the sword and the helmet o' steel ;
And wi' the first roon
O' a Michaelmas moon,
We swing to the saddle, whate'er may betide,
And bowne to the Foray on our Border-side.

The dew-drops may freeze into rime on the lee,
Where glinted the gowans, sae gay in their glee,
But if our ain moon-beams gleam over them there,
The rime shall be welcome as rubies are rare,
And then the horse shoon
Shall be bright in the moon,
When basking at hame they nae langer abide,
But bowne to the Foray on our Border-side.

The courtier may frisk in the light o' the lamp,
While the Borderer sweeps o'er the sward, and the
swamp,

But he ne'er can be hailed wi' sic glee, by his dame,
As when our braw lads o' the Border come hame ;

Then to the auld tune

O' a Michaelmas moon,

The spoils, o' the proud and subdued, we divide,
To dowrie the daughters o' our Border-side.

Then maidens are merry, and matrons are free,
The sang has its sweets, and the toast has its glee,
And the ha', and the hut, and the hill, and the glen,
A charm that the city, and sea dinna ken ;

And spurtle, and spoon,

Keep our bauld hearts aboon,

When bien, by the ingle, frae winter we hide,
And bask in the bounty o' our Border-side.

BONNIE TWEEDSIDE.

To the old Air of that name.

WE'LL a' away to bonnie Tweedside,
And see my deary come thro' ;
We'll a' away to bonnie Tweedside,
And see my deary come thro' ;

For the light o' the morn shall cease to return,
Ere I forget my vow,
And we'll a' away to bonnie Tweedside,
And see my deary come thro' :
Her locks are like the links o' gowd,
That wave o'er her snaw-white brow,
Her lip is pure as the hawthorn bud,
When wet wi' the morning dew,
Her bosom is white as the heaving clud,
And her heart is warm and true,
And we'll a' away to bonnie Tweedside,
And see my deary come thro'.

'Tis sweet to see, on bonnie Tweedside,
The spring a' its charms renew,
And hear, as sung, frae the woodlands wide,
The sangs o' our land sae true,
And sweet to stray, thro' the summer day,
In the glens where the forests grew,
But sweeter to ride to bonnie Tweedside,
And welcome ane's deary thro'.
The bower is blinking aboon the brae,
Where the days o' childhood flew,
When hope was bright, and the heart was light,
And the cares o' life were few,
But the day has come that is mair to some,
Than a' that their childhood knew,
And we'll a' away to bonnie Tweedside,
And welcome my deary thro'.

The flowers shall smile on bonnie Tweedside,
To see my deary come thro',
As they lift their blooms, in beauteous pride,
'Mang the grass and the balmy dew.
The laverocks spring on their airy wing,
And the lambs their play renew,
And we'll a' away to bonnie Tweedside,
And welcome my deary thro'.
A' busket braw are the grit and the sma',
And blythely the path pursue,
And crowd to see, the lovely and free,
And the maid o' the heart sae true,
In a busy mood, the wise and the good,
Speak a' o' her merit due,
And we's a' be blessed wi' cheer o' the best,
If ance my deary were thro'.

WE'LL MEET YET AGAIN.

Set to music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq., and published in
his volume of Original National Melodies.

WE'LL meet yet again my loved fair one, when o'er us
The sky shall be bright, and the bowers shall be
green,
And the visions of life shall be lovely before us,
As the sunshine of summer that sleeps o'er the
scene :

The woodlands are sad, when the green leaves are
fading,

And sorrow is deep, when the dearest must part,
But for each darker woe that our spirit is shading,
A joy yet more bright shall return to the heart.

We'll meet yet again, when the pain disconcerting
The peace of our minds in a moment like this,
Shall melt into nought, like the tears of our parting,
Or live but in mem'ry to heighten our bliss :
We have loved in the hours when a hope scarce
could find us—

We've loved when our hearts were the lightest of
all,
And the same tender tie that has bound, still shall
bind us,
When the dark chain of fate shall have ceased to
enthrall.

We'll meet yet again, when the spirit of gladness
Shall breathe o'er the valley, and brighten its
flowers,
And the lone hearts of those, who have long been in
sadness,
Shall gather delight from the transport of ours :
Yes, thine are the charms, love, that never can perish,
And thine is the star that my guide still shall be,
Alluring the hope in this soul that shall cherish,
Its life's dearest treasures, to share them with thee.

SHE CAME TO OUR HOME.

Written for a Welch Air, and published in R. A. SMITH'S
Select Melodies.

SHE came to our home, by the brook of the wild,
Ere spring flowers had opened their bloom,
Her charms, in their brightness, each bosom beguiled,
And nature no longer seemed shaded in gloom.
Dark, dark were her locks, and the light of her eye,
Could the thought of her spirit impart,
She sung, and her songs were of those whose reply,
Is a sigh from the soul, or a tear from the heart.

She left us again, and the shades grew more deep
Than those of the winter had been ;
Though the bleat of the lamb had now come from
the steep,
And the hill flowerets blossomed the heath-tufts
between :
Few, few were our words when she breathed her
farewell,
But oh ! there was one who the while,
Could have roamed o'er dark regions where dew
never fell,
To live but an hour in the light of her smile.

OUR AIN NATIVE LAND.

AIR—"A Bumper to Thee," composed by PETER M'LEOD,
Esq.

Our ain native land—our ain native land !
There's a charm in the words that we a' understand,
That flings o'er the bosom the power of a spell,
And makes us love mair, what we a' love so well—
The heart may have feelings it canna conceal,
As the mind has the thoughts that nae words can
 reveal,
But alike he the feelings and thought can command,
Who names but the name o' our ain native land.

Our ain native land—our ain native land !
Though bleak be its mountains, and rugged its
 strand,
The waves aye seem blessed, dancing wild o'er the
 sea,
When woke by the winds from the hills o' the free :
Our sky oft is dark, and our storms loud and cauld.
But where are the hearts that sic worth can unfauld,
As those that unite, and uniting, expand,
When they hear but the name o' our ain native land.

Our ain native land—our ain native land !
To hear of her famed ones let none e'er demand,

For the hours o' a' time far too little would prove,
To name, but the names, that we honour and love :
The Bard lives in light, though his heart it be still,
And the cairn of the warrior stands grey on the hill,
And songster and sage can alike still command,
A garland of fame from our ain native land.

Our ain native land—our ain native land!
Her wild woods are glorious—her waterfalls grand,
And her songs still proclaim, as they ring through
the glen,
The charms of her maids, and the worth of her men :
Her thistle shall cease in the breezes to wave,
And the floweret to bloom on the patriot's grave,
Ere we cease to defend, with our heart and our
hand,
The freedom and faith of our ain native land.

THE FEUDAL ELOPEMENT.

Set to a Russian Melody, and published in R. A. SMITH'S
Introduction to Singing.

“ STAY with me till light of morning
To thy pathway be returning,
I have shared a fearful warning :
Stay, till dawning stay !

Well I know thy soul's undaunted,
But yon glens are demon haunted,
And unearthly strains are chaunted
O'er the moorlands grey.

From my father's search I'll hide thee,
Where no dangers shall betide thee ;
Still I'll wait—I'll watch beside thee,
Till the dawn appear."
" No—I fly, but if it grieve thee,
That I thus behind should leave thee,
Fly with me, for O ! believe me,
Thou alone art dear !"

From the tower alarm was sounded,
But ere by his foe surrounded,
On his steed the knight had bounded,
And the lady fair :
Glen, and steep, and mountain over,
Who of them shall trace discover ?
Woman loved, and with her lover,
Aught on earth will dare !

AROUND MY LONELY DWELLING.

AIR—" Open the Door, Sweet Mallie."

AROUND my lonely dwelling
The winds are howling high,

The torrent's voice is swelling,
No stars are in the sky :
Yet from thy smile of gladness,
Which mem'ry thus recalls,
Still o'er my soul of sadness
A ray divinely falls.

I see thy locks assembling
Around that brow so bright,
And neck of snow, where trembling,
The shades refuse to light.
Oh ! all thine image brightens,
That radiance to impart,
Which blesses, while it lightens,
O'er this my lonely heart.

Then what are time and distance,
And tempests howling far ?
And what cold fate's resistance
That seek our bliss to mar ?
These can no power inherit,
To fetter what is free—
Even now my heart, my spirit,
Can meet and live with thee !

I SIGH STILL FOR HIM WHO IS DEAR.

AIR—"Here's a Health to Them that's Awa."

I SIGH still for him who is dear,
 I sigh still for him who is dear,
 But bliss, like a ray, shall return o'er this heart,
 When he whom it loves shall be near,
 For ever !
 Then all that is joyless and dim
 Shall smile as the brightness of day,
 And glow o'er the thought that has cherished for him
 A love which can never decay,
 Oh never !

I sigh still for him who is dear,
 I sigh still for him who is dear,
 But bliss, like a ray, shall return o'er the heart,
 When he whom it loves shall be near,
 For ever !
 We'll roam by the wild and the stream,
 The garlands of true love to twine ;
 His life shall be all as the bliss of a dream,
 His heart never parted from mine,
 Oh never !

I sigh still for him who is dear,
I sigh still for him who is dear,
But bliss, like a ray, shall return o'er the heart,
When he whom it loves shall be near,
For ever!
Then chide not my loneliness now,
Nor deem every thought full of woe,
The heart that has trust in a true lover's vow,
Has joy that none other can know,
Oh never!

THE LONELY LOVER.

AIR—"Let me in this Ae Night."

WHERE here the mountain streamlets meet,
Fringed wi' the flowers sae wild and sweet,
I wander on wi' weary feet,
Far, far away from thee, love :
And oh ! the glen is lanely,
Lane—lane—lanely,
A' nature here seems lanely,
Nor pleasure brings to me, love.

The bloom is bonnie on the haw,
The light hill breezes sweetly blaw,
And sweet the thrush sings in the shaw,
Its sang wad seem o' thee, love :
Yet oh ! that sang is lanely,
Lane—lane—lanely,
A' nature here seems lanely,
Nor pleasure brings to me, love.

The morning sun blinks blythely thro',
The mist upon the mountain's brow,
But nature's charms can only now
Remind me mair o' thee, love :
And a' the world is lanely,
Lane—lane—lanely,
The sky and earth are lanely,
Nor pleasure yield to me, love.

Thoughts o'er the recollection stray
O' joys for ever passed away,
And scarcely hope can shed a ray
That tells o' joys to be, love :
And oh ! this heart is lanely,
Lane—lane—lanely,
The mind and heart are lanely,
And nought brings joy to me, love.

Would that I were as I hae been,
Beneath thy bower sae wild and green,
No time that travelled o'er the scene,

Could part me mair frae thee, love ;
Nae mair this heart were lanely,
Lane—lane—lanely,
But joy in time supremely,
And live in bliss wi' thee, love.

THE FIELD OF CULLODEN.

Set to Music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq., and published in
his volume of Original National Melodies.

Wi' garlands nae mair now these dark locks are
braided,
For the brow need not bloom when the heart's hopes
are faded ;
Our hames now are lanely, our mountains untrodden,
Since the bravest lie low on the field o' Culloden.

Ah ! wae to the day that led on to the trial,
When fate proved unkind to the clans o' the royal,
And ruin ran wild, when our triumph seemed nearest,
And 'reft this lone heart o' the lad who was dearest.

He flew to the field, wi' his Charlie, as fleetly
As when o'er the wilds he wad hasten to meet me,
And fighting the foremost—this hearts dark fore-
bodin'
Proved all—all too true on the field o' Culloden.

I sat by the stream, where sae oft we wad wander,
The glen a' was still, and the heart a' was tender,
But wild woke the breeze, and methought it was
 sighing,
O'er Culloden's dark field where the bravest are
 lying.

The wee bird that sang aye sae sweet and sae early,
Sings dool now to me, to auld Scotland, and Charlie ;
There's gloom in the ha', and there's grief in the
 shieling,
And nought comes to lighten the sadness o' feeling.

Nae mair he returns, in his kindness, to meet me,
Where the stream ran sae clear, and the flowers
 bloomed sae sweetly,
And the bliss o' that love, which this heart aye
 abode in,
Is lost wi' the brave on the field o' Culloden.

LORD GREGORY.

“ O WHO comes here at this dread hour,
 When wild the tempests sweep ?
Who bids Lord Gregory ope his bower,
 When a' are fast asleep ?

The day rose mild, and day lang smiled,
Ere storms began to blaw,
And wanderers late, in nights sae wild,
Might seek a humbler ha."

"Sae thou not sae, Lord Gregory,
To her thou ance lo'ed weel,
Nor spurn the wounded heart frae thee
Which thou alane canst heal.

Hast thou forgot, how in the bower
Thou swore ere we would part,
That thou would love its fairest flower
While life should warm thy heart?

And if the blast be on my cheek,
How changed a fate is mine,
Since, when my love, I could not speak,
I left it pressed to thine?

And while the thunder rends the rocks,
And lightning cleaves the skies,
The hail is frozen in the locks,
That thou wast wont to prize.

The frown is on my father's brow,
Nor hame, nor hauld is mine,
Since e'er I breathed the luckless vow,
Which said, I wad be thine.

But though the storms my form enfauld,
The love this heart that warms,
To thee—to thee is not mair cauld,
Than when I filled thine arms.

Then ope thy door, Lord Gregory,
And let thine Annie in ;
Nor let the love be lost to thee
You took sic pains to win !”

“ Ha ! then, if thou’rt my Annie true,
I come my love to thee,
And mair again thou ne’er shalt rue
Thy plighted troth to me.

For thou my hame and heart shall share,
And to this bosom pressed,
The frozen drops, amang thy hair,
Shalt melt upon my breast.

And there, instead shall diamond shine,
When morn shall see thee ride,
And kneeling at St Mary’s shrine,
Return Lord Gregory’s bride.”*

* Both Burns and Dr Walcott have written so affectingly beautiful on this subject (see Mr Thomson’s Correspondence with Burns), yet leave Lord Gregory so hard hearted, that the Author could not get quit of the feeling superinduced, till he wrote the above verses, whereby he might become possessed of, at least, the ideal satisfaction, of relieving somewhat the noble

FAITHLESS LOVE.

Written for an Air, composed by R. A. SMITH, entitled "The Willow," and published in his Introduction to Singing.

I SANG of thy troth in the hour when the dew on
the flower
Shone bright in the ray of the morning,
But all, all was lost, that I valued the most,
Ere the shadows of eve were returning.

I breathed not an accent of blame, when thy cold
tidings came,
Nor felt then as one broken hearted :—
I thought but the while, of the tear and the smile,
That met on thy cheek when we parted.

The spell all too soon passed away, and a darksome
dismay,
The powers of my being pervaded ;
Where nought there is now, but the wreck of thy
vow,
Entombing the hopes ever faded.

Lord's character ; more especially, since, if memory serves aright anent the original Ballad, Lord Gregory himself was, in this latter case, much less to blame than his Lady mother. These things are stated as constituting a sort of apology, for the Author's having ventured to touch upon such a field of Song.

DAUNTLESS LOVE.

AIR—"The Araby Maid."

AWAY, far away o'er the earth, or the sea,
Unawed by the waste or the wave,
I will roam, and be blessed, if I roam still with thee,
While life has a danger to brave :
And then, or at last, wheresoe'er we be cast,
In a land of the bond or the free,
I will joy in the perils, when present or past,
If with thee love, if only with thee.

Away, still away, there are hearts that will love
In the homes of the good and the kind,
That will care not, like mine, their affection to prove
When these homes must be all left behind ;
But the tie that still binds us no time can untwine,
Whatever its trials may be,
These, only more closely our hearts shall conjoin,
If with thee love, if only with thee.

Away, still away, and should foemen surround,
In the paths where our fortune may lead,
I will twine thee a wreath, if with victory crowned,
Or bind up thy wounds when they bleed ;

Or borne to the wastes that no step ever traced,
Since heaven gave hope to the free,
I will bless the wild land where our lot has been
placed,
If with thee love, if only with thee.

Away, still away, though the tempests should sweep
The woods and the wilderness bye,
And meeting, convey the wild waves of the deep
To mix with the lights of the sky ;
If life, 'mid the tumult, this bosom retain,
Its love still unconquered shall be,
And dying, even death shall convey nought of pain,
If with thee love, if only with thee.

THE MOON SWEETLY SMILED.

AIR—"Durham Rangers."

THE moon sweetly smiled o'er the wood and the
wild,
And bright were the stars in heaven seen ;
The e'enings dewy weet to the wild flowers might
be sweet,
But my lassie was sweeter to me I ween.

The sangsters right blessed their young ones
caressed,

Amang the birks wi' their leaves sae green,
In their couch on the tree, dear, dear might they
be,

But my lassie was dearer to me I ween.

We wandered alang the greenwoods amang,

Our mantles were wet wi' the dews sae sheen ;

Oh nane 'neath the sky was sae happy as I,

Wi' my lassie, amang the wild woods I ween :

The sound o' the streams was sweet to the ear,

Borne 'lang the breeze of the night serene,

But soon I forgot these sounds to hear,

Sae charmed wi' the words o' my lassie I ween.

I gave my dear maid still the half o' my plaid,

As we wandered alang through the woodlands sae
green,

And wandered till day chased the night away,

Nor yet was my lassie worn weary I ween :

Oh ! the joy o' the pure love is all joys above,

That ever to man in this world has been,

And it e'en may be this, that will constitute bliss,

Through the ages of ages for ever I ween.

THE BARD OF THE WILD MOUNTAINS.

SHE strayed alone in the wild green wood
Through untrodden paths of deep solitude ;
By the mountain lee and the rocks high piled,
The breakany cleugh, and the heathy wild,
Till she seemed as a spirit peering between
The sky sae blue and the earth sae green.

She pulled the fair flowerets from each recess,
And with them would she her bosom dress,
The violet blue, and the pale primrose,
And the gowan that by the streamlet grows,
And fountains from foot of the rocks that run
Where the echo awakes when the day is done.

SHE thought of no charms that belonged to her,
And she weened the bard would the blooms prefer;
He loved them much, and he praised them high,
But with these rested neither his thought nor eye,
Though she trowed they might an armour prove,
And guard her breast from the shepherd's love.

But the spirit's pure that wont to fly
On the breezy fields of the lofty sky,

Sent down from heaven soft dewy showers,
That fell on her bosom, and guardian flowers,
While they tuned their lyres and sung the love
That cheer the blessed in the bowers above.

The shepherd then his hill harp took,
And sang so sweet by the little brook,
That she deemed the strains to the breezes given,
The echoes of those that awoke in heaven,
And soon was her pure—pure heart beguiled
To love the bard of the mountains wild.

THE GRECIAN WAR-SONG.

Set to Music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq., and sung by Mr
WILSON.

ON—on to the fields, where of old
The laurels of freedom were won ;
Let us think, as the banners of Greece we unfold,
Of the brave in the pages of glory enrolled,
And the deeds by our forefathers done.
O yet if there's aught that is dear,
Let bravery's arm be its shield ;
Let love of our country give power to each spear,
And beauty's pale cheek dry its long gathered tear
In the light of the weapons we wield ;

Awake then to glory, that Greece yet may be,
The land—the proud land of the famed and the free.

Rear—rear the proud trophies once more,
Where Persia's hosts were o'erthrown :
Let the song of our triumph arise on our shore,
Till the mountains give back the far sounds, as of
yore,

To the fields where our foemen lie strown :
O ne'er shall our bold efforts cease,
Till the garlands of freedom shall wave
In breezes, which fraught with the tidings of peace,
Shall wander o'er all the fair Islands of Greece,

And cool not the lip of a slave ;
Awake then to glory, that Greece yet may be
The land—the proud land of the famed and the free.

ANTICIPATED SEPARATION.

THE time draws nigh, of which the thought
Had power to mar the joy,
Which, otherwise, the hours had fraught,
Of many days gone bye, my love,
Of many days gone bye.

The past a wilderness would seem
 Weary and far away,
Of which, all that might once be green
 Is fallen to decay, my love,
 Is fallen to decay.

Yet were the present far apart,
 And thought to this confined,
This woe could never wring the heart,
 My soul could be resigned, my love,
 My soul could be resigned.

If earth and all its wealth were mine,
 Wide as the world may be,
Oh ! it I well could all resign,
 If I might live with thee, my love,
 If I might live with thee.

Thy lily hand if I should press,
 Farewell how could I take ?
I know amid the parting kiss,
 This very heart would break, my love,
 This very heart would break.

Ah ! were I Time, thy simplest smile
 My steps could ever stay,
But he heeds not ev'n tears the while,
 He's cold, and old, and grey, my love,
 He's cold, and old, and grey.


Fate, too, puts forth his frozen hand,
To bind Hope in a chain,
But love will Fate, and all withstand,
We'll meet—we'll meet again, my love,
We'll meet—we'll meet again.

THE MAID OF THE GLEN.

AIR—"The Humours o' Glen."

FREE and blythe o'er the mountains the spring-
breezes travelled,
And high sung the larks the far heavens to hail ;
The birds in the bowers and the radiance revelled,
And rich were the garlands that grew down the
vale :
But when over nature the shadows fell lonely,
A wailing was heard in the solitudes then,
And sadness of soul had remained to me only,
Unless for the maiden that wons in yon glen.

O she is the flower that gives joy to all nature,
And heals the 'lorn heart 'mid this cauld world's
woe ;
The riches of loveliness lit every feature,
She's purer, and kinder, than aught that's below ;



And when in the heavens the larks hae nae gladness,
But winter's cauld winds sweep the fold and the
fen,
The soul steals away from the shadows of sadness,
And dwells with the maiden who wons in yon glen.

In summer I heard, when the hawthorns hung o'er
me,
How warriors had fought on the land and the
wave,
Their brows were encircled with garlands of glory,
And fame's proudest meteor shone bright o'er the
brave ;
And yet said my soul, though with laurels so laden,
What hide they at all but the misery of men ?
Oh ! give me, instead, but one lock of the maiden
Who wons in yon cottage afar in the glen.

The autumn came early, and rich were its trea-
sures,
But winter came likewise, and deep was its snow ;
And where, said my soul, are the parties and plea-
sures—
The flowers, and the bowers, where the lovely
would go ?
My spirit sunk lonesome, and hope seemed departed,
And dark had it been as the waste winter then,
Unless for the maiden, so pure and true hearted,
Wi' the rich raven ringlets that wons in yon glen.

And though high as heaven, the wreaths, and the
mountains,

And rugged the pathway, and powerful the blast,
I wended the moorlands, and forded the foun-
tains,

And followed the thought that would travel so
fast ;

She thawed the cauld feet to the shoon that were
frozen,

She welcomed me ance, and agen, and agen,
And I poured out my heart in the bield of her
bosom,

And wooed from my soul the dear maid o' the
glen.

Then bloom ye fair flowers, or blow wild ye waste
winter,

And triumph ye warriors, by island and wave,
May glory and riches, sea-deep, round ye centre,

I care not a fig for the fame of the brave ;
A treasure is mine that is richer and dearer

Than all that your hands, and your hearts e'er
can ken,

And round mine own soul, as a garland, I'll wear
her,

The glory of nature that grows in yon glen.

AULD ALLAN O' ATHOL.

AULD Allan o' Athol gaed fast up the hill,
And brandished his braid-sword, and sang aye wi'
glee,

Let them say o' the land o' our birth as they will,

Auld Scotland is still th' unconquered and free :

He threw off his bonnet and raised up a stane,—

Now some of our foemen lie here, I can see,
or we ken aye wha best gar our thistles grow
green,

And harrah for auld Scotland, the land o' the
free.

Auld Allan sat down on the cliff o' a rock,

And his braid-sword though tried, and as tough
as could be,

He shivered at ance, with the pith o' his stroke,

While he sang o' auld Scotland, the land o' the
free :

Yon Chief, he exclaimed, that made a' men afeared,

Never yet set his foot on o' this side the sea,

For, though he took Princes and Popes by the
beard,

The touch o' our thistle he dared not to dree.

Lang syne there came o'er an imperial horde

Frae some land lying nearer the e'e-lids o' day,
But the streams o' auld Scotland they couldna weel
ford,

And they found that the Tiber was nought to the
Tay :

Sae down went their eagles, and off went the gang,
For they judged it as weel just to let us a-be,
And their courage grew leigh, as our heather grew
lang,

And harrah for auld Scotland, the unconquered
and free.

Our neebers south bye too, right often came down,

To cancel our writs, and our hames to destroy,
But we gae them a snifter, and roun' aye for roun'
Wi' the axe o' King Bruce, and the sword o' Rob
Roy ;

And though our ain Charlie their crown could hae
ta'en,

He hated a land lying flat as a sea,
And sae just returned to our mountains agane,
And harrah for auld Scotland, the land o' the free.

O weel, weel befa' a' yon cots in the glen,

And bairnies that yonder bound brisk o'er the
brae,

And a' her fair maidens, her minstrels, and men,
For the worth o' auld Scotland shall never decay ;

And when this auld heart shall lie cauld in the mool,
I ken unco weel where the hearts still will be,
That will guard our wild land frae a' danger and
dool,
Then harrah for auld Scotland, the land o' the free.

THE FADED BOWER.

AIR—"The Gipsy Laddie."

THOUGH a' the leaves o' my bonnie bower
That my laddie wove, now be faded,
And by the breezes scattered o'er
The scene they sae lately shaded;
O still, still aroun' this mossy seat
Where sae often we sat in the gloaming,
The bonnie, bonnie blue forget-me-not,
In a' its beauty is blooming.

He planted it here on the joyless morn,
That brought the day when we parted,
And said it would fade not till his return,
If still I proved faithfu' hearted :

My heart still is true, and it shares my sigh,
When the breeze has ceased frae blawing,
And it drinks oft a drop frae this lanely eye,
When nae dewes frae heaven are fa'ing.

But his heart may be here, though his step be far
On the wilds o' the glens and moorlands,
While he thinks on the times when he wove for my
hair,
O' the boughs and the blossoms, the garlands :
And the bonnie, bonnie blue forget-me-not,
Shall spread not its leaves to lose them,
Till twined wi' my locks, on this blessed spot,
It fade on his beating bosom.

YOUTHHOOD'S MORNING.

LIGHTSOME as the greenwood shadow,
Fresh as wild-flower woven meadow,
Beauteous as the sun adorning
Mountains on the May-day morning,
Seemed the life that we were sharing,
Still for future bliss preparing ;
All the joys that yet came o'er us,
Were as nought to those before us.

But where *are* the promised pleasures,
Forming hope's delusive treasures ;
Where the fairy scenes untainted,
That ambition fondly painted,
Ere dark cares our life surrounded,
Thought had tamed, or sorrow wounded,
Where, oh ! where, the charms adorning
Youthhood's gay and giddy morning ?

Fled alas ! like flowers that wither,
Ere the soul their sweets could gather ;
Scattered like the leaves of autumn,
Ere the longing spirit caught 'em ;
All the breast a desert leaving,
Where no joys their spell are weaving,
Where with disappointment shaken,
Future hope dare scarce awaken.

Loves decayed, and friendships perished,
That the soul most fondly cherished,
Feelings seared, till sorrow slumbers
O'er each scene that mem'ry numbers ;
All before us dark and dreaded,
Cheerless, hopeless, false, and faded,
Where are now the charms adorning
Youthhood's gay and giddy morning ?

THOU ART ALL SO TENDER.

AIR—"Forget Thee can I Ever." Composed by PETER
M'LEOD, Esq.

OH! thou art all so tender, so lovely, and so mild,
The heart can never wander, which thou hast thus
beguiled:

Pure as the calm emotion of half remembered joy,
And fair, as fairest blossom, that opens to the sky.

Though long and deep my sorrow, all lonely thus
may be,

Oh! still my heart shall borrow a ray of joy from
thee;

To thee the charms seem given of earth that never
sprung,

The melting hymns of heaven are round thy spirit
sung.

Then let thy form be near me, that I that form may
see,

I've tried to live, but eerie, I cannot live, from thee,
Nor grudge deep kindness either, to soothe me when
I sigh,

I know thou'lt give it rather than thou would'st see
me die.

Though mine thou may'st be never, and ceaseless
woes betide,
Still nought on earth shall ever my love from thee
divide ;
My mind may cease to cherish the hope of bliss to
be,
But of the hopes that perish the last shall breathe
of thee.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

AIR—"Wat ye wha I met Yestreen."

'Twas blissful in the bower to be,
When a' its boughs were waving green ;
And sweet to roam by glen and lee,
Where sae happy aye the heart had been :
But now, the wan leaves withered lie
Amang the drops o' frozen dew ;
And joy is fled wi' the days gane bye,
Nae future days can e'er renew.

O ! it is no the winter's gloom,
That thus can make the heart sae wae,
Wi' sorrows that will ne'er be done,
While the tide o' life shall onward gae :

For when the blinks o' kindness shone
Frae the heart o' him wha ance was true,
Still, still the day came lightly on,
Though frost lay cauld where the gowans grew.

'Tis no the bud that renders sweet
The sang the bird sings frae the tree ;
Nor yet the joys o' those we meet
Can make us hope for joys to be ;
The summer soon shall bring the bloom,
And hearts grow light are lanely now,
But nae summer e'er to her can come
Wha sorrows o'er a broken vow.

There is a hame where the eye can sleep,
And the wae-worn heart forget to grieve,
For the day is cauld, and the night is deep,
And the things o' time nae changes leave :
And though the winter's gloom were past,
And spring restored to the vales o' dew,
Oh ! there, methinks, I could choose to rest,
Since the heart is false that ance was true.

LOVE UNREVEALED.

I saw her look—I saw her smile,
And it was lovely sae to see her ;

Oh ! I wad gie a' Britain's isle,
To spend but ae sweet moment wi' her.
But wayward fate has this forbid,
And leaves the sighing heart to sadness,
Since feelings live its core amid,
That cheats it of its wonted gladness.

I love not thus, because she's fine,
Nor yet that she is a' sae bonnie,
But something seems in her to shine
That yet I never saw in ony.
It is a charm fu' strangely wrought,
As if that nature lone had found her,
And every ray of modest thought,
Frae a' the world, had gathered round her.

The lowliest work that nature forms
Has aye some shade, and cast uncommon,
But still, she never aught adorns,
Sae truly as a lovely woman ;
And yet her form, though a' sae fair,
This heart sae sair had never smitten,
Had there not been a something there
Beyond whate'er was said or written.

It may be a' in vain to sigh,
Since hope itsel' wad seem forbidden,
And yet the love it winna die,
That thus within the heart is hidden.

I saw her look—I saw her smile,
And it was lovely sae to see her,
Oh ! I wad gie a' Britain's isle,
To spend but ae sweet moment wi' her.

ANXIOUS LOVE

AIR—" Exile of Erin."

THROUGH the grey clouds be-spread o'er the pale
face of heaven,
The moon in her wanness is wandering on,
While cheerless as she, 'mong the shadows of even,
I wend on my way through this wild glen alone ;
High, high are the mountains the valley surrounding,
And o'er them the hoar rushing torrents are bound-
ing,
The winds in the wild-woods are mournfully sound-
ing,
And their voice, seems the voice of the days that
are gone.

Return to my soul thou bright star of my gladness,
O'er the spirit once more thy pure radiance to shed,
Love lives in dismay 'mid the gloom of its sadness,
For hope with the eye that illumed it is fled ;

Return my Eliza, what boots thy delaying ?
 Return, with the smile that restores from decaying,
 Return, oh ! return, ere the pale worm be preying
 On the heart to the clay in cold sympathy wed.

LOVE'S ATTRACTION.

To the foregoing AIR.

How fair is the morn, when its earliest dawning
 Returns over nature, its charms to renew ;
 And far-travelled breezes the fair flowers are fanning
 That sleep on its bosom embalmed in the dew !
 Yet nought e'er is fair, as the charms we discover
 In her, who is dear to the heart of the lover,
 When fears have departed, and sadness is over,
 And hope lights the path of the loved and the
 true.

All, all might be bright, in their gayness and grandeur,
 And yet in their brightness unheeded they shone,
 For nought lures the thought of the heart e'er to
 wander,
 From her who is dear to the bosom alone :

In beauty she blooms where all else would seem fading,
And gathers all thought to the charms she's arrayed in,
Till feelings of love, be the being prevading,
The deepest and dearest that mortals may own.

THE DAUGHTER OF MORNA.

Set to Music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq., and published in his
Original Melodies.

As the star's image sleeping serene on the fountain,
As the floweret, when weeping, the dews of the
mountain,
As tender—as lovely, was Morna's fair daughter
As lightly she moved by the lake's lonely water.

All softly were heaving her long raven tresses,
As gently they waved in the breeze's embraces ;
Her light was around me, but ah ! by the river
The fond hopes that found me are vanished for ever.

I hear not at even her voice sweetly swelling,
That lured, as from heaven, delight to her dwelling,
The fair form I see not that glided before me,
And the gloom of the desert seems gathering o'er me.

In the glen of green breakan, my harp darkly slum-
bers,

And who shall awaken the wail of its numbers ?
The dew-drops fall deep in the eve and the morning,
But the winds seem to weep as at winter's returning.

Oh ! weave me a garland, and weave me it only,
Of the flowers of the moorland that blossom so lonely,
Its beauty shall wither with the fond heart that
craved it,
Since lost is she ever who but could have saved it.

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

THE flowerets are fair, where the ash and the oak
O'ershadow the stream from the brae and the rock ;
The flowerets are fair, where the mountains are high,
And fair where the valley is far from the sky ;
But birth to no blossom the earth ever gave,
So fair as the flower on the patriot's grave.

The sun shall not shine, and the moon shall not
smile,
On the grave of the wight, who proves false to his
isle,

But the grey goblins gather from cold waste, and fen,
And howl 'mong the shadows to horrify men ;
The blast of the desert, and stormy winds rave,
And no floweret shall ever be seen on his grave.

But if by the wild, or the shore, or the shade,
The dust of the brave one, and true one, be laid,
The spirits that dwell in the folds of the air,
Heaven's honey shall gather and scatter it there,
The primrose shall bloom and the violet wave,
Oh ! no flower's like the flower on the patriot's
grave.

And there shall the bard wake his anthem sublime,
And sweet as the hymns in the childhood of time ;
Shall tell of the race that was brilliantly run,
Of the foemen subdued, and the liberty won,
And the fair maids shall say, 'mid the tale of the
brave,
Oh ! no flower's like the flower on the patriot's
grave.

It blooms on the bosom was tender, yet bold,
To freedom still true, and to love never cold—
It blooms on the bosom that dauntless the while
Stood forth the warm guardian of kindred and isle,
Whose power could repel, and whose influence save,
Oh ! no flower's like the flower on the patriot's
grave.

DEEPEST LOVE.

AIR—"Rousseau's Dream."

THOUGH thine image steals my slumber,
 Still it soothes the soul to rest,
 And the woes it else would number,
 Lightly wander o'er my breast ;
 Thou art all that charms my being,
 All this world has left to me ;
 And those cares of fate's decreeing
 Deepen but my love for thee.

With thine eye my soul has mingled
 Thoughts which words could ne'er impart,
 And of thine each lovely ringlet
 Holds a feeling of my heart.
 All that's fair in life and nature,
 All that eye or soul can see,
 Yielded has its loveliest feature,
 Beauty to combine in thee.

Bright when shines that form before me,
 Earthly sorrows cease the while,
 And the heart that must adore thee
 Melts to mingle with thy smile.

I the world could wander over,
Brave the wild and stormy sea,
And be blessed if still thy lover
Blessed to live or die for thee.*

THE SOLITARY STAR.

AIR—"The Banks o' Clyde."

WHILE from this silent world beneath
I lift to thee my lonely eye,
Cold—cold and cheerless seems thy path,
Thou little wanderer of the sky !
The darksome clouds, that hover high,
Along the fields of azure came,
And deeply threw, as passing bye,
A death-like feature o'er thy flame.

Now thou art bright—thy struggle past,—
So shaded virtue sinks the while,
To rise with brighter ray at last,
High o'er the wreck of vice to smile.
I would that every earthly isle
Did yet, lone star, resemble thee,
In passing from each cloud and coil,
That bars from light and liberty !

* This Song was formerly published in R. A. SMITH'S Introduction to Singing, as set to an Air of Handel.

THE TALE THAT IS SWEETEST TO HEAR.

AIR—"Gibraltar Rock." (*Sung Slowish.*)

THE gloaming star was blinking in the sky sae blue,
 The gowan had faulded up its fringe on the lee,
 And the blackbird forsaken the loftiest bough,
 To woo his happy mate 'mang the leaves o' the
 tree :

And we were far away in the deep and dowie dell,
 Where nae ane o' the world to listen was near,
 When first my lassie deigned the tender tale to tell,
 To tell me the tale that is sweetest to hear.

It was na o' the gowd that makes the miser fain,
 It was na o' the gems that glitter on a crown,
 It was na o' the trappings o' pleasure's empty train,
 Nor deeds o' the warrior that lead to renown ;
 But o' that secret charm that the bosom can prove,
 The joy that awakes, when with *her* we loe dear,
 'Twas the breathing o' the vow o' heart-felt love,
 O this is the tale that is sweetest to hear !

Lang talked she o' the halo o' the bonnie gowden
 star,
 Encircling the deep brilliant blink o' its e'e—
 The ringlets round her ain were lovelier far,
 But she talked thus frae telling o' the tale to get
 free :

And still wad she complain that the blackbird had
 ceased
 Frae warbling its hymn o' the e'ening sae
 clear ;
 But naething that she said e'er could render me
 blessed,
 Till she tauld me the tale that is sweetest to
 hear.

Our seat was 'mang the wild-flowers that bordered
 the stream,
 And we sat till the light o' the morning came,
 For the cares o' this world had a' vanished like a
 dream,
 And our bosoms knew the bliss that knows not a
 name ;
 Her locks where hung aroun' wi' the dawning's
 dewy drops,
 And bonnie was her cheek as the blossom on the
 breer,
 But the loveliest o' a' were the pure and simple
 lips
 That tauld me the tale that is sweetest to hear.

O fairest grows the floweret unaided by art,
 And sweet is the hinny in the bloom o' the
 haw ;
 The hame o' our childhood is dear to the heart,
 But the lassie o' our love is dearer than a' ;

The sun may cease to rise when the morning star is
 set,
 And nature cease to change, with the changing o'
 the year ;
 But never shall this bosom the maiden forget
 Who tauld me the tale that is sweetest to hear.

FLORA'S LAMENT.

Set to Music by PETER McLEOD, Esq., and published in
 his Original Melodies.

MORE dark is my soul than the scenes of yon islands,
 Dismantled of all the gay hues that they wore,
 For lost is my hope since the Prince of the High-
 lands
 'Mong these, his wild mountains, can meet me no
 more.
 Ah ! Charlie, how wrung was this heart when it
 found thee
 Forlorn, and the die of thy destiny cast :
 Thy Flora was firm 'mid the perils around thee,
 But where were the brave of the land that had
 owned thee,
 That she—only she, should be true to the last?

The step's in the bark on the dark heaving waters,
That now should have been on the floor of a
throne,
And alas! for auld Scotland, her sons and her
daughters,
Thy wish was their welfare—thy cause was their
own :
But 'lorn may we sigh where the hill winds awaken,
And weep in the glen where the cataracts foam,
And sleep where the dew-drops are deep on the
breakan,
Thy foot has the land of thy fathers forsaken,
And more—never more, will it yield thee a home.

Oh! yet when afar in the land of the stranger,
If e'er on thy spirit remembrance may be,
Of her who was true in these moments of danger,
Reprove not the heart that still lives but for
thee :
The night-shrouded flower from the dawning shall
borrow
A ray, all the glow of its charms to renew,
But Charlie, ah! Charlie, no ray to thy Flora
Can dawn from thy coming to chace the dark sorrow,
Which death in thine absence alone can subdue.

OUR AIN FOLK.

I WISH we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where the gentle are leal, and the semple are weal,
And the hames are the hames o' our ain folk.
We've met wi' the gay and the guid where we've
 come,
We're courtly wi' mony, and couthy wi' some,
But something's still wanting we never can find,
Sin' the day that we left our auld neebers behind.

Oh ! I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where daffin and glee, wi' the friendly and free,
 Made our hearts aye sae fond o' our ain folk.
Some tauld us in gowpens we'd gather the gear,
Sae soon as we cam' to the rich mailens here,
But what is in mailens, and what is in mirth,
If 'tis not enjoyed in the glen o' our birth ?

Oh ! I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where maidens and men, in the strath and the glen,
 Still welcomed us aye as their ain folk ;

Though spring had its trials, and summer its toils,
And autumn craved pith ere we gathered its spoils,
Yet winter repaid a' the toil that we took,
When ilk ane crawled crouse at his ain ingle-nook.

Then I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
But deep are the howes, and as heigh are the knowes,
That keep us away frae our ain folk ;
The seat at the door, where our auld fathers sat,
To tell o'er their news, and their views, and a' that,
While doon by the kale-yard the burnie rowed clear,
Is mair to my liking than aught that is here.

Then I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where the wild thistles wave o'er the beds o' the
brave,

And the graves are the graves o' our ain folk ;
But happy gas lucky, we'll trodge on our way,
Till the arm waxes weak, and the haffet grows grey,
And tho' in this warl' our ain still we miss,
We'll meet them at last in a warl' o' bliss,
And then we'll be hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where far yond the moon, in the heavens aboon,
The hames are the hames o' our ain folk.

OH LEAVE NOT IN SADNESS.*

OH leave not in sadness the heart that can borrow
From thee but the gladness that charms it from sor-
row ;

O pass not away with the friends that invite thee,
But stay, yet oh stay ! if aught here can delight thee.

The soft wind now breathes o'er the blooms of the
hawthorn,
And the green glen has wreathes for thy long locks
of auburn ;
The sweet songsters gaily, again wake their singing,
And Ettrick's wild valley with echoes is ringing.

But joy cannot come to the glen nor the wild-wood,
When thou shalt not roam through the scenes of our
childhood ;
The light of the mountain in gloom shall be shaded,
And the flowers by the fountain, though blooming,
seem faded.

* R. A. SMITH noted down the Air of this Song from the
Author, and entitled it an " Ettrick Forest Melody." It is given
among his *Select Melodies*, published by Purdie, Edinburgh.

Then stay, love ! no pleasures that elsewhere may
find thee,
Can yield thee such treasures as those left behind
thee ;
The friends that have moved thee, may soon from
thee sever,
But this heart that has loved thee, will love thee for
ever.

WHEN THE GLEN ALL IS STILL.

AIR—"Cold Frosty Morning."

WHEN the glen all is still save the stream of the
fountain,
When the shepherd has ceased o'er the dark heath
to roam,
And the wail of the plover awakes on the moun-
tain
Inviting her mate to return to his home ;
Oh ! meet me Eliza, adown by the wild-wood,
Where the wild daisies sleep 'mong the low lying
dew,
And our bliss shall be sweet as in visions of child-
hood,
And pure as the fair star the heaven's deep blue.

Thy locks shall be braided in drops of the gloaming,
And fanned by the far-travelled breeze of the lawn,
The spirits of heaven shall know of thy coming,
And watch o'er our joy till the hour of the dawn ;
No woes shall we know of dark fortune's decreeing,
Of the past and the future my dreams may not be,
For the light of thine eye seems the home of my
being,
And my soul's fondest thoughts shall be gathered
to thee.*

THE ABSENT LOVER.

AIR—"What Ails this Heart o' Mine."

OH ! why is life sae fu' o' weary sighs and care ?
And why sae few, but aye pursue, the joys they
canna share ?
My heart is sad and sair, and aye, I ween, will be,
When wandering wearily, and where, I canna look
on thee.

Far borne the light o' morn stole through the sha-
dows wan,
And silvered o'er the mountain burn, and lay upon
its lawn :

* This Song, as taken from the *Noctes of Blackwood*, was set
to Music by La Sapia, and after being sung frequently in Drury
Lane Theatre as the Song of a *real shepherd*, was published in a
sheet with musical accompaniments.

But were the sky withdrawn, it fears me, all I'd see
Wad scarce seem fair, while wandering where, I
canna look on thee.

If lonely a' at morn, and lonelier still at noon,
How weary will this heart be worn, ere rising o' the
moon ?

I'll sigh and set me down, nor farther e'er agree,
To stray still mair, aye wandering where, I canna
look on thee.

One charm had life below, above all others known,
And if to heaven I would it owe, it came by thee
alone :

When friends and hopes were gone, still thou wert
all to me,
Now worn wi' care, I wander where, I canna look
on thee.

But ne'er that worth of thine, can stay behind me
far ;

It brighter round my soul shall shine than th' halo
o' the star ;

The powers that guardians are, shall keep that heart
to me,

Till I am where, I ever mair, shall look alone on thee.

I HAD A HAME.

Set to Music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq., and published in his
Volume of Original National Melodies.

RECITATIVE.

THERE is a radiance beaming round her yet,
As fraught with loveliness, as when she smiled
Before her sun of reason thus was set,
And left her foot and fancy wandering wild :
The youth she loved, her soul could ne'er forget,
The youth that dark unfeeling hearts exiled—
And still in this green vale, where oft they met,
And life's bright hours in tender love beguiled,
She strays, and thus while pain her bosom wrings,
Hark ! hark ! how sweet, how wildly sweet she
sings.

I had a hame, and I had hope, and ane who loed me
too,
But him they banished far away, and others came to
woo,

An' now, like ane that's in a dream, I roam by glen
and lee,

And have a fancy thus to sing, the grave—the grave
for me :

And hark ! the echoes still reply,
The grave—the grave for me.

They tell me that the clay is cauld, though a' be
warm elsewhere,

And that nae ray o' light can meet the bonnie black
e'e there ;

But they hae hearts mair cauld, I trow, than aught
that there can be,

Who taught me thus to stray and sing, the grave—
the grave for me :

And hark ! the echoes still reply,
The grave—the grave for me.

It was na weel to chace the hue o' this pale cheek
away,

And waken in my heart the pain that sleeps not
night or day ;

It was na weel to part me thus, frae him I ne'er shall
see,

And leave me here to stray and sing, the grave—the
grave for me :

And hark ! the echoes still reply,
The grave—the grave for me.

Our meeting still was in the bower when dowie mid-
night came,
For love is like a tender flower, aye sweetest far
frae hame.
My hame will soon be far away, and I at rest will be,
And thus I have delight to sing, the grave—the
grave for me ;
And hark ! the echoes still reply,
The grave—the grave for me.

THE LAIRD'S MATCH IN WOOING.

AIR—" Prince William Henry's Delight."

It was na for his wealth I cared,
But misery wad me move O,
When aye I heard, how our braw laird,
Wad woo his lady-love O ;
For yet I could na understand
Howe'er I'd do wi' mine O,
But now I hae a method planned
How I will match him fine O.

The laird, to make his fair one fain,
Bought her a pearl ring O,
And too, a bonnie gowden chain,
Aroun' her neck to hing O ;

But though nae gowd chains I can buy,
To deck the neck o' mine O,
Yet ken do I a way forbye,
How I will match him fine O.

For there, instead, my arms be laid,
When fa's the gloamin' dim O,
And mine may be as fond o' me,
As his will be o' him O ;
And wi' my plaid, if down the shaw,
I rowe her roun' and roun' O,
She'll never trow but she's as braw
As his in silken gown O.

They'll woo I ween amid the sheen,
O' lighted ha' and room O,
While sit maun we beneath the tree
Where but the wild flowers bloom O ;
But earthly light hurts true love's sight,
And trust will we the sky O :
Our lamp shall be the queen o' night,
Hung in her hall on high O.

Though there will win nae roving din,
And wine awakened sang O,
Mair sweet is lin and wandering win'
The wild green woods amang O :

His maun be mair than merely fair,
For she maun be divine O;
Ere she, the least, can e'er compare,
In loveliness wi' mine O.

The laird may hae nae wile and guile,
But love, he may be sure O,
Within its heart, whate'er its stile,
Than mine was ne'er mair pure O:
Her lily hand, for gowd and land,
She blythe to his may join O,
But mine's best part is aye her heart,
And a' her heart is mine O.

'Tis love I wis brings truest bliss,
And heaven has man endowed O,
That he can prove the joys o' love
Wha canna gie nae gowd O;
Sae love's pure ties, and a' its joys,
My lassie's heart and mine O,
Shall bind sae fast, that death at last
Shall but these ties untwine O.

SCOTLAND YET.

Set to Music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq.

GAE bring my guid auld harp ance mair,—
Gae bring it free and fast,

For I muna sing another sang
Ere a' my glee be past :
And trow ye as I sing, my lads,
The burden o't shall be
Auld Scotland's howes and Scotland's knowes,
And Scotland's hills for me,
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
Wi' a' the honours three.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
And foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing o' freedom still
As they dance down the dells :
And weel I loe the land, my lads,
That's girded by the sea ;
Then Scotland's dales and Scotland vales,
And Scotland's hills for me,
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
Wi' a' the honours three.

The thistle wags upon the fields,
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foemen's dearest bluid
To dye her auld grey plaid ;
And looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee :—
Auld Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me,
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
Wi' a' the honours three.

They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang ;
Gie me the hills where Ossian lies,
And Coila's minstrel sang ;
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That ken na to be free ;
Then Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me,
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
Wi' a' the honours three.*

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

AIR—" Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff."

CAULD blaws the blast o'er Yarrow-dale,
And gloom o'er-mantles tower and tree,
Nae sangster wakes the morn to hail,
Nae floweret blooms by glen or lee ;
Yet soon the breeze o' spring will blaw,
And nature cleed the woods in green,
And birds sing sweet by glen and shaw,
As if the winter ne'er had been.

* This Song, with Mr M'Leon's much admired Music to which it is set, was first published by him in a separate sheet, and the profits given for the purpose of putting a parapet and railing round the Monument of Burns on the Calton-Hill, Edinburgh.

The flocks shall wander wide at will,
And feed in beauty far and near,
While bleatings still true hail to hill
Swell sweetly on the listening ear :
And 'mong the birks that skirt the vale
The true and tender still will meet,
Renewing many a by-past tale
Of love as pure, as it is sweet.

But when the winter's winds no more
Blaw cauldly over muir and lee,
And lovers meet at evening hour,
Will then my Mary meet wi' me ?
Ah ! it is cauld when fortune frowns,
And wrecks the joys we hoped to share ;
But nought that man and nature owns
As this can make the heart sae sair.

The heart can hide what's ill to bide ;
But who the weary woe can wave,
When she, who should hae been our bride,
Is wedded to the clay cold grave ?
In a' the beauty o' her bloom,
Death took her to his silent reign ;
And here the lovely ne'er can come
To soothe the aching heart again.

O! then the spring-tide breeze may blaw,
And sangsters sing on ilka tree,
The dew-drops down frae heaven fa'
To nurse the flowers by glen and lee;
But ne'er beneath that cheerless sky
This woe-worn heart can comfort know,
And scenes that once gave highest joy
Will ever wound with deepest woe.*

WHY SHOULD I THINK OF THEE?

WHY should I think of thee,
When all of life is as the tomb?
And still why should I see
A star that cannot cheer the gloom?

* When the winds blow strongly from the west, the waters which they lash out of the lake of St Mary, swell, often somewhat imperceptibly, the stream of the Yarrow. Mary Scott, a lovely young maiden, had left Dryhope to visit her relations, for the purpose of making some arrangements preparatory to her anticipated marriage with one who had wooed and won her heart. He came, as it had been agreed, at even-tide to the river with a steed to bear her over it, but had come too late, since, deceived by the stream's appearance, no rain having fallen, she had, as it was supposed, ventured in, and was overwhelmed and lost in the wave. The author who was well acquainted with the parties, wrote, when a shepherd in early life, the above verses, as the supposed lament of the lover. They are given here with a few alterations.

There is no hope that e'er
That heart will share its love with mine ;
Yet—yet thou art more dear
Than aught that is lovely here,
For the worth of those of a loftier sphere
Is thine—is thine !

Then if I dream of thee,
And gain a transient ray of light,
It but a beam can be
That leaves a deeper, darker night ;
Yet for the passing glow
Amid the clouds that still combine,
Oh ! I could all forgo
That is mine in this life below,
And gather deep bliss from the thought, that no wo
Is thine—is thine !

CAULD RUNS THE RIVER.

AIR—"The Braes of Balquhiddy."

THERE are storms in the sky, when the dark clouds
are gathered,
And the sad breezes sigh, when the green leaves are
withered,

The sad breezes sigh and the world's a' uncheery
When the wild mountains lie between me and my
deary.

'Tis weary through the day the lang hours to number,
And lanelier aye when love cheats us o' slumber ;
It is lane night and day, when the loved come na
near ye,
And cauld the river runs between ane and her deary.

Sweet swims the swan, in the high streams o' Yarrow,
When the wee birdies' sang has nae note o' sorrow ;
But there's cold frost and snow, and the moon shin-
ing eery,
And the cauld rivers flow between me and my deary.

The dowie glen is deep, and lofty the mountain,
And the heart winna sleep aye the lane moments
countin' ;
The mountains are high, and the moorlands are dreary,
When cauld the river runs between me and my deary.

I wad build love a bower, if down here were given
The green leaf and flower frae the gardens o'
heaven,
But the flowers o' earth die, and the leaflets grow
sear aye,
When the frost and snaws lie between me and my
deary.

The spring will come agane, wi' the green leaf and
gowan,
And the bower will no be lane, where the clear rill
is rowin' ;
And we'll woo night and day, and never yet be
weary,
When nae could rivers stray between me and my
deary.

LULLABY.

Am—"The Willow Tree."

Now fauld thy lovely e'e my child,
Thine e'e-lid o'er the blue,
All softly as a floweret's fringe,
Aroun' a drap o' dew ;
O ! it would seem some holy dream
Has thy pure heart beguiled ;
Then sleep thou on my wee—wee son,
Sleep on my little child.

I'll rock thy peacefu' cradle thus,
And watch that lovely smile,
Which frae celestial vision shed,
Dawns o'er thy face the while ;

And by no fae—no earthly wae,
That vision shall be spoiled ;
Then sleep thou on my wee—wee son,
Sleep on my little child.

As dying breeze on rosy wreath,
As shadow on the lee,
Or morning mist on mountain flower,
Thy slumber soft shall be ;
By spirits hovering over thee,
All ill shall be exiled ;
Then sleep thou on my wee—wee son,
Sleep on my little child.

Like yellow o' the rainbow's hem,
In cloudlet o' the sky,
Appear these taits o' gowden hair,
Aboon thy faulded eye,
And thou wouldst seem, as seraph seen,
When fancy wanders wild ;
Then sleep thou on my wee—wee son,
Sleep on my little child.

The features o' thy father's face
I weel can trace in thine,
And image o' ilk manly grace
In ilka lovely line,

Ilk lovely line o' hue divine,
 O'er a' that face sae mild;
 Then sleep thou on my wee—wee son,
 Sleep on my dearest child.

Through life's bewildering mazes still
 Nought ill shall thee befa',
 To manhood grown—thy virtues shall
 Repay my troubles a',
 My memory shall live in thee
 When my grave-stone is piled;
 Then sleep thou on my wee—wee son,
 Sleep on my lovely child.

O I WILL MEET MY MARY.

AIR—"Charlie is my Darling."

O I WILL meet my Mary—my Mary—my Mary,
 O I will meet my Mary where nought our joy can
 mar:
 When on the heathy moorlands
 My flocks are resting far,
 And o'er the hill is rising bright
 The bonnie gloaming star,
 O I will meet my Mary—my Mary—my Mary,
 O I will meet my Mary where naught our joy can
 mar.

The glen is wild and lanely,
Yet lovely is the scene,
And it shall a' be lovelier still,
When, 'mang the birks sae green,
I wander wi' my Mary, &c.,
By a' on earth unseen.

O! what are a' the pleasures
Shared in the hames o' men,
Compared wi' ae sweet hour of love,
Far in the hawthorn glen;
And I will meet my Mary, &c.,
When nane on earth can ken.

Some woo the world's cauld treasure,
Some court the world's wild fame,
And some on earth wad share the bliss
To earth that never came;
But I will woo my Mary, &c.,
Who loes me aye the same.

Her smile is as the morning,
Her eye like, in its ray,
The tear-drop of a lover's grief
That steals the soul away;
And I will meet my Mary, &c.,
And love her thus for aye.

Yon bonnie auburn ringlet
Hung o'er her snaw-white brow,
I wadna gie for a' the wealth
This cauld world ever knew ;
And I will meet my Mary, &c.,
Whose heart is warm and true.

Then haste ye flocks that linger
The lofty mountains climb,*
And rise thou bonnie gloaming star,
And scale the sky sublime ;
For till I meet my Mary, &c.,
An age seems in the time.

PAINFUL PARTING.

To an old Border Air.

OH ! cease ye wild flowerets to bloom by the fountain,
Ye songsters to sing by the glen and the mountain,
Ye echoes of joy, by the wild-wood and river,
Return whence you came, and be silent for ever.

* In truly pastoral districts the flocks regularly in good weather, descend from the mountains in the morning, towards the dells and lower lying lands, and on the after part of the day as regularly begin to re-ascend these mountains on whose summits they repose during the night.

I go, and ye deepen the path of my mourning,
For my soul may not dream of the days of return-
ing ;

O'er the past, in its woe, must my memory ponder,
Like the sprite brooding still o'er the dust that is
yonder.

My hope, 'mid the thoughts that my bosom are
thronging,

Belongs not to ought to this cold world belonging ;
Farewell, my Eliza ! ah ! thus must we sever,
And my peace, with my step, seems departing for
ever.

Would then that oblivion deep o'er me were falling,
That the scenes might not be, that the soul is recall-
ing,

Oh ! then were the pangs of my suffering over,
When lost with the joys that we cannot recover.

But my woes, as my steps, may be many in number,
Ere I reach the cold couch of my last longest slumber,
Where sorrow shall live not for those left behind me,
Where the night shall be still, and the day shall not
find me.

THE AGED BARD.

Set to Music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq., and first published in
his Volume of Original Melodies.

List to the bard in yon lonely dell,
How sadly he wakens his strain ;
Of joys long departed it seems to tell,
And hopes that can live not again :
A fair one he loved in his youthful years,
But she died in her bright May-day bloom,
And Pity came down and bathed in the tears
That fell on the flowers of her tomb.

List to the bard in yon lonely dell,
His voice to the harp-strings is wed ;
But the mournful sounds on the breeze that swell,
Seem echoes returned from the dead.
He had but one chord of a merry tone,
But its notes brought him deeper despair,
And he muffles the sounds, as the song flows on,
With a lock of his time-withered hair.

List to the bard in yon lonely dell,
For the reign of his fond hope is o'er ;
The harp now is changed that we loved so well,
And none can its magic restore :

Oh ! soon shall he sleep from his dark sorrows free,
But the living shall hallow his name,
When the soul of the bard in a clime shall be,
Where the coldness of time never came.

THE MAID OF DUNANA.

AIR—"Durham Rangers." (*Sung Slow.*)

By the rill that down the glen,
Round nae hames o' living men,
Oft seen, and unseen, wends its wimpling way,
Half shaded by the thorn,
At the dawning of the morn,
The maid o' Dunana in slumber lay ;
The gentle breezes blew
'Mang her dark locks, decked wi' dew,
And her pale cheek was pressed on the primrose's
bloom,
Oft opening half her eyes,
She wad murmur 'mong her sighs
" Oh ! what can hae hindered my lover to come."

The deep and deadly feud
Could never be subdued,

And the maiden had stown frae her stern father's ha',
And by the hawthorn green
On her knight had waiting been,
Frae the mild, but lanely hour o' the grey gloaming's
fa',
She had seen the stars fu' high
Climb up the azure sky,
And the braid moon arise in her beautifu' glow,
And wander west away,
But her knight still made delay,
And no peace, and no comfort, her bosom could know.

Yet, she sunk to mood mair mild
Through her agitation wild,
When she laid hersel' down 'neath the boughs o' the
thorn,
And the streamlet murmuring deep,
There lulled her soul asleep,
And there she lanely lay till the dawning o' the morn.
Oh ! it were hard to tell,
By whom her true knight fell,
But he who owned the brav'ry, that man could never
tame,
Dunana far beneath,
Was found in sleep o' death,
Lying low in the vale when the wanderers came.

His grave was lowly made
'Neath the hawthorn's hoary shade,

And there the grass grows green, and the wild-
 flowerets bloom,
 And the breezes wandering by,
 Seem ceaselessly to sigh
 The requiem of the warrior so low in his tomb,
 And there though night be near,
 And the tempest howling drear,
 The maiden, unmindfu' o' ought but her wo,
 In the glen will sit and weep,
 And plead to be asleep
 Wi' her lover in his grave the hoar hawthorn below.

MORE DEAR ART THOU TO ME.

Set to Music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq., and published in his
 Volume of Original Melodies.

MORE dear art thou to me, lovely one, lovely one,
 Than aught else e'er can be' neath the sun ;
 Then, lovely as thou art,
 Oh ! let thine eye impart
 One look, to say thy heart
 May be won, may be won,
 One look to say thy heart may be won.

The beauty of the flower still beguiles, still beguiles,
 The wanderer to the bower where it smiles ;

Yet thy charms but shed a ray,
Still to lead the heart astray,
Then, leave it lost foraye
'Mid its toils, 'mid its toils,
Then leave it lost foraye 'mid its toils.

O ! I could wander far all alone, all alone,
Where the light of moon or star never shone,
Could I hope one kindly ray
From thine eye would ever stray
To speak thy heart foraye
All mine own, all mine own,
To speak thy heart foraye all mine own.

Howe'er the clouds of woe might combine, might
combine,
Their gloom we ne'er could know wert thou mine ;
For the radiance of that eye
Would still brighten fortune's sky,
And this heart, with all its joy,
Should be thine, should be thine,
And this heart with all its joy should be thine.

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

AIR—" I hae a Herrin' new laid in Saut,"

The winter is past and the spring time come,
The gowans grow bonnie on glen and lee,

And 'mang the rocks I'll here set me down
And sit alane by this hawthorn tree ;
It was here we sat, in the days gane bye,
It was here we sat, my dear maid and me,
The moon and the stars were bright in the sky,
And the breeze blew chill in th' boughs o' the
tree.

But now are its blossoms a' spread to the sun,
And yet, thus sae bonnie although they be,
It seems but for sake o' the days that are gone,
That thus its fair blossoms I love to see.
My heart is fu' sair, and my soul is fu' sad,
And little o' pleasure remains for me,
Yet I love to tread in the steps we trode,
And I love to sit where we sat by the tree.

Oh ! soft may the dews o' the e'ening fa'
On the flowers o' the mountain, the glen, and lee,
And soft may the breeze o' the morning blaw
In the boughs and the blooms o' this hawthorn
tree,
Sae that these blooms may be langest fair,
Lang pure, and fair like Eliza to see,
But whether when green, or blossomed, or bare,
O ! dear to my soul shall it ever be.

THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE.*

I SAT in the vale 'neath the hawthorns so hoary,
And the gloom of my bosom seemed deep as their
shade,
For remembrance was fraught with the far-travelled
story,
That told where the dust of the minstrel was laid :
I saw not his harp on the wild boughs above me,
I heard not its anthems the mountains among ;
But the flowerets that bloomed on his grave were
more lovely
Than others would seem, to the earth that belong.

Sleep on, said my soul, in the depths of thy slumber,
Sleep on, gentle bard ! till the shades pass away ;
For the lips of the living the ages shall number,
That steal o'er thy heart in its couch of decay :
Oh ! thou wert beloved from the dawn of thy child-
hood,
Beloved till the last of thy suffering was seen,
Beloved now that o'er thee is waving the wild-wood,
And the worm only living where rapture hath
been.

* This Song is set to the old Air of "The Rockin' o' the Cradle" in "The Irish Minstrel." Edited by R. A. SMITH, and published by Mr Purdie, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

Till the footsteps of time are their travel forsaking,
No form shall descend, and no dawning shall come
To break the repose that thy ashes are taking,
And call them to life from their chamber of gloom :
Yet sleep, gentle bard ! for though silent forever,
Thy harp in the hall of the chieftain is hung,
No time from the mem'ry of mankind shall sever
The tales that it told, and the strains that it sung.

OH ! TELL ME WHAT SOUND.*

AIR—" Paddy's Resource."

OH ! tell me what sound is the sweetest to hear—
The sound that can most o'er our being prevail ?
'Tis the sweet melting voice of the maid we love
dear,
When chanting the songs of her own native vale.
More thrilling is this than the tone of the gale,
Awakening the wind-harp's wild wandering lore ;
More sweet than the songster that sings in the dale,
When the strains of the rest of the warblers are
o'er.

* First published in R. A. SMITH'S " Irish Minstrel."

Oh ! tell me what light of the earth or the sky,
Can the deepest delight to the spirit impart ?
'Tis the bright beaming radiance that lives in the eye
Of the maid that affection has bound to the heart :
More charming is this than the glory of art,
More lovely than rays from yon heavens above ;
It heightens each joy, as it soothes every smart,
Enchanting our souls with the magic of love.

Oh ! tell me what drop is most melting and meek,
That aught 'neath the azure of heaven can share ?
'Tis the tear-drop that falls o'er the dear maiden's
cheek,
When she breathes o'er her lover her sigh and
her prayer :
More tender is this—more celestial and fair
Than the dew-drop that springs from the chamber
of morn ;
A balm that still softens the ranklings of care,
And heals every wound that the bosom has borne.

THE UNFORTUNATE TRYSTE.

AIR—"The Gipsy Laddie."

SHE stole away frae the e'e o' men
When the summer flowers were blooming,
And hied her up the lanely glen,
A wee while afore the gloaming.

Amang the hills sae far frae hame,
The e'ening breeze blew sweeter,
And there, when daylight should be gane,
Her true love had vowed to meet her.

Lovely she was upon her way,
And the little birds drew near her,
And sang mair late than they wont that day,
For they loved sae weel to cheer her.
They trowed she came to be their queen,
Where the bonnie boughs were wavin',
For her gown was o' the forest's green,
And her locks were like the raven.

She set her down on the lanely lawn,
Where the summer flowers were blooming,
And there she sat till the day did dawn,
Frae the grey fa' o' the gloaming :
But the sterns sae bright, through the lee-lang night
That shone, as if to cheer her,
Could bring her bosom nae delight,
When her true love came na near her.

And when the day began to dawn,
And the moon resign her splendour,
There cam' an auld man down the glen,
And slow—slow did he wander ;

For aye we ~~good~~ ^{good} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~agreed~~ ^{agreed}.
 And the looks his heart that covered
 Were ~~lovely~~ ^{lovely}, as the count 's mine.
 That o'er the mountain ~~loved~~ ^{loved}.

The maiden met him by the rill.
 And sought his war to soften.
 But the man it seemed his heart to fill.
 While he wiped his e'e she often
 Sad—and was the tale, when once begun,
 That he did there discover.
 For that night he'd lost an only son,
 And she an only lover.

TELL ME NOT OF DANGERS.

Set to a Russian Air, and published in R. A. SMITH'S Select
 Melodies.

TELL me not of dangers, fears of these must be
 To this bosom strangers, if I am with thee !
 Roam the world all over—sail the stormy sea,
 Go—yes go, my lover, and I'll go with thee !

Where the storms were round me, blowing wild and
 cold,
 Where the trials found me, that no lip hath told,

Where the green leaf never hung upon the tree,
Go—there go, my lover, and I'll go with thee.

Where the sands were burning, 'mid the sultry clime,
And no flower's returning tells the change of time,
Where the sky's wide cover, but our home should be,
Dwell—there dwell, my lover, and I'll dwell with
thee.

I'VE SUNG IN THE HUT, AND I'VE SUNG IN
THE HA'.*

AIR—"Merrily Dance the Quaker."

I've sung in the hut, and I've sung in the ha',
Hey-an-a-lan and a lilly-lu,
But I sing now, where cock yet did never crow,
And blythe it is on the mountain brow.

The king is high when he mounts his throne,
Hey-an-a-lan and a lilly-lu,
But higher are we this wild hill upon,
And blythe it is on the mountain brow.

* This is extracted from a Poetic Tale, entitled "The Bard of
Dias Brann," the scene of which is laid in the vale of Langollan
in Wales.

The land is fair where the banners are bright,
 Hey-an-a-lan and a lilly-lu,
 But never the land with these men of might,
 And blythe it is on the mountain brow.

The land is fair in the lovely lanes,
 Hey-an-a-lan and a lilly-lu,
 But never the land through the white that lanes,
 And blythe it is on the mountain brow.

The men are bold where the banner flies,
 Hey-an-a-lan and a lilly-lu,
 But where the men the courage flies,
 And blythe it is on the mountain brow.

They'll guard the Prince though there be war strife,
 Hey-an-a-lan and a lilly-lu,
 But they're here who have saved us as dear a life,
 And a fig for the king on the mountain brow.

They conquer the nations who haunt the vales,
 Hey-an-a-lan and a lilly-lu,
 But never yet those where the eagle sails,
 And a fig for the king on the mountain brow.

I've sung in the hut and I've sung in the ha',
 Hey-an-a-lan and a lilly-lu,
 But I sing now, where cock yet did never crawl,
 And blythe it is on the mountain brow.

I HAVE LOVED THEE ONLY.

Set to Music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq., and published in his
Volume of Original Melodies. Sung by Miss NOEL.

I CAN wish that bliss may find thee
Wheresoe'er thy home may be,
Though thou thus hast left, unkindly,
Her who only lived for thee,
I have loved thee only—loved thee
With a kindness felt by few,
I have loved thee only—loved thee
With a feeling all too true.

Though the words that thou hast spoken,
This lone heart must oft recall,
O'er the ties which thou hast broken,
Time shall see no tear-drop fall ;
Still I loved thee only—loved thee
Till that dreary coldness came,
Which has left me lonely—left me
With a heart that hath no aim.

There is light in yonder heaven,
Though the shadows deepen here,
And the joys may yet be given,
That shall bring no future tear ;

I have loved thee truly—loved thee
In the hours of peace and pain ;
I have loved thee truly—loved thee
As I ne'er can love again.

WHILE I STRAY BY THE STREAM.

AIR—"Hey, Bonnie Lass will ye Lie in a Barrock."

WHILE I stray by the stream at the hour of the
gloaming,
Where the bushes are green, and the wild roses
blooming,
Where the soft heaving billows the margins are lav-
ing,
'Neath the boughs of the wild-wood so gracefully
waving ;

Oh ! let me not deem, that the soul always loses
The object on which it most fondly reposes,
Since fate has not doomed that the loved, and leal-
hearted
Should part, 'mid this scene, and for ever be parted.

As dews furthest hid in the forest, lie longest,
So love, least expressed, is full often the strongest ;
Some hearts have been faithful, as mine shall be
ever,
And those yet may meet who shall separate never.

Then joy shall be mine, for I then shall be given,
All I look for, on earth, from the kindness of heaven ;
In mine ear shall the anthems of song still be swelling,
And peace, love, and friendship, inhabit my dwelling.

The friend of my youth, and the wanderer weary,
Shall call at my cottage, and find it full cheery ;
Their cares shall depart, and affection grow stronger,
And the staff of the stranger shall rest awhile longer.

And whether it be, that the moments we measure,
Within or without, or in duty or pleasure,
Ne'er from me the friend of my bosom shall sever,
And bliss shall remain on our being for ever.

THE FAIR ONE'S HOPE.

AIR—"The Deserter's Meditations." Published formerly in
R. A. SMITH'S Introduction to Singing.

THOUGH clouds roam o'er him, and far before him,
The glens and mountains all lonely lie,

Yet he that's dearest shall soon be nearest,
To cheer this heart as in days gone bye ;
Again we'll wander through nature's grandeur,
And sit by fountain and hawthorn tree,
And still revealing each fonder feeling,
Enjoy the visions of bliss to be.

When winds blow mildly, and lone, and wildly,
The plover sings from the moorland dale,
Still by the breakan his harp he'll waken,
And charm the wilds with each tender tale.
And listening near him I smile to cheer him,
Should ought of sorrow his strains betray,
Thus faithful hearted, and never parted,
We'll live in love that can ne'er decay.

OUR OWN LAND AND LOVED ONE.

ARR—"Buccleugh Gathering," by PETER M'LEOD, Esq.

No sky smiles so bright, as the sky that is spread
O'er the land that gave birth to the first breath
we drew,
Such radiance but lives in the eye of the maid
That is dear to our heart—to our heart ever true.

With her—yes, with her that this spirit has blessed,
'Neath my dear native sky let my home only be,
And the valley of flowers, and the heath covered
waste,
Shall alike have a spell of enchantment for me.

Let her eye pour its light o'er the joy of my heart,
Or mingle its beam with the gloom of my woe,
And each shadow of care from the soul shall de-
part,
Save of care that on her it is bliss to bestow.

My thought shall not travel to sun-lighted isles,
Nor my heart own a wish for the wealth they may
claim,
But live and be blessed in rewarding her smiles,
With the song of the harp that shall hallow her
name.

The anthems of music delightful may roll,
Or eloquence flow as the waves of the sea,
But the sounds that enchantment can shed o'er the
soul
Are—the lass that we love, and the land that is
free.

THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW.

Set to Music by *James McCleave, Esq.*, and published in his
Traveller's & Stranger's Companion.

THE SMOKE THERE ARE RISINGING DROPPING
 THAT COMES NOT WITH THE MORNING,
 THEN ASK NOT WHY IT COMES SO SWIFT
 IN A HEAVEN AND WHILLY BURNING :
 AND ASK NOT WHY I SMILE SO
 YET WAS I BORN SINCE WE SPOKE,
 THAT SMILE HAS MINGLED W' THE DEW
 IN THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW.

MY DREAM'S WIND BLENDS WAS NOT O' NIGHT,
 NOT O' THE DAWN'S MORNING,
 THICE ON THE STREAM WAS SEEN THE GLEAM
 THAT SEEMED HIS SPIRIT RETURNING ;
 FOR SWORD-GIRT MEN CAME DOWN THE GLEN,
 AN HOUR BEFORE THE MORROW,
 AND PIERCED THE HEART, AYE TRUE TO MINE,
 IN THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW.

Oh ! there are red—red drops o' dew
 Upon the wild flower's blossom,
 But they couldna cool my burning brow,
 And shall not stain my bosom ;

But from the clouds o' yon dark sky,
A cold—cold shroud I'll borrow,
And long and deep shall be my sleep
In the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

Let this form the-bluid dyed flowerets press
By the heart o' him that loed me,
And I'll steal frae his lips a long—long kiss,
In the bower where oft he wooed me ;
For my arms shall fold, and my tresses shield
The form o' my death-cold marrow,
When the breeze shall bring the raven's wing
O'er the dowie dens o' Yarrow.

THE WEE AULD MAN.

AIR—" Guid Morning to Your Night-Cap."

ABOUT the closin' o' the day,
The wild green glen alang O,
A wee auld man cam' down this way
As fast as he could gang O ;
His hat was set awae aje,
And though his head was grey O,
His arm was wagging manfully
As in his youngest day O.

For he had vowed to hae O, to hae O, to hae O,
For he had vowed to hae O, a wifie o' his ain O,

He hastened into that wee house,
For unco weel kenned he O,
That there did live a virtuous lass,
And fair as fair could be O ;
He tauld the auld guid-dame he'd come
Her daughter Jean to woo O,
And if that she wad gang wi' him
She never should it rue O ;
For he had vowed to hae O, to hae O, to hae O,
For he had vowed to hae O, a wifie o' his ain O.

Said he, I've owsen, horse, and kye,
And sheep upon the hill O,
And mony a canty thing forbye,
That shall be at her will O ;
My wee bit house is clean and douce
As ony house can be O,
And few o' lassies wad refuse
A wooer sic as me O,
Since I hae vowed to hae O, to hae O, to hae O,
Since I hae vowed to hae O, a wifie o' my ain O.

The auld guid-wife replied in turn,
Up rising frae her stool O,
The lass that wad your proffer spurn
Wad surely be a fool O ;

She to the door made anxious haste,
And ca'd her daughter in O,
And when they roun' the fire were placed
The courtin' did begin O,
But this was no the way O, the way O, the way O,
But this was no the way O, a lassie's love to gain O.

The auld wee man his story tauld
Wi' crouse and canty glee O,
But Jeanie careless seemed, and cauld,
Nae love for him had she O.
I fear quo she, ye've played a part,
That I can ne'er be thine O,
Cam' ye to win my mother's heart,
Or cam' ye here for mine O ?
For this is no the way O, the way O, the way O,
For this is no the way O, a lassie's love to gain O.

Dear bairn be wise, the mother said,
And though ye've lads enew O,
Before I balked the proffer made,
I wad ken better how O :
Ye'll meet wi' mony a plackless coof,
That weel the heart may win O,
But puir-tith cauld, when 'neath the roof,
Dings love out at the jin* O,
And this is no the way O, the way O, the way O,
And this is no the way O, to make a house our ain O.

* Jin is the old Scotch term for window.

Young Jennie gave her curls a cast,
 And smil'd in leering stile O.
 Though it should come to this at last
 I'll rather wait awhile O.
 Just then a rap cam' to the door,
 And to the door she ran O.
 Said she, ye o'er may count your share
 To her that ye began O,
 For this is no the way O, the way O, the way O,
 For this is no the way O, a lassie's love to gain O.

Heigh me ! is thus the gamfrel game ?
 What will they yet come to O.
 For sense or mense alike there's nae
 In a' they say and do O :
 The auld wee man raice up, and dashed
 His cuttie* on the floor O.
 Then hussled up his shouders baith,
 And hastened to the door O ;
 Still vowing he wad hae O, wad hae O, wad hae O,
 Still vowing he wad hae O, a wife o' his ain O.

MY FOOTSTEP IS FAR.

AIR—"Katy Tyrrell."

My footstep is far on the dark waving heath
 That skirts, of St Mary, the lake's lonely shore,

* *Cuttie*—a short tobacco pipe.

The dust of the hero is slumbering beneath,
And the hills of my childhood rise lofty before;
But these hills thus so lovely, so lonely, and wild,
These mountains, the haunts of the famed and the
free,
These glens, where my earlier years were beguiled,
Can chain not my mem'ry Eliza from thee.

Like a being of bliss in the visions of night,
That the spirit may claim not the power to control,
Thine image of loveliness lives in the light,
And mingles its shade with the thought of my soul :
But oh ! wert thou here, with thy lover to stray,
How then were the cares of his bosom exiled !
Far, far from the homes of the living away,
How lovely wert thou 'mong the scenes of the wild !

The breezes would love thy long tresses to stir,
Breathing softly, and far, from the lake's lonely
waves,
And the shades of the minstrel, and warrior draw
near,
To bless the fair maiden that moved by their
graves :
And when from her chamber, afar in the sky,
The eve-star her journey arose to renew,
How often, to woo the bright beam of thine eye,
Would she linger the while on her pathway of blue

Our home were the cottage adown in yon glen
O'er hung with the boughs of the old hoary thorn,
Where comes not the pride, nor the malice of men,
But life is as pure as the dew's o' the morn;
And there would thy presence a pleasure impart,
To all of the living that round thee might be;
Oh! there were thy influence bliss to this heart,
Which grief cannot know but in absence of thee!

THE KIRNING.*

AIR—"Dainty Davie."

FRAE yonder hame, upon the brae,
Ae night twa gallant lads wad gae,
Right like themselves, and mony mae,
To see the bonnie lassies:
The winds awoke wi' sough and sigh,
And sterns glow'ed down what they might spy,
While hoolets hooted them guid bye,
As they gaed through the reshes;

* This was written in imitation of the olden song, and intended to illustrate (as now manifested) some of the remaining traits of the Border spirit, in a series of Poems entitled "Records of the Shepherd's Home."

And they o'er heather, bent, and stone,
On wad travel—fast wad travel;
If men hae time to sleep when gone,
They weel, meanwhile, may revel.

The ane was generous ploughman chiel,
Wi' bosom frank, as it was leal,
Nor yet had feared to face the deil,
Or ony danger greater;
The other was—nae trade ava—
Heaven near for bards employment saw,
Save, sending them to bliss us a',
And teach the ways o' nature,
But ploys hae been were ne'er excelled,
Dash and deval—height and level,
Some folk will fa' and no be felled,
When roughsome roads they travel.

The worldlin' weel had loed the ha',
Bien in yon bonnie greenwood shaw,
But lads on lassies love to ca',
And lassies whiles are kirning;
Sae lak-an-ee! they could na get,
For things are no sae rightly set,
But kirns themsel's will tak' the pet,
Though hearts wi' love were burning,

But they who ply it close grow keen,
 Kirn my lassies—kirn my lassies,
The warld is aulder since yestreen,
 And wooing time soon passes.

Wha kens na but that maids will ply,
When gallant lads are waiting nigh ;
A' labour's light when hopes are high,
 And they need nae o'er-seer
Whose hearts true love itsel' will drive,
For it keeps close, and a' alive,
And draw-backs only mak' it thrive,
 As blasts gar neeps grow freer ;
Then ply it lassies, close and keen,
 Kirn my lassies—kirn my lassies,
The heart will sigh though bowers be green,
 When beauty shuns the buses.

The lads sat down to tak' their crack,
And aye o' pettet kirns they spak',
Till out there cam' a menseless pack,
 Like foemen in a fluster ;
And they wad keek, and cower, and league,
Intending aye to hae a rig,
And gat it too wi' sma' fatigue,
 When they wad fairly muster :

Sae they set on the lads to chace,
 Racing after—chacing after—
It is the fashion o' our race
 A' leal warm hearts to pester.

But ane, a fitless maughaned wight,
Heels up, trowed in the dam out-right,
Another lap the quarry's height,
 Its bed and blocks embracing,
Another fell the harrows o'er,
And raised upon his shins a clower,
The last gat mair than a' the four
 To cure his crusty chacing :
But cuffs will cease when kirns will do,
 Kirn my lassies—kirn my lassies,
Work, work the wark and won to woo,
 There's few o' folk no fashies.

The ploughman lad was sair in love,
And sae might she he cam' to move,
The truth o' wooing nought can prove
 Mair deep, than wedding after,
The bard ne'er ance o' bridals thought,
And spake 'bout something or 'bout nought,
As bards can do, and surely ought,
 For outhier luck or laughter :

But leal are they when love has claim,
Tender-hearted—tender-hearted,
When dawn comes out, the sterns gang hame,
And then are wooers parted.

The warldly mind is ever bare,
For winning gear is weary care,
When keeping it brings muckle mair,
And mak's success disaster,
But love makes laverocks sweeter sing,
And cheers the winter, weel as spring,
And bliss can to the bosom bring,
That gars the fit gang faster,
Renewing feelings ever new,
True to nature—true to nature,
The gowan grows where aye it grew
Wi' youth in ilka feature.

But they wha chace may chance to slip,
Shins should be hard that harrows trip,
The gripper too may get a grip,
And wisest folk be learning ;
The cauldest things will whiles grow het,
And friends turn fremed who oft hae met,
But wha will wooing nights forget,
And that untoward kirning ?

Then pit the wark aye early bye,
Ply my lassies—ply my lassies,
'Tis waste to wait, and waur to sigh,
And wooing time soon passes.

SAE LOVELY AND LIGHTLY SHE TRIPPED
O'ER THE LEE.

SAE lovely and lightly she tripped o'er the lee,
The hill-breeze came sighing to meet her,
And the laverock gave o'er, and seemed like to dee
That it couldna sing safter and sweeter;
But the blackbird spak' out frae the birken bower,
"Ye never will woo at the gloaming hour,"
Then said it aye wi' a sweet wild-power,
"This is na the way to treat her!"

For if ye would woo and would win a maid,
Though on earth there was never a fairer,
If ye even should gie her the haill o' your plaid
Ye'll hae the mair claim on the wearer:
For the heart grows warm when the bield is bica,
And whispers sweet, wi' sma' space between,
And aye a' the mair, 'tis the mair unseen,
That ye hae been the blessed sharer.

Maist flowerets mair fade ere the leaflets fa',
But the mountains are warm in the winter,
And hae sings the bird in the greenwood shaw
Where true love delights to venture,
Then spare na to speed through the breakan-dell,
Though she ev'n should say that she loves not well,
For man never kenned—if she kens herself,
Where the love of a fair maid wad centre.

O! I wad stray where the storm-clouds are stayed
On the cauld mountain tops for ever,
If I yet might return, and won the fair maid
That blooms in yon bower by the river;
For sweeter is she than the scene we see,
When the gloaming is faulting the gowan's e'e,
And meek her mind, and frae guile as free
As when it was gi'en by the Giver.*

THE LEAL AND LOVELY.

AIR—"Hand up a Heart that's Sinking Under."

THOUGH sae cauld aye runs the stream,
When the winter wreath is waning,

* This Song, and the one immediately following, are taken from "The Dutiful Daughter," an unpublished dramatic tale, illustrative of rural life.

Caulder life itself would seem
Absent from the loved remaining ;
Something speaks aye to the breast,
Saying still, the mair to move me,
How can ever man be blessed
If he's parted from the lovely.

Than the hawthorn down yon glen,
What in nature can be sweeter ?
Only her of whom we ken,
When beneath its boughs we meet her !
Bliss arrives and care departs,
While each moment o'er us moving,
Seals it deeper on the hearts
Of the warmly leal and loving.

When oh ! when ye weary sun,
Thus sae bright o'er nature shining,
Shall ance mair thy race be run
Lowly in the west declining,
Pause not thus—in pity haste,
Letting gloaming's shades remove thee,
How shall man find bliss or rest
Parted from the leal and lovely ?

THE HEATH IS NOT FADED YOU BROUGHT

Set to music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq., and published in
his volume of Original Melodies.

THE heath is not faded you brought,
When, wandering, we sought
The sun-lighted scenes of the mountain,
The storms have been here, yet the blooms are not
sear,
But fair as they were by the fountain.

The rest of the flowers though more bright
Were all drooping ere night,
Their stems but the heath now are wreathing,—
Thus soonest depart, all these vows of the heart,
That seem to us sweetest in breathing.

Then for me if ever be wove
A gay garland of love,
Let it be of the wild mountain heather :
Bring—bring not the flowers, from the garden and
bowers,
They wither—too early they wither !

THE LADDIE THAT'S DEAREST.

AIR—"The Cuckoo's Nest."

THERE's dew in the rose's breast, and hinny in the
haw,

And love in my lad's heart, though he be far awa',
There's true love in his heart, and language in his
e'e,

He's the bonnie, bonnie laddie that's dearest to me.
My bonnie, bonnie laddie, O ! how can I forget !
His breath is like the morn, and his locks are like
the jet,

His name is in the sang o' ilk bird upon the tree,
He's the bonnie, bonnie laddie that's dearest to me.

What though my bonnie laddie has little gowd or
land ?

Has he not worth that he can sit, where others dare
na stand ?

Ae blink o' him is mair than a' the wealth o' land
or sea,

The bonnie, bonnie laddie that's dearest to me.
My bonnie, bonnie laddie when he comes back again,
Will a' his tales o' love renew, and free this heart
frae pain,

And blythely will I meet, again aneath the trysting-
tree,
The bonnie, bonnie laddie that's dearest to me.

Baith soon and late they jeer me, and say I sair will
rue,
For trowing sic as he, in love, wad prove for ever
true,
But I will let them jeer their fill, when ance again
I see

The bonnie, bonnie laddie that's dearest to me.
My bonnie, bonnie laddie will fauld me to his breast,
When the dew is on the lawn, and the star is in
the east,
And I will own my heart-felt love, in language fond
and free,
To the bonnie, bonnie laddie that's dearest to me.

The bird's sang is sweet amang the birks o' yonder
wee shaw,
And sweet is a' the greenwood glen, when simmer
breezes blaw,
But weel ken I what is mair sweet, than aught o'
earth can be,
The bonnie, bonnie laddie that's dearest to me.
My bonnie, bonnie laddie has won this heart o'
mine,
And now though he be far away, my hope I'll ne'er
resign,

For I will love with faithfu' heart, until the day I
dee,
The bonnie, bonnie laddie that's dearest to me.

THE WILD GREEN LINKS O' LIDDISDALE.

AIR—"Duncan Davison."

GAE bring the garland for the brow,
And twine it wi' the heather brown,
'And let the bard ance mair renew
His sang before his sun gaes down :
For we will ne'er forget the day
That brought our Border chief this way,
To grace wi' a' his grand array
The wild green links o' Liddisdale.

There're some rin east, and some rin west,
And some rin roads that they may rue,
But few will no deem that the best
That brings them where they meet Buccleugh ;
Our flocks stray o'er his hills sae wide,
And we hae house, and hauld beside,
And weel may we be proud to ride
Wi' him the links o' Liddisdale.

I ken he'll play the generous part,
 That Scotland yet shall joy to view,
 For he has a' his mother's heart,—
 The ae best heart the world e'er knew :—
 And had she lived to see the day,
 When Liddle bore this proud array,
 Ae smile frae her had blessed for aye
 Ilk heart that beats in Liddisdale.

Wild Eskdale sent her generous sons,
 And Ewes, my auld dear native vale,
 And Cannobie poured forth its clans,
 And Jed, and doughty Teviotdale ;
 The lads that wadna finch their lord,
 At bow or brand, at ba' or board,
 Whene'er he liked to gie the word
 Among the links o' Liddisdale.

I hae nae gear to mak' me proud,
 Nor will, I trow, to shift my hame,
 But I'll be tossed aount the clud,
 Ere I brook word that wrangs his name ;
 We love him for his generous mind,
 And heart, as dauntless, as its kind,
 Whose warmth I trow is no confined
 Alane to those in Liddisdale.

Yet Liddle weel may lilt a strain,
 And brag while she has breath to blaw,
 Since she can ca' the friend her ain
 The best that Scotland ever saw,
 Fair fa' the gallant guid Lord John,
 The lad whose worth shall yet be known,
 That e'er he reined his charger on
 The wild green links o' Liddisdale.

Brave Elcho, and yon Heelan' lad,
 Might weel be blythe on sic a day,
 And if, by chance, they should be ca'd
 To rule the roast another way,
 They'll find us still as stoutly join
 The Chieftain, o' sae choice a line,
 As did our sires, when they lang-syne,
 Played other games in Liddisdale.

I love to hear the laverock sing,
 The blackbird on the budding tree,
 I love my country and my King,
 And a' its clans frae sea to sea ;
 And ilka heart that staunchly true
 Will play the part it ne'er shall rue ;—
 Then here's to Scotland and Buccleugh,
 And a' the lads o' Liddisdale,

OH ! SPEAK NOT—SPEAK NOT OF THE FLOWERS.

**OH ! SPEAK NOT—SPEAK NOT OF THE
FLOWERS.***

A.S.—The Weaver's Daughter.*

Oh ! speak not—speak not of the flowers,
That future days shall bring ;
Name not again the greenwood bowers,
And tell not of the spring.
These are the words which madden thought,
The sounds that sere this heart !
Ah ! wouldst thou have the moments brought
When we again must part ?

Could I not wish that ne'er did wake
The birds that now are dumb ?
Could I not wish, even for thy sake,
That spring might never come ?
To cheer the lonely woe-worn mind
What shall its sweets convey,
When I am lingering far behind,
And thou art far away ?

* This Song was written for, and published in, the Second Edition of R. A. SMITH'S "Irish Minstrel."

Would that the storms that sweep the sky
Would still their power retain ;
Would that the shades which round us lie
The step of time could chain,
Or else that fortune's icy sway
Would change that cold decree,
Which destines thee to pass away
When brighter days shall be.

But I will roam not o'er the blooms,
Nor mark the dews that shine ;
No floweret that with spring-tide comes
Shall wreath these locks of mine ;
I fear—I hate the thought of spring
Thus trembling o'er the heart,
Since it the dreary hour shall bring
When we again must part !

LOVE DECAYED.

The AIR by R. A. SMITH.*

'MONG scenes all lonely I'll wander only,
By wild, and woodland, and joyless stream,
The garlands twining, and still repining,
Of love and pleasure no longer dream :

* See his " Introduction to Singing. '

I loved him dearly, and too sincerely,
For hearts can wander, and hopes can fade,
And death that seizes the life it freezes
Has not the coldness of love decayed.

Chill winds are creeping round flowers now sleeping,
Among the dampness of evening dew,
But bright-eyed morning again returning,
Will yet their bosoms to joy renew :
But mine, ah ! never, from woe shall sever
Till in death's chamber all lowly laid,
There it may moulder, yet not be colder,
Than is the coldness of love decayed.

ADOWN THE BURN.

AIR—"Willie was a Wanton Wag."

ADOWN the burn beneath the shaw,
There grows a bonnie birken tree,
That waves aboon the water-fa'
Whene'er the breeze comes o'er the lee,
And there the bard will sighing sit,
And make the burden o' his maen,
O ! I will love auld Scotland yet
For a' that yet has come and gaen.

Fu' mony a heart o' gallant worth
Has left, for lands ayont the sea,
Our bonnie mountains o' the north,
We'll mourn for till the day we dee ;
But time may flee, and friends may flit,
Yet change wi' me, in this, there's nane,
For I will love auld Scotland yet
For a' that yet is come and gane.

They'll plant the waff aboon the wise,
The false o' heart aboon the true,
And selfish aims and ends devise,
That a' will feel, and a' maun rue ;
But though they lightly worth and wit,
I'll stand, though I should stand alane,
And lift my voice for Scotland yet,
For a' that yet is come and gane.

I'll ne'er gang to another land
Unless I can the pathway trace,
Bearing wi' me, through heaven's command,
My ain to plant it in its place ;
And Scotland's cauld, and cludy sky,
Maun thither, too, be wi' me taen,
For 'neath it I will live and die
For a' that yet is come and gane.

THE BOWER OF THE WILD.

Set to Music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq., and published in
his volume of Original Melodies.

I formed a green bower by the rill o' yon glen,
Afar from the din, and the dwellings of men,
Where still I might linger in many a dream,
And mingle my strains wi' the voice o' the stream.
From the cave and the cliff, where the hill foxes
 roam,
Where the earn has his nest, and the raven his
 home,
I brought the young flower-buds, ere yet they had
 smiled,
And taught them to bloom round my bower of the
 wild.

But the fair maidens came from yon vale far away,
And sought my lone grotto, still day after day,
And soon were the stems of their fair blossoms
 shorn,
That the flowers of the bard might their ringlets
 adorn :
Full fair were they all, but the maiden most fair,
Would still have no flower, till I pulled it with care,
And gentle, and simple, and modest, and mild,
She stole my lone heart in the bower of the wild.

The summer is past, and the maidens are gone,
And this heart, like my grotto, is withered and lone,
And yet with the winter I'll cease not to mourn,
Unless with the blossoms these fair ones return.
Oh ! had they ne'er come, or had ne'er gone away,
I sing in my sorrow, still day after day ;
The scene seems a desert—the charm is exiled,
And woe to my blooms, and my bower of the wild.

YOUNG AND LOVELY MARY.

AIR—" O'er the Muir amang the Heather."

It is na lang since nature formed
A lovelier and a sweeter maiden,
Than e'er before the walks adorned
Aroun' the towers o' fair Dunedin.

CHORUS.

Young and lovely now is Mary,
Kind, and pure, and true, is Mary,
Nae sun e'er smiled o'er wood or wild,
That ever smiled sae sweet as Mary.

In beauty a' her ain, and bright
Walks Mary, fairer than the morning,
Mair mild than day's departing light,
When eve is o'er the world returning.
Young and lovely, &c.

Her voice is sweet, her mind is pure,
Her skin the snaw that cleeds the mountain,
She's meek as th' image of a flower
Reflected frae the crystal fountain,
Young and lovely, &c.

To lure to love nae prudish arts
Needs Mary e'er, nor are they in her,
Her very shadow stirs the hearts
O' men to love, and woo, and win her.
Young and lovely, &c.

The moon her wanderings may forget,
The sun his course in heaven vary,
The stars, nae mair to rise, may set,
But I will still remember Mary.
Young and lovely, &c.

THE HEART'S HOME.

AIR—"Lieber Augustine."

THOUGH tempests were sounding, and dangers surrounding,
I would I were bounding o'er ocean's wild foam ;
There's one there could render a bliss deep and tender,
And there 'mid the grandeur, this heart find a home.

The wild winds of heaven, grow calm with the even,
Nor clouds more are driven o'er nature's vast dome:
But still lone and wasting, and peace never tasting,
This heart for its resting can here find no home.

O ! could my devotion but chain the wild ocean,
Or 'mid its commotion, my love cease to roam ;
Then solitude spurning, I'd fly from my mourning,
When with his returning my heart found a home.

THE SKY-LARK.

Written for a Welch Air of that name, and published in R.
A. SMITH'S Select Melodies.

FROM the lowly wild-flower springing,
Dawning smiles to list thy singing,
Songster of the morn ;
While the shades that night flung o'er thee,
Melt away in light before thee,
As thou'rt upwards borne.
Far above the plover's wailing,
Far where scarce a breeze can stray,
Thou art now the radiance hailing
Near the eye-lids of the day,
As o'er yon golden cloudlets sailing,
Onward and away.

Through these realms of light to revel,
Would that I like thee could travel,
Fond of heart and free !
Where thy sweetest hymn is swelling
Round the seraphs cloud-wove dwelling,
I would roam with thee.
Thou hast left the gloom which slumbers
O'er the scenes that live to die ;

And no more thy varied numbers
Wake for those below the sky,
Nor care, nor wo thy heart encumbers,
All with thee is joy.

THE GREENWOOD SAE BONNIE.

AIR—"The Bonnie House o' Airly."

WE'LL a hie away to the greenwood the day
Where the wee birds are busy singing,
And the white rose wide spread o'er-masters the red,
Where the sweet honey-suckle is hinging;
The garlands we'll twine o' the wild flowers sae fine,
That grow on yon green brae sae sunny,
And sit in the shaw boon the streams foaming fa',
Where the greenwood grows aye sae bonnie.

Frae the hames o' a' men, far, far up the glen,
Sae gay wi' the green moorland breakan,
We'll tell o'er the tale o' the maid o' Wardale,
Who died o' her false one forsaken;
And we'll sing the sweet sang that she wont aye to
sing,
For still it seems sweetest o' ony;
Though a tear frae the heart, to the e'e it may bring,
While it rings through the greenwood sae bonnie.

We'll speak o' the friends that are now far away,
And recall wi' a fond, fond endeavour,
The tender and true things, they here wont to say,
In the beauty of faith and of favour.
O! sweet to the bloom is the blink o' the sun,
And sweet to the bee is the honey,
But sweeter true love to the hearts it has won,
When they meet in the greenwood sae bonnie.

We'll build love a bower o' the green leaf and flower,
And the heath-bell brought far frae the moor-
land,
And weave a' the grot wi' sweet forget-me-not,
And twine our ain hearts in ilk garland.
Though love be an orphan right oft 'neath the sky,
As estranged frae the hearts o' fu' mony,
It near shall be sae where the hill-breezes sigh,
And the greenwood grows aye sae bonnie.

Mair meet for the brow is the green birken bough,
Where strife comes to waken nae quarrel,
Than a' the proud fame that the lofty can claim
'Neath the leaves o' the bluid-tainted laurel.
'Tis peace—gentle peace, that brings plenty aye—
aye,
And contentment is mair far than money ;
'Tis love—love itsel', gars the world look sae gay,
And the greenwood to grow a' sae bonnie !

THE FAIR ONE'S CHOICE.

AIR—"The Minstrel Boy."

OH! he whom this heart shall truly love,
Must never from falsehood borrow
A word or sigh that is aimed to move
This bosom with joy or sorrow ;
For kind and true still must be his heart,
With nought in it to reprove him,
But love me warmly, and free from art,
Even as I still shall love him.

He shall not woo me with soul-sick sigh,
Nor with vow, and tear-wet token,
But speak the love with his generous eye,
That no lips have ever spoken ;
And well must he love his native isle,
And well the kin that are nearest,
But keep for me the one sweet smile
That tells me I still am dearest.

I'd have him love to wander among
The wilds where the streamlets wimple,
And love alike the bold warrior song,
And the strain that is sweetly simple ;

So shall our hopes and our joys be one,
While time is over us fleeting,
And our hearts together in love live on,
Or together cease from beating.

LOVE AND RETIREMENT.

AIR—"Noch Bonin Shin Doe."

WHEN the fair star of eve is its beauty displaying,
Afar 'mid the deep shaded blue of the sky,
Adown the green glen where the streamlet is straying,
And the soft winds of evening unceasingly sigh;
How blessed were this heart—there, how blessed to
behold thee,
In all thine own beauty, so lovely and dear,
While the vows should be breathed, or the tales
should be told thee,
That the loving of heart ne'er grow weary to hear.

And there when the feelings thy spirit prevaded,
That all the rapt thrill of true love can convey,
As if by the touch of that being who made it,
Driving earth, and its cares, from remembrance
away;

O! would not thy bosom fond longings discover,
That we in the green glen might ever remain,
Where thus thou couldst live in the bliss of a lover,
And taste not the woes of the cold world again?

The leaves, by the blast, from the oak may be shaken,
Ere yet be decayed all their beauty of green,
The gem from its lair in the rock may be taken,
In which it has lain through the time that has
been :

But love in the soul, and the heart's fervent feeling,
Has taught in the years of our youthhood to grow,
Shall live—therein live, when the spirit is stealing
Away from the relic that ceases to glow.*

THE EYE'S TIDINGS.

Air—"Jockie's Grey Brecks."

No tidings would I ask but those
Thine eye is fitted to reveal,
If from a heart the language rose,
That felt such love as mine can feel;
Then though thy lips no tale might tell,
Or spoke thy feelings to deny,
Still could I mark, and still know well
The truth, by tidings of thine eye.

* This Song, set to the air above mentioned, was first published in R. A. Barry's Irish Minstrel.

And oh ! how blissful thus to learn
From stars so bright, a knowledge such,
When others near might not discern
What came to charm my soul so much ;
Even now my thought—my dream of this,
Can chace the night of life away,
And bring my mind the dawn of bliss,
That then would brighten into day.

And thou wert to my heart more dear,
Than ought of time can ever be,
But still my hopes are all of fear,
And tremble as they turn to thee ;
I see the light thine eyes impart,
And still the radiance is divine,
But ah ! it beams not from the heart,
And it is all too much for mine !

THE CROOK AND PLAID.

AIR—" The Ploughman."

I WINNA love the laddie that ca's the cart and pleugh,
Though he should own that tender love, that's only
felt by few,
For he that has this bosom a', to fondest love be-
trayed,

Is the faithfu' shepherd laddie that wears the crook
and plaid;
For he's aye true to his lassie—he's aye true to
his lassie,
Who wears the crook and plaid.

At morn he climbs the mountains wild, his fleecy
flocks to view,
While o'er him sweet the laverock sings, new sprung
frae 'mang the dew,
His doggie frolics roun' and roun', and may not weel
be stayed,
Sae blythe it is the laddie wi', that wears the crook
and plaid;
And he's aye true, &c.

At noon he leans him down upon the high and
heathy fell,
And views his flocks beneath him a', fair feeding in
the dell,
And there he sings the sangs o' love, the sweetest
ever made,
Oh ! how happy is the laddie that wears the crook
and plaid;
And he's aye true, &c.

He pu's the bells o' heather red, and the lilly-flower
sae meek,
Ca's the lilly like my bosom, and the heath bell like
my cheek,

His words are sweet and tender, as the dew's
heaven shed,
And weel I love to list the lad who wears the crook
and plaid;
For he's aye true, &c.

When the dew's begin to fauld the flowers, and
gloaming shades draw on,
When the star comes stealing through the sky,
the kye are on the loan,
He whistles through the glen sae sweet, the heart
lighter made,
To ken the laddie hameward hies, who wears
crook and plaid;
For he's aye true, &c.

Beneath the spreading hawthorn gray, that's growin'
in the glen,
He meets me in the gloaming aye, when nane
earth can ken,
To woo and vow, and there I trow, whatever may
said,
He kens aye unco weel the way to rowe me in
plaid;
For he's aye true, &c.

The youth o' many riches may to his fair
ride,
And woo across the table cauld, his madam-tit
bride,

THOUGH NO TIME SHOULD E'ER RESTORE THEE. 343

But I'll gang to the hawthorn gray, where cheek to
cheek is laid,
Oh! nae wooers like the laddie that rowes me in his
plaid;
And he's aye true, &c.

To own the truth o' tender love, what heart wad no
comply,
Since love gives purer happiness than aught aneath
the sky,
If love be in the bosom, then the heart is ne'er afraid,
And through life I'll love the laddie that wears the
crook and plaid;
For he's aye true, &c.

THOUGH NO TIME SHOULD E'ER RESTORE
THEE.

AIR—"Roy's Wife of Aldavallah."

CHORUS.

THOUGH no time should e'er restore thee
To this heart, that must adore thee,
Still foraye, by night and day,
Thine image lives in light before me.

Still I see that bosom white,
As the cloud on heaven sleeping,
And that eye, like heaven's ain light,
Watch still o'er thy wanderer keeping ;
Though no time, &c.

Fair thou art, and deeply pure
As the star that cheers the gloaming,
Tender as the early flower,
On the grave of childhood blooming ;
Though no time, &c.

Nature, beauteous, and sublime,
Spreads her charms where'er we wander,
But 'tis love in every clime,
Breathes enchantment o'er the grandeur ;
Though no time, &c.

Still I sigh o'er moments blessed,
When our hearts could know no mourning—
When each thought my soul expressed,
Thine its echo seemed returning ;
Though no time, &c.

But by all that joy imparts,
Though we long may be deserted,
Love, like sun shall warm our hearts,
And shine when shadows are departed ;
Though no time, &c.

THOU ART A' SAE SWEET AND BONNIE.

AIR—"Roy's Wife of Aldavallah."

CHORUS.

THOU art a' sae sweet and bonnie,
Nane was e'er like thee my Annie,
Of a' joy, below the sky,
Like to this there ne'er was ony.

Sae thy love my bosom warms,
I can spurn a' earthly pleasure,
Matched wi' thy celestial charms,
What is a' the world's wide treasure?
Thou art a', &c.

Thee when I was wont to woo,
Still when present love was pleasing,
But when parted, through and through,
Painful pangs the heart were seizing;
Thou art a', &c.

Now earth's happiest lot is mine—
Now, though I've nae heart to gie thee,
Mutual love brings bliss divine,
Thus while night and day I'm wi' thee;
Thou art a', &c.

I might have the warf' gone through,
Still ilk true comfort missing,
But kind heaven, in giving you,
Gave me its supremest blessing ;
Thou art a' do.

THOSE HOURS I SPENT WITH THEE.

Set to Music by PETER McLEOD, Esq., and published
his Original Melodies.

THE faded leaves were falling fast,
When first that eye's bright ray,
A radiance o'er this spirit cast
That hath not passed away ;
For like a star-beam from the sky,
It lights my soul to see
Those blissful hours of days gone by—
Those hours I spent with thee.

How many know a dark regret,
To think how moments fleet,
Since, those who could be blessed when me
In life so seldom meet ;

I HEARD THEM SAY THIS VALE WAS GREEN. 347

But thus though darkness gathers o'er
The thoughts that else were free,
Still, still, 'tis but to brighten more
Those hours I spent with thee.

Still fortune round that heart of thine
Shall her fair charms unfold,
When all her smiles are dark to mine,
And all her shadows cold ;
But life shall all prove colder yet,
And darker fortune be,
Ere mem'ry's hallowed powers forget
Those hours I spent with thee.*

I HEARD THEM SAY THIS VALE WAS GREEN.†

I HEARD them say this vale was green,
And lovely as it e'er had been,
But ah ! they thought not of the form
That here was wont to move,
And knew not of the blissful charm
That here this heart could prove,

* This was originally written to the Air " Gramachree."

† First published in R. A. SMITH'S Introduction to Singing,
as set to Paxton's Air in Rossini.

Ere she, who bore so bright a bloom,
Was sleeping in the cold, cold tomb !

Lost is that smile of love and light,
That made the sky and earth more bright,
And there are voices in the stream,
That speak of man's decay,
While all the scene of life would seem
Waste as a winter day,
And what this vale has been to me,
Again—again it ne'er can be !

HOW PURE IS THE BOSOM.

ARB—"O'er the Water to Charlie." (*The Old Set.*)

How pure is the bosom that's dearest to mine,
While the face, in its loveliness, smiling,
This heart, with all shades that true beauty combine,
Still round her, and round her seems wiling,
The dews of the dawn on the flowers of the lawn,
The lillies and wild roses blowing,
And the pure stars of light on the bosom of night,
Seem blended, and shed o'er my soul and my sight,
And my heart with true love still is glowing.

Nought from her my thought can a moment remove,
She all my fond fancy is proving,
Oh! nought in the world seems worthy of love,
But the maid that this bosom is loving;
Her heart all so kind, and all lovely her mind,
As the flower by the fountain fringe growing,
And melting her sigh, as the hymn of the sky,
When the spirits of even are hovering nigh,
And my heart with true love still is glowing.

'Tis lovely when spring-tide returns o'er the land,
The forest and dells all adorning,
And when the green mountains, so lofty and grand,
Are arrayed in the smiles of the morning;
But nought that the spring over nature can bring,
Its beauty and blessing bestowing,
Though all that is shade, were in rainbows arrayed,
And the light all in stars, yet were fair as the maid,
For whom thus my heart still is glowing.

The rocks of the mountains may rise from their rest,
And heave as the waves of the ocean,
And the billows that roll on that element's breast,
Be chained as the mountains from motion;
And the wide and fair range, of all nature thus change,
From courses in which it is going,
Ere this spirit of mine, shall a spark so divine,
Of soul-felt esteem and affection resign,
That thus for the maiden is glowing.

THE BRIDE O' CORRIE.

Ans—"The Wind Blaws through the Barley."

Now Johnnie lad, yoursel' prepare,
Ne'er look sae saft and sorrie,
For folk at hame ye ne'er wad care,
And ye maun gang to Corrie ;
The morn it is the bridal-day,
And it your wae will soften,
To see the lassie wed away,
That ye hae wooed sae often ;
Ye maun gang—ye maun gang,
Ye maun gang to Corrie,
Ye maun gang—ye maun gang
The weel-kenned way to Corrie.

O' sic a theme let me alane,
If painfu' or if pleasin',
When back our wark sae lang has lain,
I've other tow a-teezin' :
The trim that stirs ye to this fuss
Will mak' ye mair neglectet,
And maids can thole it ill, when thus
Wi' bridal freaks infecket ;

I winna gang—I wadna gang,
I winna gang to Corrie,
I winna gang—I wadna gang,
For a' the lands afore me.

But waur, lad, 'tis wi' them wha woo
To won baith wife and money,
Yet after a' the web fa' thro',
And lose what was sae bonnie ;
And if 'tis sae, I've kenned ye gae
When far ye less were idle,
I'm sure ye'll no begrudge ae day
To grace your fair one's bridal ;
Ye maun gang—ye maun gang,
Ye maun gang to Corrie,
Ye maun gang—ye maun gang
The blythesome way to Corrie.

Nay, ten lang miles it is and mair,
And if I should gae thither
I soon, and sure, wad rue it sair,
In siccan famous weather ;
Forbye, I hae the kiln to beet,
Wi' fuel late and early,
For though we've hap'd to lose our wheat,
We maunna lose the barley ;
I winna gang—I wadna gang,
I winna gang to Corrie,
I winna gang—I wadna gang
For a' the lands afore me.

But ance lad, ye wad think na shame,
To trodge it slyly thither,
And leave as guid as she at hame,
In a kin-kinds o' weather;
I've kenned ye gang, though storms blew strang,
And thunners dunnered o'er ye,
Oft twice a-week, and a to seek,
Yon bonnie bride at Corrie;
Ye maun gang—ye maun gang,
Ye maun gang to Corrie,
Ye maun gang—ye maun gang
This ance for a' to Corrie.

She will be trig, and blythe as fair,
Wi' ilk e'e staring on her;
The bridegroom, too, will hae that air,
Whilk says—"ye see I've won her;
She daffed awee wi' sic as ye,
And ne'er a fig cared for ye,
Sae ye shall get the bridal glee,
And I the bride o' Corrie."
Ye maun gang—ye maun gang,
Ye maun gang to Corrie,
Ye maun gang—ye maun gang
Ance mair, dear John, to Corrie.

Blythe lads and lassies will be there,
And sure ye'll be delighted,
To see the priest pack up the pair,
Wi' hearts and hands a' righted;

And ye may weel hae mair than this,
For though that they be weddet,
Ye'll surely get ae fareweel kiss
Afore the bride is beddet ;
Ye maun gang—ye maun gang,
Ye maun gang to Corrie,
Ye maun gang—ye maun gang
This ance for a' to Corrie.

Ay, lass, if fancy lent to thee,
I weel—weel might be sorry,
To think, what maidens here will be,
When they're sic jilts at Corrie ;
But if I thus the skathe can bear,
I too, may brook the scorning,
'Twere strange, should I for woman care
On sic a famous morning ;
I winna gang—I wadna gang,
I wadna gang to Corrie,
I winna gang—I wadna gang
For a' the lands afore me.

'TIS SAD FOR THE LOVER TO SIT IN THE
BOWER.

'Tis sad for the lover to sit in the bower,
Though all its wild branches be bonnily blooming,

54 THE SAIL FOR THE LOVER TO SET IN THEIR BOWER.

THE WINDY TO WAIL IN THE NIGHT'S SILENT HOUR.

WHEN NOTHING BUT DARK TO THE DAWN IS COMING:
THE VALLES ARE DEEP, AND THE MOUNTAINS ARE HIGH.

THAT IS SINCE THE KNOWN HAS BEEN WANDERING OVER
AND THAT WERE THE DAWN OF DAY, WOULD DAILY
HER PRESENCE TO TENDER THE HEART OF HER LOVER.

A WAKE THEN THE CURRENT IS LOST IN ITS RACE,

AND MORTALS ARE SEIZING THEIR SENSES IN SLUMBER.
OH! THINK BUT OF HIM, WHO UNBLESSED IN THE BOWER,

SITS LONELY THE MOMENTS OF MIDNIGHT AS NUMBER:
THE BARK OF THE WILD OX COMES IN FROM THE HILL,
THE WOLF FOR THE DEEP DILL IS MOURNFULLY CRYING,
BUT THE BARK SHALL BE WITH THEM, PROTECTING THEM STILL.
AS YE WEND TOWARDS HIM IN THE GREENWOOD THAT'S
SIGHING.

AND LASTY! THOUGH DAMP BE THE STEP IN THE DEW.

AND CHILLED THE FAIR CHEEK BY THE BREEZES OF EVEN.
THE SPIRITS OF PURITY ROUND THEE SHALL STREW

THE BLISS OF THEIR HOMES FROM THE CLOUDLETS OF
HEAVEN.

WHEN SET IN THE WILD-WOOD, ALL CARE SHALL BE FLED,

AND DAWN COME TOO SOON THE TRUE-HEARTED TO SEVER,
WHOSE BOOMS, BY LOVE TO EACH OTHER SO WED,
WERE BLESSED, THOUGH THEIR HOME WERE THE GREEN-
WOOD FOR EVER!

THE VOICE OF WINTER.

Air—"O Love will venture in."

THE summer is away, and the winter coming on,
The mists are on the mountains gray,
And nature a' is lone,
The gowans in the glen, and the daisies on the green,
Are gone alas! that none can ken,
That ever they have been.

The birdie had a bower, and it loved the leafy tree,
Where it mixed its sang, frae hour to hour,
With the murmur of the bee;
The stream ran clear below, and the dews lay
round, and round,
But the bird and bud have left the wud,
And the bee is under ground.

The summer is away, and the winter is right near,
I hear his voice frae day to day,
Ere ever he appear;
It either is his voice I hear, or the awful voice of
time,
And keen and cold, he'll soon unfold,
His energies sublime.

High in the West-mill-glen, in mountain haill and
 fast wat by nooman wiald, and glen,
 The vompens for the land :
 He'll make us singe be fit, in the stormy region
 sing
 There having at his heart and belt,
 The cast re-singeries sing.

What will we do in days, when our music is confus'd
 To the wailing of the windstrains,
 In the ever stormy wind ?
 When the fox howls on his way, through the water
 dis-laden with
 The snow, that hide from him his prey.
 Fire-lashon wreathes beneath ?

The deepy drear when night, comes on three hours
 us soon,
 When the sun is cold, and gives no light,
 And comfortless the moon,
 When Winter, proud in power, pours all his fury
 forth,
 And chokes what he can not devour,
 On the tempest-smitten earth.

I will dern me in the folds, where the bonnie bairnies
 lie,
 And go not forth unto his wolds,
 Where he makes the wanderers die,

I may listen to his strain, but I will not praise his
lay,
For I love no minstrels that have ta'en
The beautiful away.

He has not left the flower, nor one leaf upon the
tree,
For he sends before, a secret power,
Though himself we cannot see,
I hear—I hear his hymn, but I will not praise his
lay,
For I love no minstrel stern and grim,
Takes the beautiful away.

THE WEE BIRD.

WHY sings the wee bird sae late on the tree,
Round-a-lay, round-a-lay mildly,
And then aye again will change its sad glee,
And sing it mair waesome, and wildly?

It fears me sweet bird ye are far—far frae hame,
Or hae the false-hearted beguiled ye,
That ye wad take up sic a wearifu' theme,
And sing it sae waesome and wildly?

Did father and mother forsake their ain ha',
And left but the kin that reviled ye,
That thus ye sit late in the greenwood shaw,
And sing out thy sorrows sae wildly?

Or are ye come here frae some dear loed land,
Frae whilk some sad fate has exiled ye,
When ye couldna fortune, and friends command,
To sing by my grotto sae wildly?

Sweet bird, aye methinks, ye wad seem to say,
That I into my bosom hae wiled ye,
Or stolen the notes o' thy lanelisome lay,
That ye wake aye another sae wildly.

But if ye, sweet bird, wad indeed now come down,
O! sure I wad treat ye aye mildly,
If ye wad but promise me, late nor soon,
To sing thus sae waesome and wildly.

For if sae ye did ye wad break this lone heart,
And aid a' the rest that reviled me,
When doomed frae my true love sas lang—lang to
part,
And suffer my sorrows sae wildly.*

* This, together with the simple song immediately following, are extracted from "The Heart's Own Debt," a poetic romance of the vale of Clyde.

THE TRUE YET SHALL LIVE WITH THE TRUE.

AIR—" My lodging is on the cold ground."

OH ! could is the power that but lives to devour,
Then alak ! for the kind and the few,
Who live, to live on, till their care shall be gone,
And the true shall be aye with the true ;
The breezes are cauld, and the mountains grow auld,
Then alak ! for the joys that we knew,
But the heart has a ray that shall live o'er decay,
When the true shall have met with the true.

The wild flowerets blaw, but they wither and a',
Then alak ! for the day and the dew,
But the mind has a bloom where the frost canna
come,
When the true shall have met with the true ;
The form that was fair is o'er-casten wi' care,
And life here again ne'er is new,
But the thought kens a road that the step never
trode,
And the true yet shall meet with the true.

The cheek had a smile, that the cauldest might wile
Frae the proud things, that mortals pursue,
But the tear frae the heart gars the smile aye depart,
When the true canna meet with the true ;

But the brave, aye are brave, by the wild and the
wave,

Then a-hey, and a lilly-lu,

For the day yet shall come, that shall dear be to
some,

When the true aye shall live with the true.

THE BONNIE GREEN SHAW.

AIR—"Love came to the door o' my heart." By PETER
M'LEOD, Esq.

OH! come my love to the bonnie green shaw,

When the sun o' the summer is low,

Oh! come when the dew drops begin to fa',

And the sang o' the blackbird to flow;

The flowerets are fair in the bonnie green shaw,

Where the birks and the breer boughs twine,

But thou art the loveliest floweret of a',

And dear to this bosom of mine.

The saft breezes shall blaw on thy bonnie white breast,

Where the neck-lawn is faulded bye,

And the star-light come frae the hames o' the blessed,

To meet with the beam of thine eye;

The streamlet shall lift up its voice in the glen,

And murmur its sang in our ear,

But nane 'neath the azure of heaven shall ken

O' the hearts to ilk other sae dear.

Then come my love to the bonnie green shaw,
And blissful our meeting shall be,
For a life-time, though spent in true happiness a',
Were no worth ae sweet moment with thee ;
Our hearts shall be kind, and our love a' refined,
As we wander the wild woodlands through,
For the hope of the sky shall depart from my mind,
Ere this bosom to thee prove untrue.*

TO THE SKY LARK.

AIR—" O ! no we never mention her."

O WHEEL befa' the clud that bears,
And weel the voice that sings,
And balmy be the early airs,
That wander round thy wings ;
Where heaven's ain dew, created new,
Is rich around thy way,
And shadows o' the roses strew
The pathways o' the day.

And thy pure heart beats 'mid the blue,
Beyond the clud on high,
While seraphs look abroad to view
The hermit of the sky ;

* This Song was originally written to the Air " I Ne'er Loed
a Laddie but Ane."

I've heard thee, when young nature's ray,
The primrose blooms would bring,
To plant them round the bower and brae,
The earliest of the spring.

I've heard thee, from the greenwood shaw,
When summer suns sailed high,
And when the rainbow's rays would fa'
To glorify the sky ;
The wee bold Bard that dar'st to hold
Thy course through its array,
And riot in its richest gold,
Though thou thyself be gray.

But be thy heart free as thy wing,
And heaven's own favour bliss,
For I have never heard thee sing
In hour sae sweet as this ;
Ye welcome from the lonely room,
To all the earth and sky,
And from the thoughts, dark as its gloom,
To love, and hope, and joy.

Yet thee I've blamed, when in the bower,
Thy lay came o'er the heart,
And said it is—it is the hour
When lovers leal should part;
I trowed thine own cauld or untrue,
That thou would'st proudly boon

To sail the morning vales of dew,
And leave thy love sae soon.

But now ye sing a lay mair sweet,
That aye would seem to say,
That lovers, at the dawn who meet,
Should part not a' the day ;
And I will blame thee ne'er again,
Till life itsel' be o'er,
If thou'lt aye say, as now sae plain,
That we shall part no more.

And if I were in heaven itsel',
Methinks I'd hearken down,
If ye wad aye these tidings tell,
When ye came sailing roun' ;
Cauld, cauld it was to blame the bird,
That can alane unite
The sweetest words, heart ever heard,
Love, liberty, and light.

THE HAWTHORN IN THE GLEN.

AIR—"Jock o' Hazeldean."

'Tis sweet upon the mountains far,
When dawn comes o'er the dew,
And sweet in life where e'er we are,
When warm are hearts, and true ;

But life has nought sae sweet to gie,
As meeting her we ken
Will meet us, by the hawthorn gray,
That grows in yonder glen.

The breakan grows upon the brae,
The gowan on the lee,
And, here and there, as ye may stray,
The heather-bell ye'll see ;
The clear stream murmurs on its way,
Far frae the hames o' men,
Aye singing to the hawthorn gray,
That grows in yonder glen.

But there's a cheek of fairer tinge,
Than heath-bell in the dew,
And lip mair sweet than daisy's fringe,
When it is opened new ;
And kinder heart, and purer aye,
Than a' the world can ken,
When beating 'neath the hawthorn gray,
That grows in yonder glen.

What boots the wealth that men may boast ?
The gear for whilk they strain ?
And lands that lie frae coast to coast,
And treasures of the main ?
Give me my lovely Ellen May,
And I'll despise them, when

We meet beneath the hawthorn gray,
That grows in yonder glen.

Fu' blythe may shine the lighted ha',
When friends assemble roun',
And bright the gems and jewels a',
That glitter on the crown ;
But I wud no ae floweret gie,
For a' that's but and ben,
If pu'd by lovely Ellen May,
In yonder bonnie glen.

I'll love her till the day I dee—
I'll fauld her to my breast,
And woo her till the laverocks hee,
Are singing in the east :—
I'll meet her at the close o' day,
When nane on earth can ken,
And sit beneath the hawthorn gray,
That grows in yonder glen.

Then gie the worldly man his gear,
The mighty man his fame,
But who wad barter true love here,
For aught that bears a name ?
Gie me ! gie me sweet Ellen May,
And I'll hae treasures then,
And sit beneath the hawthorn gray,
That grows in yonder glen.

Then may the powers that guard true love,
Still watch o'er Ellen May !
'Tis task might bliss the powers above,
She is sae virtuous aye :
But human hearts can never say,
For never can they ken,
Our bliss beside the hawthorn gray,
That grows in yonder glen.*

THE BRIDAL DAY'S MEMORIAL.

THOUGH dark life's shadows round me fold,
And few my joys, nor often told,
Yet hearts there are, than mine, more cold,
And colder mine shall be, Jessie ;
Ere it shall cease deep bliss to know,
And feel a pure exalted glow,
When charms of worth their radiance throw,
Like those that beam from thee, Jessie.

The flower that decks the mountain dun,
Hails with delight the morning sun,

* Extracted from a rural poetic tale, entitled Glenvoranvale.

And all the flowerets wild, each one,
That bloom by glen and lee, Jessie ;
But heaven itself might never plan
A radiance, since its rays began,
That half could charm the soul of man,
Like that which shines from thee, Jessie.

And if I may not well reveal
What others might, and if I feel,
Even now, the wishes for thy weal,
That ne'er shall cease to be, Jessie ;
Blame thou not ought my artless lay,
That ill thy wandering eye may stay
To trace, on this, thy bridal day,
Memorial of me, Jessie !

Peace to thy heart through all its years,
Full be thy hopes, and few thy fears,
And peace to him whom love endears,
With all its bliss to thee, Jessie ;
May never aught of sorrow fling
A shadow from time's passing wing,
Your bliss to mar—your heart to wring,
Where'er your home may be, Jessie.

This lonely heart may silent lie,
Forgot and cold, while yet thine eye
Is wooing light from nature's sky,
Full fondly, and full free, Jessie ;

But should I see thee never more,
Till all—till life itself be o'er,
One prayer, on earth, this heart still bore,
And 'twas for bliss to thee, Jessie.

PART NOT IN YOUTH.

AIR—"He's o'er the hills I dare na name."

PART not in youth with those you love,
Else through life's dark and thorny ways,
Again your heart may never prove
The bliss that shone on early days ;
The lofty mind may have its hopes,
Though all its warmer thoughts be flown,
Yet dreary is the day which opes
Its eye upon a heart alone.

Joy o'er the soul may shed its rays,
Though time has tried the heart to chill,
If those we loved, in other days,
In kindness linger round us still :
But if our parting now should break
The links of love and friendship's chain,
Oh ! what to life shall e'er bring back
The bliss of early days again ?

WHEN SPRING DAYS COME.

Hindustan Air. See R. A. SMITH's Select Melodies, where it is set to a Song of the Author, entitled "The Star of Eve."

CHEER this heart with thy sweet smile,
Cheer it yet a little while,
 Till spring days come :
Well the bard will reward,
Her who keeps his soul from gloom,
When the light slumbers bright,
O'er the vallies all in bloom ;
I will tell a tale to thee,
Of the faithful, famed, and free,
 When spring days come.

Let that eye so blue and bright,
O'er this spirit pour its light,
 Till spring days come :
Far away through the day,
If with bard thou may'st not roam ;
Still shalt thou o'er thy brow,
Wear the garlands gathered home ;
Thou shalt be with blossoms wild,
As a seraph, bright and mild,
 When spring days come.

If thou'lt still this gloom remove,
I will tell thee all my love,
 When spring days come.
Thou shalt claim words of fame,
That shall die not o'er the tomb ;
When the strain wakens then,
From a soul devoid of gloom :
All this trembling heart of mine,
Shall—and shall alone—be thine,
 When spring days come.

FRIENDSHIP PREFERRED TO LOVE

WITH thee I will wander, where wild streams meander,
And share the calm grandeur of mountain and plain ;
If thou'lt no more prove me, with words aimed to
move me,
Nor ask me to love thee, again and again.

I'll trust to no token, nor word warmly spoken,
Love's vows, if e're broken, a canker retain ;
And lonely and sighing, the heart may be dying,
And no one supplying relief to the pain.

With sighing and smiling, I know love's beguiling,
Then this all exiling, let friendship remain ;
And from its pure merit, our heart, and our spirit,
A bliss shall inherit, which dies not again.

WE CLIMBED THE HIGH MOUNTAIN.

AIR—"The Willow." By R. A. SMITH.

WE climbed the high mountain of heath,
And the gray rocks beneath,
We sat, while the sky-lark sung o'er us ;
We could not reveal all the love we would feel,
And we gazed on the wild scenes before us.

The flocks in the calmness of day,
To the west far away,
Round lone glen and moorland were lying ;
Of all, nought was tame, where their far bleatings
came,
And the echoes were ever replying.

Though bright roses blossomed not round,
Yet charms there were found,
More sweet than the gay gardens render ;
While she all so dear, was still smiling near,
With a heart ever faithful as tender.

The hill though no more now we climb,
Her image no time,
From memory's deep mirror shall sever ;
For her eye seems the light of my day, and my night,
And the hope of my fond heart for ever.

THE GLOW-WORM.

LONE glow-worm that lightest thy lamp on the
moorland,

Wan ray of the wilderness, silent and cold,
Thou gainest the heath's withered blooms for thy
garland,

Yet dispell'st not the shadows around them that
fold :

How faint is thy gleam, 'mid the gloom of the world,

That lost all its stars after daylight so soon,
'Mong the dark-rolling night-clouds, now mournfully
furled,

Like curtains of death o'er the paths of the moon.

An emblem art thou of the hope of my bosom,

Pale set in its solitude, lonely and low,

Nor illumines, of love, the despair-fading blossom,

In this mist-clouded midnight of sadness and wo :

I think still of her, to my soul, who was dearest—

Who lighted my being in days that are fled,

But the scenes now are dismal that lately were fairest,

And my thoughts seem more dark than the homes
of the dead.

I hear the wild rill o'er its waterfalls foaming,

And the fox howling far on his dark moorland way ;

Ah! where is the bower where the roses were
 blooming,

And bright were the eyes, though the shadows
 were gray?

The laurel illumines not the death-clouded feature,
Nor charms the sad eye that may over it weep;
'Tis the love of the heart forms the beauties of nature,
Or gathers from these, what we else cannot reap.

Lone glow-worm, the heaths of the moorland sur-
 round thee,

Where ceaseless are sung the wild hymns of the
 wind,

Still rendering the loneliness deeper around thee,
As mine anthem seems deepening the woes of my
 mind;

The radiance shall fail that thy lamp is supplying,
As dawning returns o'er the desert to shine;
So, this glimmer of hope in my bosom is dying,
And its dim dissolution approaches with thine.

THE KNIGHT'S RETURN.

AIR—"The Harp of the Troubadour." From M'LEOD'S
 Melodies.

At a late, late hour, there came near yon tower,
A knight from the field of the slain,

Who hoped for no more, e'er his life should be o'er,
But one word of his love to obtain :
But his wounds bled fast through the paths he had
passed,
And the hope of his spirit fell ;
And vain proved his speed—from his war-worn
steed ;
He sunk in the way of the dell.

But still 'mid her light through the casement bright
(Though now was his eye waxed full dim),
He saw the dear maid, where cheerless she stayed,
To watch, and to weary for him ;
But she heard not the sound of his arms on the
ground,
When fainting and friendless he fell :—
She heard not the prayer that his lips murmured
there,
For it died on the breeze of the dell.

But the steed sped on to the tower so lone,
And soon was her chamber in gloom ;
For she hied to the gate, with a joy all elate,
When she trowed that her true knight had come ;
The moon brightly smiled, and the war-steed looked
wild,
But the plight of the maid who can tell ?
Wild feeling arose, and her shriek from repose
Woke the echoes afar in the dell.

And still o'er her mind dread feelings combined,
That she feared not for peril nor pain ;
But thus, lone and late, she fled from the gate,
To fly to the field of the slain ;
But alas ! not far lay the relic of war,
Who could say not the fate that befel ;
He murmured her name, when the wild maiden came,
Then died in the way of the dell.

She sunk on his breast, and her pale lip pressed
To his, that could press not again,
And her spirit foraye from the earth fled away,
Since his could no longer remain.
The morn shed its beam o'er the mountain and stream,
And they told of a knight fought full well ;
But, they found him low laid, with his true-hearted
maid,
Where they died in the way of the dell.

THE MINSTREL'S BOWER.

AIR—" Bonnie Mary Hay."

OH ! lassie if thou'lt gang to yonder glen wi' me,
I'll weave the wilds amang, a bonnie bower for thee,
I'll weave a bonnie bower o' the birks and willows
green,
And to my heart thou'lt be what nae other e'er has
been.

When the dew is on the flower, and the star-light on
the lee,
In the bonnie greenwood bower I'll wake my harp
to thee;
I'll wake my hill-harp's strain, and the echoes o' the
dell,
Shall restore the tales again, that its notes o' love
shall tell.

Oh! lassie thou art fair, as the morning's early beam,
As the image of a flower reflected frae the stream;
There's kindness in thy heart, and there's language
in thine e'e,
But ah! its looks impart, nae sweet tale o' love to me!

Oh! lassie wert thou mine I wad love thee wi' such
love,
As the lips can ne'er define, and the cold can never
prove;
In the bower by yonder stream our happy home
should be,
And our life a blissfu' dream, while I lived alone for
thee.

When I am far away my thoughts on thee shall rest,
Allured, as by a ray, frae the dwellings o' the blest,
For beneath the clouds o' dew, where'er my path
may be,
Oh! a maiden fair as thou, I again shall never see!

AFAR O'ER THE MOUNTAINS.

AIR—"Loch-na-gar."

AFAR o'er these mountains while lately I wandered,
Delight seemed to beam from the earth and the
sky ;

And long 'mid the dream of enchantment I pondered,
To trace every scene that arose on the eye :
But now all how changed is the moorland and val-
ley !

The wildwood and mountain no longer are green ;
The echo awakes, but the echo would tell me,
That sorrow is strewed o'er each path where I've
been.

Ah ! yes, the wild breezes blow waste o'er the world ;
Hark ! thou my lone soul, and be silent and still ;
The clouds on the eye-brow of heaven are curled,
And the music of sorrow is sung by the rill :
Too well it accords with the mood of my bosom,
Where lives but the greenness of grief, and of care ;
For fal'n is each leaflet, and blighted each blossom,
And waste is the soul as creation is bare.

How faithless, and few are the joys that are given,
To all in this scene of existence below !
Still, clouds of deep darkness envelope our heaven,
And life is a shadow of sadness and wo ;

378 OH! WERE I AWAY IN THE WILDS.

Worn hope, like the glow-worm, low set on the
moorland,
Is cold in its lustre, delightless, and dim ;
And we weave but of fame, and of friendship the
garland,
Of the brain's giddy thoughts that eternally swim.

OH! WERE I AWAY IN THE WILD.

AIR—"The Sixpence."

OH! were I away in the wilds of yon glen,
And thou lovely maiden to cheer me,
Away, far away, from the dwellings of men,
Dark sorrow no more could come near me ;
The smile of thy cheek, and the beam of thine eye,
And the love of that bosom so tender,
Such bliss as but lives in the bowers of the sky,
To my heart and my being could render.

And still as we strayed nature's solitudes through,
Would I gather each wild opening blossom,
To braid the fair ringlets that wave o'er thy brow,
And garland thy white-heaving bosom ;
On our way by the moorland, the rock, and the
stream,
Would the care of this spirit be o'er thee,
Oh! the world to me as a shadow would seem,
While I lived—only lived to adore thee.

The tear-drop is pure that the fond lover weeps,
 When hopes long-departed awaken ;
 The moon-beam is bright on the heath-flower that
 sleeps,
 When clouds have the welkin forsaken :
 But thine eye is more bright, and thy spirit more
 pure—
 O ! though we have lived thus to sever,
 Thine image of loveliness still must allure—
 Must live on my memory for ever.*

THOUGH FAIR ARE THE MAIDS IN EDIN-
 BURG TOWN.

AIR—" Within a Mile o' Edinburgh Town."

THOUGH fair are the maids in Edinburgh town,
 As in a' the world ye'll see,
 Their virtue bright, as their beauty's bloom,
 And their heart aye as true as free ;
 Ane there is I fain wad name,
 Renders a' their beauties tame ;
 E'en hark ! yon little bird that sings,
 Aye says beside her ha',
 She's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,
 Bonniest o' them a'.

* First published in R. A. SMITH'S Irish Minstrel.

O! she I fain wad name is a lovely, lovely one,
Her smile can a' hope renew,
For fair is she as the flower o' the lawn,
When the dawning comes o'er the dew ;
Love's ain light lives in her e'e,
And there's nane sae blythe as she ;
Her hair is like the raven's wing,
Her bosom like the snaw,
She's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,
Bonniest o' them a'.

When sweet smiles the sun on fair Edinburgh
town,
Alluring abroad a' the fair,
And on yon high rocks I set me down,
I ken wha is loveliest there ;
Still I hear the wee bird's sang,
Borne the light hill-breeze alang,
And it can still the bosom thrill,
Sae lovely is its fa',
She's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,
Bonniest o' them a'.

Fareweel, fareweel thou fair Edinburgh town,
And the hearts that are there sae dear,
It fears me, my ain, will sair sink down,
When her voice I nae mair can hear ;
Yet by glen and greenwood tree,
Still ilk wee bird's sang shall be

The same as here, and it shall cheer,
 While life's ain breath I draw,
 She's bonnie, bonnie, bonnie, bonnie,
 Bonniest o' them a'.

THY FORM 'MID THESE—THE ROSES.

AIR—" Sae flaxen were her ringlets."

THY form 'mid these—the roses,
 Thus woven for thy casement's screen,
 Still partially discloses
 Itself the blooms and leaves between ;
 I see thee love, I see thee,
 Thou angel in thy bower of light,
 And would I now were wi' thee,
 To spend with thee both day and night,
 No more from thee to roam and mourn,
 Who shar'st my fondest feeling a',
 For thou art fairer than the morn,
 And sweeter than the e'ening's fa'.

The clouds are dark above me,
 But though the stars were in the sky,
 Thy light—thy form so lovely,
 Alone could lure my longing eye ;

My thought on thee reposes,
And aids the partial views I share ;
Why Nature—why should roses,
Conceal from me a form so fair ?
And bid the bliss of hope depart,
Soon as it dawns the spirit on,
And leave to pain the trembling heart,
That lives—and lives for her alone.

Oh ! 'tis not night so dreary,
With howling winds, that this can move,
And make this soul so weary,
No ! 'tis to be with thee, my love ;
Would that profoundest slumber,
Did o'er each wakerife eye-lid steal,
That I no more might number
The moments by the pangs I feel !
Prolonging still the pain I've proved,
Since wandering far in weary care,
From her, the loveliest e'er beloved,
And purer all than she is fair.

'Tis past the hour we trysted,
And still thou oft art hid from me—
My soul is all benighted—
Again—again thy form I see,
I see thee love, I see thee,
Beside thy cheek the rose is wan,
Would heaven that I were wi' thee,
And that the morn should never dawn !

Then would I never more depart,
These weary woes again to own,
That wont to overwhelm this heart,
That lives—and lives for thee alone.

FAREWELL MY WILD HILL-HARP.

Music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq.

FAREWELL my wild hill-harp, in sadness farewell !
I leave thee the while where the streamlets
meander,
Where the fair flowerets flourish unseen in the dell,
And the spirits of eve in their purity wander ;
I touched thy worn cords where the mountains are
high,
And mingled thy notes with the wail of the plover,
But the breeze of the moorland moan'd mournfully
by,
And they died on the bosom of nature forever.

Adown the deep glen, where the hoar hawthorns
guard
The tomb that the dust of the bard is containing,
I woke thy wild anthem, the echo was heard,
And they deemed it his shade in the greenwood
complaining ;

Farewell then my hill-harp, the brooklets amon
The brakens and wild-flowers shall warp th
selves o'er thee ;

And the journey of time may be joyless and lon
Ere my search shall again to this bosom res
thee !

Mayhap on some eve, when the heavens shall d
Their soft falling dew, to refreshen each blo
And the moment may wake, from the ashes of h
A feeling of joy 'mid the gloom of my bosom,
I, down by the stream, in the dell's trackless w
Recalling the days long-departed, may ponde
And take thee, my hill-harp, once more to conv
Thy strain to the winds o'er the valley
wander.

NOTE A.

" Our William loves a queer auld tale," page 1.

The author composed a series of pieces, addressed to
different members of his family, one of whose christian n:
is here introduced.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES OF SONGS.

	Page
Ah ! wae to the wights who consorted together, -	202
Away from thee, oh ! ne'er was I glad, -	207
Around my lonely dwelling, -	225
Away, far away o'er the earth or the sea, -	235
Auld Allan o' Athol gaed fast up the hill, -	245
As the star's image sleeping serene on the fountain,	256
About the closin' o' the day, -	307
Adown the burn beneath the shaw, -	228
At a late, late hour there came near yon tower,	373
Afar o'er these mountains while lately I wandered,	377
 Be mine the home were warm hearts are glowing,	 218
By the rill that down the glen, -	289
 Cauld blaws the blast in Yarrow dale, -	 277
Cheer this heart with thy sweet smile, -	369
 Far in the deep blue sky, bending above me, -	 188
Free and blythe o'er the mountains the spring breezes travelled, -	242
Frae yonder hame upon the brae, -	312
From the lowly wild flower springing, -	334
Farewell my wild hill-harp, in sadness farewell, -	383
 Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair, -	 275
Gae bring the garland for the brow, -	323
How fair is the morn when its earliest dawning,	255
How pure is the bosom that's dearest to mine, -	348
 I sigh still for him who is dear, -	 227
I sung of thy troth in the hour when the dew on the flower, -	234
I saw her look—I saw her smile, -	252

	Page
I wish we were hame to our ain folk, - -	265
It was na for his wealth I cared, - -	273
I sat in the vale 'neath the hawthorn so hoary, -	290
I've sung in the hut, and I've sung in the ha', -	299
I can wish that bliss may find thee, - -	301
I formed a green bower by the rill o' yon glen, -	330
It is na lang since nature formed, - -	331
I winna love the laddie that ca's the cart and pleugh,	340
I heard them say this vale was green, - -	347
 Lightsome as the greenwood shadow, - -	 248
List to the bard in yon lonely dell, - -	288
Lone glow-worm that lighted thy lamp on the land,	372
 More dark is my soul than the scenes of yon islands,	 263
More dear art thou to me, lovely one, lovely one,	291
My footstep is far on the dark waving heath, -	310
'Mong scenes all lonely I'll wander only, -	272
 Now on the Nile, our oars again we ply, -	 206
Now fauld thy lovely e'e my child, - -	280
No sky smiles so bright as the sky that is spread,	304
No tidings would I ask but those, - -	339
Now Johnnie lad yoursel' prepare, - -	350
 O'er genius departed the laurels shall bloom, -	 191
Oh! I was charmed from earthly woe, - -	195
Ours is the land of gallant hearts, - -	201
Our ain native land—our ain native land, -	223
O, who comes here at this dread hour, - -	281
On—on to the fields, where of old, - -	239
Oh! though art all so tender, so lovely, and so mild,	250
Oh! leave not in sadness the heart that can borrow,	367
Oh! why is life sae fu' o' weary sighs and cares, -	269
O, I will meet my Mary—my Mary—my Mary, -	284
Oh! cease ye wild flowerets to bloom by the fountain,	286
Oh! tell me what sound is the sweetest to hear, -	295
Oh! sister there are midnight dreams, - -	106
Oh! speak not—speak not of the flowers, -	226

	Page
Oh ! he whom this heart shall truly love, -	337
Oh ! could is the power that but lives to devour, -	359
Oh ! come my love to the bonnie green shaw, -	360
O, wae befa' the chief that bears, -	361
Oh ! lassie if thou'lt gang to yonder glen wi' me, -	375
Oh ! were I away in the wilds of yon glen, -	378
Part not in youth with those you love, -	368
Scotia's thistle guards the grave, -	100
She came to our home by the brook of the wild, -	222
Stay with me till light of morning, -	224
She strayed alone in the wild green wood, -	238
She stole away frae the e'e o' man, -	296
Sae lovely and lightly she tripped o'er the lea, -	317
The sun blinks bonnie o'er the fen, -	192
The hymns of the twilight that float o'er our valley, -	196
The day o'er Greece is dying, -	198
The garden and grotto are lovely and sweet, -	199
The setting sun has tinged wi' goud, -	204
The gathering clans 'mong Scotia's glens, -	209
Though summer's gay mantle be spread o'er the mountain, -	211
'Tis sweet when the summer has flung o'er the mountains, -	214
Though spring should flee lightly and summer come soon, -	216
The moon sweetly smiled o'er the wood and the wild, -	236
The time draws nigh of which they thought, -	240
Though a' the leaves o' my bonnie bower, -	247
'Twas blissful in the bower to be, -	251
Through the grey clouds be spread o'er the pale face of heaven, -	254
The flowerets are fair when the ash and the oak, -	257
Though thine image steals my slumber, -	259
The gloaming star was blinking in the sky sae blue, -	261
There is a radiance beaming round her yet, -	271
There are storms in the sky when the dark clouds are gathered, -	282

	Page
The winter is past and the spring time come -	292
Tell me not of dangers, fears of these must be, -	298
Though clouds roam o'er him and far before him,	303
Though sae cauld aye runs the stream, -	318
The heath is not faded you brought, -	320
There's dew in the rose's breast, and hinny in the haw,	321
Though tempests were sounding and dangers sur- rounding, - - -	333
Though no time should e'er restore thee, -	343
Thou art a' sae sweet and bonnie, -	345
Those hours I spent with thee, -	346
'Tis sad for the lover to sit in the bower, -	353
The summer is away, and the winter coming on,	355
'Tis sweet upon the mountains far, -	363
Though dark life's shadows round me fold, -	366
Though fair are the maids in Edinburgh town, -	379
Thy form 'mid these—the roses, - - -	381
 When I tended my flocks in other days, -	 185
When my flocks upon the heathy hill are lying a' at rest, - - -	186
We'll a' away to bonnie Tweedside, -	218
We'll meet yet again my loved fair one, when o'er us,	220
Where here the mountain streamlets meet, -	228
Wi' garlands nae mair these dark locks are braided,	230
While from this silent world beneath, -	260
When the glen all is still save the stream of the fountain,	268
Why should I think of thee, - - -	279
While I stray by the stream at the hour of the gloaming,	302
We'll a' hie to the greenwood the day, -	335
Where the fair star of eve is its beauty displaying,	338
Why sings the wee bird sae late on the tree, -	357
With thee I will wander where wild streams meander,	370
We climbed the high mountain of heath, -	371



